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MEMORIALS OF EDWARD BURNE-JONES

Walker & Cockerell Photo.

Edward Burne-Jones aet. 64

from a portrait by his son.

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Vol.2

MEMORIALS OF EDWARD BURNE-JONES

BY

GB-J

VOLUME II

1868-1898

LONDON
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CONTENTS

VOLUME II

		PAGE
CHAPTER XVI.	1868-1871	1
XVII.	1872-1874	28
XVIII.	1875-1878	58
XIX.	1879-1881	90
XX.	1882-1885	118
XXI.	1885-1886	148
XXII.	1887-1889	174
XXIII.	1890-1891	204
XXIV.	1892-1895	226
XXV.	1893-1895	250
XXVI.	1896	277
XXVII.	1897	301
XXVIII.	1898	327
INDEX		351

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME II

TO FACE PAGE

EDWARD BURNE-JONES, æt. 64. From the oil painting by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bt., in the possession of Lady Burne-Jones *Frontispiece*

THE GRANGE. From a photograph 4

THE MUSES ON MOUNT HELICON (a Dream). From the oil sketch by Edward Burne-Jones, in the possession of Mrs. Sidney Colvin 24

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, æt. circ. 44. From a pen-and-ink drawing by D. G. Rossetti, in the possession of Mrs. William Morris . . 28

EDWARD RICHARD JONES, æt. 73. From a photograph by F. Hollyer 32

EDWARD BURNE-JONES, æt. 41. From a photograph taken in the garden of Naworth Castle, August, 1874, by Messrs. B. Scott and Son, Carlisle 50

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL. From a water-colour drawing by Edward Burne-Jones, in the possession of Mrs. J. W. Mackail (Miss Margaret Burne-Jones) 66

TO FACE PAGE

MISS MARGARET BURNE-JONES, æt. 12. From a pencil drawing by Edward Burne-Jones, in the possession of Lady Burne-Jones. Inscribed, M. B. J., Dec. 31. 1877 82

PHILIP BURNE-JONES, æt. 17. From a pencil drawing by Edward Burne-Jones, made 12 January, 1878, in the possession of Lady Burne-Jones. Inscribed, P. B. J., MDCCCLXXVIII 90

PORTRAIT-GROUP OF THE PAINTER'S FAMILY. From an unfinished oil painting by Edward Burne-Jones, begun October, 1879, in the possession of Lady Burne-Jones . . . 106

EDWARD BURNE-JONES, æt. 51. From a photograph by F. Hollyer 140

THE VISION OF ST. FRANCIS. From a pencil sketch for the water-colour drawing sent to Father Damien at Molokai, by Edward Burne-Jones, in the possession of Mr. E. Clifford. Signed, E. B. J. 1887 176

WILLIAM MORRIS, æt. 55. From a photograph taken by Emery Walker, 19 January, 1889 . 194

NORTH END HOUSE, ROTTINGDEAN. From a photograph 196

THE GARDEN STUDIO AT THE GRANGE, 27 July, 1890. From a photograph by Miss Barbara Leighton 208

SEAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES. From the original sketch by Edward Burne-Jones, in the possession of his executors . . 246

TO FACE PAGE

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR. From a sketch in pastel by Edward Burne-Jones, in the possession of Lady Burne-Jones 248

WILLIAM MORRIS, æt. 62. From a photograph taken at the Kelmscott Press, 13 September, 1895 260

THE DINING-ROOM AT THE GRANGE, July, 1898. From a water-colour drawing by T. M. Rooke, R.W.S., in the possession of Lady Burne-Jones 286

THE STUDIO AT THE GRANGE, 18 June, 1898. From a water-colour drawing by Ambrose M. Poynter, in the possession of Lady Burne-Jones 350

The illustrations in the text are reproduced from the original drawings by Edward Burne-Jones.

MEMORIALS OF
EDWARD BURNE-JONES

CHAPTER XVI

1868-1871

Heart, thou and I are here, sad and alone.

EDWARD himself questioned the possibility of writing the biography of any but men of action. "You can tell the life of those who have fought and won and been beaten," he said, "because it is clear and definite—but what is there to say about a poet or an artist? I never want a life of any man whose work I know, for that is his day of judgment and that is his doom; the shapeless mess that other people make for one to deal with I won't have called a life. It's more like one's death—so many things are one's death more than the pale face that looks in at the door one day. My life is what I long for and love and regret and desire." Yet he realized in late years that some memorial of him would certainly be written, and even spoke to me once of the possibility of my doing it. The reason he gave for wishing this was uttered almost parenthetically—"For you *know*": and although he never returned to the subject again those words give me courage.

In a certain sense it may be true that a man's work is his best biography, but there are some whose personality is so strong as to give a fresh aspect to everything they say and do, so that when they are gone, however well known their work may be, their friends think of them first of all

as human beings. Of such men a supplemental record in the form of some written memorial must be made, unless a great part of the fragrance of their names is to perish. Remembering, however, that to no one person can any human soul fully reveal itself, I have sought Edward's reflection in the minds of others as well as my own, and with that help have told the tale so far. Canon Dixon with the kindest sympathy stopped in his own literary work to write down the recollections of school and college life which have been already given; but suddenly his words ceased and he himself has left us. The deep impression of Edward's earliest years which I received both from his own words and from my knowledge of his father has been confirmed, corrected, and largely added to by Mr. Price; whilst Miss Choyce's wonderful memory showed me the summers at Harris Bridge fifty and sixty years ago so clearly that I all but heard the voices of the girls and boys there, "in the field, by the fold." But now the words "He is of age, let him speak for himself" sound in my ears, for who else can say what things he "longed for and loved and regretted and desired"? Take this letter to Watts in the early years of the Grange, filled with devouring sadness. "Of myself I have had nothing to write to you or I would have done so—these three months have been so like any other three months. I suppose I have done something, but I look in vain for it, and about every fifth day I fall into despair as usual. Yesterday it culminated and I walked about like an exposed impostor, feeling as contemptible as the worst of them could feel; and if it were not for old pictures that make one forget oneself for a time I don't know how I should ever get to work again. I miss you very much, for it has always been a real comfort to run over to Little Holland House and grumble myself out to you. At present I have evil nights and am most often awake at three, with some four hours of blank time to lie on my back and think over all my days—many and evil they seem—and when I think of the confidence and conceit and blindness and ignorance of ten years ago I don't know whether most to lament that

I was ever like that, or that I ever woke out of such a baseless dream. All this letter shan't be about my grumps, but I am really at present at the very lowest ebb of hope. A little bit is overwork, a bit is weakness of body, but most by a thousand times is a clear certainty that I shall never do what I thought I had already done."

"This year did little work through illness" is Edward's entry for 1868 in his list of pictures. About the subject of his health, although it was so often a source of suffering and anxiety, I shall say as little as possible, for it has already been dwelt upon, and must take its place as one of the understood influences of his life. With him, as with other sensitive natures, body and mind acted and reacted on each other; so that trouble would break him as effectually as illness, whilst in times of physical weakness he could upon occasion flare up with nervous energy of an astonishing kind. The peals of laughter that came from his sick-room would have puzzled a stranger. His dread of pain was great; but the thing he talked about with fear beforehand was endured with courage when it came. "It's very nasty being ill—it has no merits," was his own comprehensive verdict on the matter.

The pleasure and hope we had from our beautiful old garden as soon as the first winter at the Grange was over is seen in a letter to one of my sisters. "We are enjoying our garden much already, both to look at and walk in occasionally. We have found a bed of lilies of the valley about 20 feet long; our wall-fruit is in splendid blossom—may it not be nipped by unkindly frosts." This wish was granted, for peaches, plums and apricots shone on the walls in their season. There were still large elms growing in the roadway of North End, and wild roses could be gathered in a turning out of it. The space at the end of our garden was all fields, and two trees flourishing there were worth many of the houses that displaced them. One was a walnut, and the other a huge elm, through whose branches we saw the high moon shine as we paced to and fro in the summer evenings. The walnut-tree field was

used for various purposes, including carpet-beating—the sound of which Edward explained to an Italian model as that of Englishmen beating their wives. We did not know until we had been there for some time, that one part of the Grange had once been the home of Samuel Richardson. He lived there from 1739 to 1754, and during those years Clarissa, Pamela, and Sir Charles Grandison were all published.

One Sunday afternoon in February of this year we first saw George Eliot. It was at her own house, and from that day began our friendship with her and Mr. Lewes. She was very like Burton's portrait-drawing of her, but with more keenness of expression; the eyes especially, clear and grey, were piercing: I used to think they looked as if they had been washed by many waters. Her voice was a beautiful one, sometimes full and strong and at others as tender as a dove's. Greatly as Edward admired her early work, he was astonished by her intellectual power when he came to know her personally. "There is no one living better to talk to," he wrote the year before her death, "for she speaks carefully, so that nothing has to be taken back or qualified in any way. Her knowledge is really deep, and her heart one of the most sympathetic to me I ever knew." The crowded Sunday afternoons at the Priory were not the happiest way of seeing her, but he went there from time to time rather as he might have gone to write his name in a visitors' book. Occasionally we dined there, or they drove over to the Grange on a weekday afternoon—they never dined out—and the general conversation that went on at such times, I am bound to own, was chiefly very funny, with much laughter and many anecdotes.

The arrival of Professor Charles Eliot Norton from America this spring was a great gain to us. With Mr. Norton came his wife and children, his mother, and other members of his and his wife's family—a group of three generations of people all admirable in their own way. The grandmother and the aunts were as charming as if on them depended the happiness of every visitor, yet always leaving to young

Walker & Cockerell Ph. S.

The Grange.

Mrs. Norton her due place as mistress in the house—there was neither self-assertion nor suppression in the whole company. A sentence in a note from Edward to Mr. Norton in February, 1869, shews him as one of our intimate circle: "O do tell—am I to wear togs to-night? really tell me—I should not like to be less fashionable than Topsy." To none but trusted friends did he allow himself a joke about Morris: I shall never forget his grave reproach to me for having allowed the name "Topsy" to escape before a comparative stranger. Nothing ever interrupted the intimacy with Morris; that friendship was like one of the forces of nature. "When we came to live at the Grange, and by this removal were so much further from Morris in Queen Square," Edward's notes say, "I wrote and proposed that he and Webb should come every Sunday, to bind us together, and I remember, but have lost, a letter he wrote in answer, more full of warm response to this than he often permitted himself." This was the beginning of the Sunday meetings of which mention will often be made. At first they were in the evening, but when Morris left Queen Square and came to live nearer the Grange the plan was altered, and he used to breakfast with us every Sunday and spend the morning in the studio with Edward. Before he left they always either invited me to join them for a little while or else sallied forth from the studio to pay me a call: but it was their hour and power, and I did not proffer my company. Rossetti still came to see us. I remember an evening on which he read aloud his poem of "Troy Town," and how his voice when he began with "Heaven-born Helen, Sparta's queen," sounded like a challenge to the world. Of another time I have this record: "Gabriel came in the evening—I sang to him a long time while Ned worked and Murray "—friend of us all by this time—"made himself happy in the background." This mention of Edward working in the evening recalls how many such scenes! It was generally upon full-size stained-glass cartoons, the strainers for which were brought downstairs and begun upon very soon after dinner.

He made the designs without hesitation; the result of incessant study from life shewing itself in these large, free drawings, which came out upon the paper so quickly that it seemed as if they must have been already there and his hand were only removing a veil. The soft scraping sound of the charcoal in the long smooth lines comes back to me, together with his momentary exclamation of impatience when the stick snapped off short, as it so often did, and fell to the ground. He always stood at this work. If we were alone I read aloud as a matter of course—Carlyle's translation of Wilhelm Meister was one of our books during the first winter at the Grange—but if any one else was there we had music or talk, while the drawing still went on. Sometimes, after a day in the studio, he would go for a change to the South Kensington Museum in the evening, either to draw or to look at books in the Reference Library. "I thank the Lord in heaven that he gave me a savage passion for work," he once exclaimed.

His drawing at home in the evening never separated him from us, for he heard everything that went on and talked also: as for laughter, that fount never ran dry. Afterwards, when the cartoons were put away, he would throw himself down on the sofa and fairly luxuriate in the rest to his tired body; and sometimes he would doze off in the middle of reading or talk, but if we stopped he would wake directly and cry "Don't stop, I love to hear the sound of voices—I wish there was no night and no bed—only to lie like this when one is tired and hear friends talking around one." The "evil nights" of which he speaks to Watts became an increasingly serious trouble, and he suffered many things in dreams. In his letters are frequent allusions to this. "I dreamed of you last night," he writes to most of his friends in the course of correspondence, and to those who lived with him it was often said. But he seldom told us any details, only such things as "you were kind to me," or "you were not," or "I dreamed so and so was dead." Mrs. Morris too was a great dreamer, and they used to compare notes together.

There was a dream of hers that impressed me deeply when we were still young. It was that she found herself quite alone in the market-place of some town she did not know, when an old-fashioned coach drove up and stopped near her; and as its door was opened and a rickety flight of steps let down, there descended from it a little old woman with white hair, who was I—and we exchanged doleful greetings, and she said to me, "They are all gone, Georgie" —and we wept together. One of Edward's dreams remains in a letter about "a shadowy girl who was by a well in that mournful twilight that is the sky of dreams. 'Now listen to the noise of my heart,' she said, and dropped a vast stone into the well—which boomed and boomed until it grew a roar unbearable, and I awoke." A happy dream he called a cruel mockery, and an unhappy one a needless cruelty.

His daily life, however, was active, practical, and apparently cheerful. If one wanted counsel in any puzzling moment of life, his advice was of the soundest, and nobody ever went away depressed from an interview with him.

The success of sharing our house with the Heeleys for a year was complete, in spite of the birth of a small son of theirs whose approach they had not known of when the plan was first made. But Josephine Heeley's sweetness and simplicity would have smoothed away any difficulties if it had not prevented them. The following note from Edward to Allingham will serve for a description of Wilfred at this time.

"Wilfred Heeley—very learned (says he ain't but is, very), best of men, simple, affectionate, full of all kinds of good things—sympathetic, thinks as we do—you will like him very much and all kindness done to him is done to me—and you will find his talk varied and accurate and interesting, and all he says is truthful and you'll like him much." A letter that Heeley, the most undemonstrative of men, wrote to Edward on leaving England, shews that on his side the time spent together in such close quarters had not lessened affection.

"I should like to tell you," he says, "that there is nothing in all our English visit which I shall look back to with more pleasure than what I have seen of you. It was such a comfort at the first not to be disenchanted—to find a man worth all he promised to be, and keeping up a genial life and growth; most of the men I knew have given in to the world, you and Topsy I think have alone escaped. Now I don't suppose you'll believe me, but it 's much truer than gospel, that I have always looked upon your society and your talk as my greatest pleasure; I say this as a sort of excuse for sundry acts of boredom wittingly committed by me, and especially the great boredom of remaining in the house after the kid was born. You have had the opportunity of making lots of friends; I have not; and even if I had, you would still, and I believe always, be A.1. to me, and there is nothing I am more thankful for than having seen so much of you. I am stupid in expressing myself, and always was and will be, quite a Carlylic hero of stupidity; but I must say what I think for once, and tell you how much I delight in your work, in your talk, and in yourself. God bless you and Georgie and the kids." We did not see Wilfred after this for seven years, and when we met again the first glance told us to our sorrow that he had only come home to die.

Heeley was right in saying that Edward and Morris had not given in to the world, though to add that they alone amongst his old friends had escaped it was but a word of the moment.

Morris never either drew near to or seemed to take the least possible pleasure in "the world"—Edward from time to time did both. He loved many who belonged to it, and the whole spectacle interested and beguiled him amidst the stress of his own life and work. In these very days a letter of mine says: "I don't quite know what is coming to us, we go out so much more than we have ever done before, and Edward seems to like it instead of not liking as he used to do. It is very queer to watch how one changes insensibly as time goes on—sometimes I think I feel a kind

of power at work changing me, but can't lay my hand on it or name it." So it was; before we had learned anything of the ways of the world, life closed in upon us with its demands on every side.

"Circe" was finished in time for the Old Water Colour Exhibition of 1869, and there is a short note of Edward's to Rossetti about it. "I didn't like again to mention Circe, but now you have been to see it I can say how pleased is my vanity. I want a very few to think about me, and you are one, and it will be happy for me to have a word from you." Rossetti's "word" in the form of his sonnet called The Wine of Circe was a lasting one.

A mixture of friendship and sensitiveness in business dealings was shown by Mr. Leyland, to whom the picture of "Circe" belonged, when upon its completion he sent a cheque of one hundred pounds beyond its stipulated price, accompanied by words that made its acceptance possible. Edward answered him: "You had no need to feel uncomfortable about Circe—all the work I gave to her was needful, and if she is the better for it I am only glad a dear friend has it instead of a stranger; you really owed me nothing, dear fellow. I never for one moment thought anything about the value of the picture really, and I was glad enough when you and friends generally seemed content with it. I have been perplexed what to answer, because as I never thought about it being cheap or dear I never looked for you to do so, and your letter was a surprise to me and at first I thought I ought not to take it. But it would be rubbish to be proud to you, and doubly ridiculous as I was of course on the extreme point of writing for tin on account of the other 'Seasons'—so, look, my dear, I'll take without more words what you offer so gracefully."

The whole scheme of "The Seasons" together with "Day and Night" is given in letters to Mr. Leyland, for whom they were finally completed. "Here comes the Spring at last," he writes in 1868; "I've been seedy and out of town, so that I couldn't send it you when I meant. I send Autumn with it for you to see. I intend doing four more

figures to complete the set—a Summer nearly naked, a Winter heavily draped, and a Day and Night—by degrees. Of course I should like them all to go together, but you needn't feel tied by that, for it is not of vast importance, but I think they would make a nice set of decorative pictures for one room." Mr. Leyland thought so too, and when they are mentioned again a place had been arranged for them in his dining-room—"where," says Edward, "I hope you will eat and drink with friends in their company for fifty years to come."

He goes into detail also of the colour he intended to make them. "This is to be the plan of them all: first Day, naked, with a blue sky at the back of him and yellow marble to stand on—then Spring, which you know—then Summer, with a green curtain and a rose-garden at the back, standing on blue marble and forget-me-nots in the water. Then Autumn, which you know—then Winter, in light blue and brown fur, and a brown curtain and black marble and frozen water—and last, Night in grey, shutting a door after her, standing on blue marble, with a torch held down and her eyes closed. There is a plan throughout, of colour and expression and everything."

One result of his having so many things on hand at the same time was, of course, delay in finishing pictures, but he reckoned this a great advantage to them, and their owners were generally of the same opinion. This, however, made payments on account necessary, and it was quite late in his working life before he was able to wait for the whole price of any picture until it was done. The system had its anxieties too, of which expression is found in a note about the "Seasons" themselves, when Mr. Leyland sent a cheque completing payment beforehand for them all.

"How kind of you, but it makes me feel horribly in debt and nervous about finishing them. I must carry them on together though, if they are to look well as a whole. 'Day' was paid for: I keep careful notes of my affairs now. Do come up—I can't promise to return with you, and you mustn't press me, for I cannot escape work and grow nerv-

ous and maddened if I fall in arrears more than I can feel master of. I owe you and Graham and Hamilton, all three, very much work,—and though my studio is full and I keep hard at it, I cannot help growing nervous, can I?" Another tone is equally natural to him when answering the same friend's urgent enquiries as to when "The Beguiling of Merlin" was likely to be finished: "Don't be dismayed—and never write to remind me of what I never forget."

In 1870 Edward's connexion with the Old Water Colour Society came to an end. The chief picture that he sent for exhibition that year was one belonging to Mr. Leyland, the water-colour of "Phyllis and Demophoön," where Phyllis leans for a moment out of her almond-tree to throw forgiving arms round her faithless lover. After the opening of the Gallery an anonymous letter addressed to the Society, objecting to the nude figure of Demophoön, disturbed the committee, and they deputed their President, Mr. Frederick Taylor, to call on Edward and lay the matter before him. Mr. Taylor, a gentle and refined man, with less strength than his position demanded, was met more than halfway when he made it evident how much relieved he would feel if the picture could be removed. About the removal there was no difficulty, but Edward declined to help them further. The President's suggestion that if a picture by Mr. Carl Haag, of about the same size as the "Phyllis and Demophoön," were substituted for it, every one would be satisfied, is contained in the following letter to Edward:

"Dear Sir, I have seen Mr. Carl Haag and he expresses his willingness to lend to *you* any work he may have at all near the size of your drawing if you will do him the honour to call and select it. He will shew you anything and everything he has, and will be at home all the forenoon of tomorrow, Thursday. I sincerely hope you will not object to this arrangement, as we shall then surmount a difficulty as great as it is unlooked for and provoking.

"The only set-off to my annoyance and loss of time has been the pleasure of a further acquaintance with yourself,

and a recollection of the courteous manner in which I was received yesterday at the Grange.

"P.S. The party spirit of some wretched newspapers, which have, it appears, set your Art and his in opposition, makes him feel that he stands on ticklish ground in supplying your place in the Gallery and has led him to this proposal of your choosing his picture."

To which this rejoinder was made: "Dear Sir, I have just received your note, and hasten to say that I am so unwell that it would be quite impossible for me to call upon Mr. Carl Haag to-morrow morning—but must also add that I cannot look upon myself as having anything to do with the re-filling of the space now occupied by my picture, or accept any work intended for that purpose as lent to *me*. Pray, however, express my obligation to Mr. Haag for his politeness, and receive the acknowledgement of my regret for the personal annoyance you suffer in this unexpected difficulty." I forget—if we ever knew—what took the place of the "Phyllis and Demophoön"; but Edward did nothing further till the end of July, and then wrote:

"Gentlemen, I have waited until the close of the Exhibition before sending in a formal resignation of my position as Member of the Old Water Colour Society, but it can be no matter of surprise for you to receive it now. The conviction that my work is antagonistic to yours has grown in my mind for some years past, and cannot have been felt only on my side—therefore I accept your desertion of me this year merely as the result of so complete a want of sympathy between us in matters of Art, that it is useless for my name to be enrolled amongst yours any longer. Accept my acknowledgements of the personal courtesy with which the Society has always treated me, and my regret at this termination of our public relation to each other—but in so grave a matter as this I cannot allow any feeling except the necessity for absolute freedom in my work to move me." A request from the committee, that he would reconsider this decision, was refused.

Our friend Burton was abroad when all this happened,

but on his return to England he viewed the matter so seriously as to send in his own resignation to the Society, and also refused to withdraw it when asked. Nothing more about the matter comes back to me now, but I know it was a relief to Edward to regain his freedom. Speaking of it long afterwards he said: "Upon that followed the seven blissfullest years of work that I ever had; no fuss, no publicity, no teasing about exhibiting, no getting pictures done against time." They certainly were seven plenteous years, and, if this were a detailed history of his work, it would be well to compare their fruitfulness with that of any other equal space of time in his life. He did not, of course, wish his work unseen, but the whole system of exhibitions was distasteful to him, and an easel picture but a makeshift: what he always sought for was to design on a large scale for special places and to paint his pictures *in situ*. "I want big things to do and vast spaces, and for common people to see them and say Oh!—only Oh!" was one way in which he put it. The mosaics that he designed for the American church at Rome were the nearest approach that he ever knew to a fulfilment of this wish, but he did not see them after they were carried out. "The chance of doing public work seldom comes to me," he wrote in 1888; "if I could I would work only in public buildings and in choirs and places where they sing."

Edward's visits home became rarer as time went on; his father coming to us instead for some weeks every year, and Miss Sampson occasionally. The friends in Birmingham who had been sympathetic in his youth were mostly dead or had left the place, and he did not try to keep up intercourse with those whom he had only known involuntarily. He used to deny that it was possible to preserve warmth of feeling towards people merely because he had known them as a child, and said plainly what every one knows, that a friendship may be outgrown. "I cut old friends when they fit no more," he said once when this subject was talked of; "I can't wear the clothes I had when I was a child—my clothes are unbecoming enough as it is—what should

I be in a braided frock?" Yet ancient kindness was never forgotten. I remember once going into the dining-room and seeing there an old gentleman whom I did not know, and whose name was unfamiliar when I learned it. Afterwards Edward told me that he had known him as a boy, but they had not met since then, and I doubt if the old gentleman had heard anything of his young friend meantime. But remembering a peculiarity of his in those days, he kindly enquired, "Do you draw still?" and on learning that he did, said with such simplicity how much he would like to have a drawing as a memento of his visit, that Edward fetched one directly and gave it to him. "But not the frame!" the dear old gentleman exclaimed; "you don't mean to give me the frame!"

The power that artists have of really giving a part of themselves, in the work of their brain and hand, to any one they choose, has always seemed to me royal, and I believe its exercise is one of their great pleasures. Never can I forget the very benevolence of kindness with which Watts told me that he was going to paint the portrait of Edward and give it to me, or my feeling of the incomparable value of the gift. A note from him in answer to the question whether I might finally leave it to the National Gallery is as characteristic of the painter as words can be. "When I promised to paint the portrait for you I intended it should be your very own to do what you pleased with. It gives me the greatest pleasure to find you so satisfied, and I should be proud to think the picture deemed worthy as a likeness and a painting to become national property; I would rather be little among the great than great among the little."

As long as the Prinseps and Watts lived together in London, their house retained its charm for us, but its brightest days were those when Edward knew it first. Gradually the buildings of Kensington crept up to its garden gate, and at last Little Holland House was pulled down, while its lawns and trees were divided and apportioned amongst a number of new houses in Melbury Road.

There are hundreds of letters from Edward to his children

still in existence. In these, from the first, he often jestingly assumed the character of an old man, and this led to his establishing a caricature likeness of himself which became as well known to his friends as any written signature. One of these, from a letter to Ruskin, is reproduced here.

To his boy of eight he signs himself "your loving withered old Papa." The children and I were then staying at Whitby. "I hope," he writes to the child, "the next sea-side will not be such a long way from me, but somewhere near, where at least I can feel as if I could quickly see you—but where you are it is a heavy day's journey, too long for an old man. I think nothing has changed since you went away, except the fruit that is ripening ready for you when you come back—and the house is very still without you, and feels as if nothing could happen. I paint all day long and want to cry sometimes because after a long day no nice work has been done, and I have often spoiled my pictures for a time—then I want to be comforted with little arms about me; but often the work goes well and I feel proud—only I want you back, my little. To-morrow is Sunday, and then in one more week you will be back to me. I very much liked the little red picture you made for me of Whitby—it was better than I made at your age, and I want you to look at every lovely thing in the world and remember it, and forget about the rest."

The reason for our being at far-off Whitby was a suggestion of George Eliot's, that the children and I should take our seaside holiday there to meet her and Mr. Lewes. Our rooms were near them and we met daily; a pleasure that atoned for the long journey.

See in these words to the youngest "wench"—written later in the year—how the past is already touched for Edward by Death in Life. "It was most pretty of you to write for my birthday; one of my few little treasures is

this letter I enclose [one she had written him when a child], do you remember it? Send it me back. I keep it in a drawer sacred to treasures. And don't make fun of its arithmetic, because it has been a great comfort to me. I'm a deadly age, dear; not 'twice as old as you and four over,' any longer, but still something portentous. The little letter as I take it out is full of such old autumns—Gordon Place and Topsy's first poems, and pen-and-ink drawings—what nice years.

"My dear, I can scarcely write to you—a short letter seems so little, and a long one is impossible; you must take me for granted as the same old Ned and many of them. By this time we can scarcely guess what each other is most thinking of, but I want to keep as much of what you give me in this kid's letter as I can. Be sure to send it me back."

Ruskin was amongst those who remembered this particular birthday. "I would have asked you to spend your birthday here, but I am so inconceivably more than usually dead and stupid—not depressed, but lifeless and dreamy—that I can't but think you will both be happier by yourselves. Besides Sunday's always wretched here—from old idle habits—and the servants 'keep it' by going out larking, and are piously vicious if one asks them to do anything. Many and many happy returns of day—and of strength renewed with it."

Strong as were Edward's personal preoccupations, he seemed, unless with his closest friends, always to prefer talking with people upon their own subjects; nor was he ever unconscious of the great outer ring of contemporary life. The siege of Paris during the Franco-German War was a waking nightmare to him. In the autumn of 1870 he wrote to a friend: "We are inundated with Paris models, ten and twelve will call in a morning—there art is over for these many years—it is very miserable. You left me glad of the injured winning [at first his sympathy was with Germany as having suffered provocation], but now they have won enough to my mind, and though I can't change about the origin of things I feel touched with extreme pity

for the French." He rejoiced over the proclamation of the Republic. "Vive la République," he exclaims in a note to Allingham; "if talk could make that go right, how it would swim! Still, Vive that République and down with an immense number of things." For party politics he cared nothing. He said that the system of voting which commended itself to him was "one man, one vote," because for only one man to vote, and once only, got it all over so quickly. As early as 1871 he writes: "Last evening was short, and ruffled by politics, to which I now bid an everlasting adieu." Yet the air of liberal, radical, and revolutionary thought was necessary to him. "I'm a born rebel," he said; "that 's my position and utility in the world. I am not, and never was, fitted to belong to any institutions."

Besides models, the siege of Paris sent some remarkable people to London, and amongst them Tourgenief, whom George Eliot invited us to meet at lunch one Sunday. Not a word then said remains in my mind, but his fine, manly presence made a lasting impression upon us both, and we agreed in thinking him like Val Prinsep in type. As a rule Edward was a little irritated by people finding likenesses in one face to another: "It is difference, not likeness, that I see," he would say.

Another Sunday I recall Madame Viardot Garcia being there, and the delight she gave us by singing Gluck's great Orfeo song, *Che farò*, to her own accompaniment on the piano, translating it from a magnificent operatic performance into one exactly suited to the environment of the time.

It is startling to find these words in a letter to Mr. Norton: "And Ruskin I see never—and when I see him he angers me, which is bad." But such a time as this was bound to come before the friends could reach their final relationship. We have seen how at the beginning Edward threw himself at Ruskin's feet and made a law of the lightest word spoken by that splendid teacher; but this could not last as the strength and confidence of the disciple asserted themselves. Ruskin was distressed by Edward's plan of work, which did not include the kind of study he con-

sidered essential; whilst imagination—Edward's life-breath—he mistrusted and looked at as a thing that could be used or laid down at pleasure. An object must be exactly copied by a student, no matter what it was, and good was to come of the copying. I remember him once in the studio taking a piece of pumice-stone for a model and painting it—wishing Edward at the same time to make a study of fruit with the minuteness of William Hunt; but here the "rebel" revealed itself in his pupil. The drawing of white lilies that I have mentioned gave Ruskin great satisfaction, but the following words from one of his letters shew him without that love of the human form which to an artist makes each fold of drapery that clothes it alive. "Nothing," he says, "puzzles me more than the delight that painters have in drawing mere folds of drapery and their carelessness about the folds of water and clouds, or hills, or branches. Why should the tuckings in and out of muslin be eternally interesting?" But the thing which at this time most spoilt the happiness of their intercourse was division of feeling about the art of past times. Not, I believe, ever as to architecture, but certainly they differed vitally about various painters and schools of painting. Ten years after the evening at Denmark Hill when the thing happened, Edward said of Ruskin's lecture on Michael Angelo: "He read it to me just after he had written it, and as I went home I wanted to drown myself in the Surrey Canal or get drunk in a tavern—it didn't seem worth while to strive any more if he could think it and write it."

In 1871 Edward writes again about Ruskin to Mr. Norton: "You know more of him than I do, for literally I never see him nor hear from him, and when we meet we clip as of old and look as of old, but he quarrels with my pictures and I with his writing, and there is no peace between us—and you know all is up when friends don't admire each other's work." The old word "clip" exactly describes the greeting that usually passed between him and Ruskin in their own houses: it was an impulsive movement forward by Edward, to whom his friend's visible

presence was always a joy, and a curious half-embracing action of Ruskin's in return, which clasped his arm up to the elbow and drew them quite closely together. Later still another letter to Mr. Norton says: "Ruskin is back—came one day last week, and I forgave him all his blasphemies against my Gods—he looked so good through and through. But I want you to keep the peace between us, for after a month I shall begin to quarrel again."

The Nortons left England all too soon for us, but they had a scheme for Continental travel laid out and time called for them to go. Before leaving, Mr. Norton told Edward that he had sent to America for a picture he had there and wished to give to him, a small panel, painted by Giorgione; and eagerly was its arrival expected. Its subject, however, struck Edward at first sight as rather inexplicable: a girl sitting sideways on a green bank, holding on, as it were, to the branch of a stunted tree which grew from it: a want of reason in the composition aroused his suspicions, and he came to the conclusion that it had been tampered with. The story of its triumphant cleaning follows—told by himself to Mr. Norton.

"It was two months after you had gone before it came, and all that time it had grown bigger and beautifuller in my expectations, and at first, shall I say it, my heart failed me, for it was duller and poorer than I wanted it to be. But in a day or two I cheered up and began to caress it and poke into it, and watch its spots and specks and chills like a good parent—and lo! I saw the unmistakeable poisonous hand of the toucher everywhere—on face and arm and foot and sky—so I got the cunningest and safest of men, who has the National Gallery under his treatment; I made friends with him and carried my treasure to him and left with a bosom contracted. On the second day after he sent for me, and shewed me—O such a sight! a little bright jewel of Venice: so fresh and clear that I never saw its better. Dull sky had gone and green meadows come, and golden city; and stunted tree had gone and Europa's own very bull was trotting off with the frightened thing and

jolting along out of the sweetest meadows. When I shew it people they all say—all, all, say—is it painted on gold? The arches are so bright and deep; as for the green you know what that would be. Now, my dear, do you want it back? it isn't what you gave me. O, such a picture! It is to have a glorious curly-wurly frame, a piece of wholesale upholstery round it to make it shine like a jewel as it is, and a room is to be emptied for it, and the public may see it at stated hours by applying for a ticket during the season, and I shall have a catalogue printed—as:

A. Andrea del Sarto. Not in my possession.
B. Bonifazio. Not in my possession.
C. Correggio. Not in my possession.
D. Dosso Dossi. Not in my possession.
&c. &c.
G. Giorgione. A sublime example of this unrivalled master &c. &c. &c:

And some day I shall have a correspondence with a German Professor and see my name in print. Now I must have more. O my dear friend, find me a Michael Angelo or Signorelli or Mantegna—I deserve them. There are thousands of pictures under pictures—belike this is a fragment of a big one full of maidens running, and had a shore and a sea and woods down to the water's edge; and the subject mispleased some one and so it was cut up and painted over. Some day I would like to paint it, if not too impudent—copying my damsel and her red bull and carrying on the city."

Mr. Norton did not find any more masterpieces for him, but used to send catalogues of reproductions—engravings or photographs—over which Edward brooded. Another letter continues the subject.

"O but, my dear, there was no Mantegna in your letter —no, not the least. Whenever one writes 'I enclose' one never does. I read the catalogue and hungered. I want them all. Select some for me, will you—I can't judge of them, can I, and you know what I like—the more finished the better. I love Da Vinci and Michael Angelo most of all.

I ought not to buy a hundred, and yet I could soon choose a hundred. I *do* enclose a note of what strikes me at this distance, but will you choose me fifty, and let me meditate over a further number. And choose as you would for yourself. You know what I like—all helpful pieces of modelling and sweet head-drawing, and nakeds by Leonardo and M. Angelo and Raphael—all round, fat babies—O you know so well.

"I like the Florentine men more than all others—any M. Angelo that you think glorious add over and above the number fifty—the same of Leonardo. If Ghirlandajo draws sweet girls running, and their dresses blown about, O please not to let me lose one.

"Do you know real Michael Angelos? So many of the studies were copied by Volterra and Bronzino that sometimes one gets let in. All their shading looks niggling, and his as if he used a pen like a chisel—but I bought a Jonah that I was deceived in and found not to be his. Dear, send them soon—I long for them."

A letter of Edward's three years later proves that in spite of their lasting difference with regard to some of these great names, he still felt confident of sympathy in telling Ruskin about a book of old Italian drawings that had been offered to the British Museum and which the Museum had not then the means to buy. Ruskin answers eagerly:

"So many thanks for your letter. If the British Museum won't buy that book, I will on your further report and recommendation, buy it myself, but I don't want to do it unless absolutely necessary—I mean, if the Museum can be got to buy it. How many drawings are there. Paduan—*i.e.* Mantegna?—or what like?"

Then follows an almost pathetic recognition of their "quarrel," with a fling at Signorelli and Pollajuolo, whom he knew Edward specially honoured. "I never thought you and I should ever differ about *figure* drawings till that great schism about the Orvieto man—I forget his name—it 's cold to-day and my brain frozen—(Pollajuolo also I can't stand). But I will trust to your dealing in this matter. The

Baldinis I got (on your judgment partly) are among the most precious things I have—and these Sibyls make my mouth water."

Mr. Fairfax Murray tells me that Ruskin bought the book of drawings for a thousand pounds, but years afterwards let the British Museum have it for the same price. It was at one time attributed to Benozzo Gozzoli, and later to various other painters, resting now under the name of Finiguerra. Mr. Colvin, the keeper of the Print Room, after he had secured it for the Museum, did an excellent deed in publishing a volume of facsimiles from it. The Baldinis referred to are a famous series of Prophets and Sibyls by that engraver.

There is a postscript to Ruskin's letter, which, though it has nothing to do with our present subject, is so interesting that it shall be given.

"What, think you, came to me yesterday, Ash Wednesday—see over—." And over page he begins again: "Yesterday, at midday came to me—from Florence—two of the corner stones, uprights, of the Font that Dante broke—and an angel between St. Mark and Luke from the middle of it. [Here came a rough drawing of the figure with lion and ox on either side.] The two uprights are each two angels kneeling and blowing of trumpets. He could have broken a trumpet or wing merely by leaning against them."

In 1871 both Morris and Edward went abroad, not at the same time, or to the same place, but each where instinct drew him. Morris' two months' journey in Iceland was over and he had returned to us safely, when in September Edward suddenly resolved to go to Italy. A note to Mr. Fairfax Murray explains this. "I have been seedy again, no sleep to speak of for four or five nights—and I'm done up—and the doctor says will I, nill I, go away I must. So go away I do, and that on Monday, but where to I don't know, except that it will be southwards because the doctor said northwards would be best."

He believed the Nortons to be still in Florence, and was greatly disappointed on enquiry to find that they had

left and gone to Dresden, for which, in a letter to Mr. Norton after his own return to England, he reproaches him roundly. "I wish you would come back—it is so understandable going to Italy and never never coming back or even remembering us—but Dresden! Berlin next—O why? London is so nasty—harsh-voiced, ugly-faced, squalid-looking, drunken, but men can make gardens bloom in winter here, as the wizard in Boccace. How could you leave Italy? I went to Orvieto I did, and Assisi—and I am intolerable by reason of it. I come down in dull, foggy mornings (which have begun already) with an odious smile that means 'Yes, I know, English weather: in Italy now—' But seriously this short three weeks in that seventh heaven of a place has made me live again; for, what with overwork, and the increasing feeling of its eccentricity as every year I found myself more alone in it, the miserable feeling of being a mistake was growing; and towards the last though I worked harder and harder it brought me no comfort—but now I am well. I belong to old Florence and have brought over to a large mercantile city a collection of fourth-rate Italian pictures, and when the stock is exhausted I shall go back to my native country. And really I think I don't care now one bit for the way they are received—though I want some people to like them. I have sixty pictures, oil and water, in my studio, and every day I would gladly begin a new one."

Of Morris he writes: "He behaves as badly to you as I do —fifty-two times a year we say to each other 'Have you written to Norton?' But the like of him doesn't exist for dearness and goodness and simplicity—nothing like him ever was or will be." And then he tells of Morris' Love is Enough. "He makes a poem these days—in dismal Queen Square in black old filthy London in dull end of October he makes a pretty poem that is to be wondrously happy; and it has four sets of lovers in it and THEY ARE ALL HAPPY and it ends well, and will come out some time next summer and I shall make little ornaments to it—such is Top in these days. As for Gabriel I have seen him but little, for he glooms much and dulls himself and gets ill and better and is restless,

and wants and wants, and I can't amuse him. But he writes too, pretty constantly, sets of lovers, *un*happy—so Top and he are exhausting all poetry between them you see."

The idea of an illustrated Love is Enough excited both Morris and Edward: one full-page design was completed and some smaller ones begun, as well as several borders that Morris drew and engraved himself—but there were so many difficulties in the whole scheme that it had to be laid aside for that time, and the poem appeared without any ornament towards the end of 1872. Five and twenty years later it was re-published as the last volume from the Kelmscott Press, with Edward's original illustration and another that he made freshly for it.

The two friends, who kept pace in so many things, had flagged together and took heart again at the same time. "There," wrote Morris, when he came back from Iceland, "it was worth doing and has been of great service to me. I was getting nervous and depressed and very much wanted a rest, and I don't think anything would have given me so complete a one." He was happy too in having found what was to atone to him for the loss of Red House: "We have taken a little place deep down in the country, where my wife and the children are to spend some months every year, as they did this—a beautiful and strangely naif house, Elizabethan in appearance though much later in date, as in that out of the way corner people built Gothic till the beginning or middle of last century. It is on the S.W. extremity of Oxfordshire, within a stone's throw of the baby Thames, in the most beautiful grey little hamlet called Kelmscott."

For Edward this third visit to Italy was a real home-coming after his nine years of absence. The children and I went into the country while he was out of England, our friend Mr. Rooke staying at the Grange meanwhile—so that Edward felt, as he said, "everything safe behind him."

On the way to Rome, between Monte Fiascone and Viterbo, Edward fell asleep and had a dream of the nine Muses on Mount Helicon, so distinct that he drew it on

Edward Burne Jones, Del.

Walker & Cockerell, Pr. S.

The Muses (a Dream) 1871.

awaking. I do not remember his having any other of the same sort, but I do recollect his once laughing at the raptures he had fallen into in a dream about an illuminated manuscript; "which of course I'd made myself," he said.

A letter to Mr. Rooke shews the good effect of the journey upon his health and spirits by the time he had been gone a fortnight:

"This is Rome where I am, and I have got your most acceptable letter. I can't write you a letter about Italy because the theme is inexhaustible, but I know your friendly heart will be satisfied that I have got well under the divine influence of it, and that, for a time at least, I feel no sort of sadness or depression, and am in better health than I have been for I think three or four years. I have been to Genoa, Pisa, Florence, S. Gemignano, Siena, Orvieto; and am here in Rome. Accept my love and thanks for your faithful friendship."

To Genoa, Florence, Pisa, and Siena he had been before, in 1859, but now for the first time he saw San Gemignano, Orvieto and Rome, besides Assisi, Perugia, Cortona and Arezzo. With Rome he felt a disappointment, which enabled him afterwards to understand the same feeling in his friend Mr. Fairfax Murray, and to write to him sympathetically: "Were you disappointed with Rome then? Take an old man's advice and be silent on these first impressions. It isn't possible not to be disappointed with finding that one has made up an image out of hearsays and one's own invention which has to be destroyed again—but if you have any luck a new Rome will soon construct itself, and you will want to recall every hasty word you said in the first spiteful hours of disappointment."

St. Peter's, however, had not at any time the least charm for him: he wrote that he did not even feel it to be vast, but merely "pompous and empty." There is no trace of it in his sketch-book, but there are many of the cavernous depths of architecture and ruined magnificence in the palace of Nero and the baths of Caracalla. In the Sistine Chapel he was made happy by finding the ruin of the frescoes, as well as

their obscurity, much exaggerated by report. So he bought the best opera-glass he could find, folded his railway rug thickly, and, lying down on his back, read the ceiling from beginning to end, peering into every corner and revelling in its execution. The landscape of Italy was his lasting delight, especially in the volcanic regions where hills rose suddenly from the plain and cities grew out of the hills. Orvieto and Assisi he learned by heart, and recollections of San Gemignano fill the background of a "St. Nicholas" that he did after his return; but with Cortona, from which he expected most of all, he confessed great disappointment: "It is melancholy and squalid; the architecture dull and monotonous; and although the site is like Assisi and Gemignano and Siena, still the streets are characterless; the people seem wretched and have not the heart to be clean, and the look of the city is tame from the valley: every other city built on a hill looks more like the name Cortona." The types of faces in different places interested him deeply, and I give his words about some of them. First of all he put the Romans as quite beautiful: "No men or women on earth look out of their eyes as they do." The Florentines he called not beautiful, but bright and interesting; the Genoese very handsome, "especially the men by the sea." The Orvietans he thought the saddest-looking people; with beautiful eyes and expressions, but not beautiful features like the Romans. The Pisans he called plain, and the least interesting of the Italians he saw. "Faces in Perugia, thin and poor—very like Perugino saints—thin-nosed and lipped. Faces in Cortona clever and good."

Looking back over all that he had seen in his journey, he wrote that to the names of painters whose work he loved must now be added those of Paolo Uccello, Orcagna, and Piero della Francesca; "so that now I care most for Michael Angelo, Luca Signorelli, Mantegna, Giotto, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, Paolo Uccello, and Piero della Francesca." He notes also: "This time, for some reason, artistic excellence *alone* had little charm for me—so that I never wanted even to look at Titian, and saw the Raphaels

at Rome for the first time as unaffected by them as I can see the cartoons in London. But Giotto at Santa Croce, and Botticelli everywhere, and Orcagna in the Inferno at Santa Maria Novella, and Luca Signorelli at Orvieto, and Michael Angelo always—and the green cloister at Florence—seemed full of the inspiration that I went to look for." Returning as he did, filled with fresh enthusiasm for this work and for the men who did it, how could he but "quarrel" in defence of them—even with Ruskin?

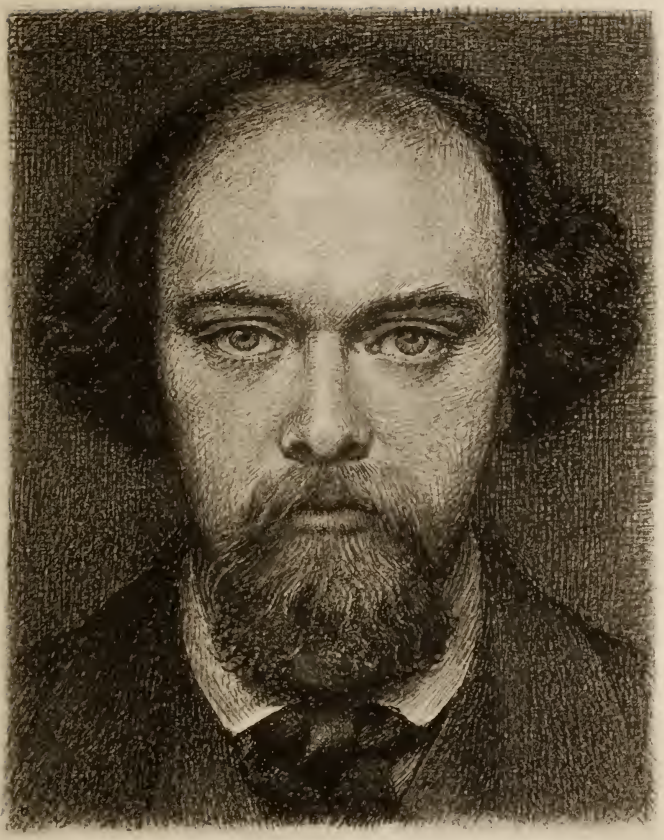
CHAPTER XVII

HAND AND SOUL
1872-1874

THE year 1872 was marked for us and our intimate circle by illness, trouble and death: yet it was one of the most productive in Edward's life. Its beginning was clouded by the loss of our newly-won friend, young Mrs. Norton, who died unexpectedly at Dresden in the midst of her happy family, and from that time our sympathy with her husband changed affection into devotion. "There was no need for you to be dearer to your friends," Edward wrote to him, "but you will be."

Then followed the breaking of an old and tender bond by the death of Mrs. Catherwood, the little aunt at Camberwell. We had been with her a week before, on her seventy-second birthday, and death was not looked for then; nor when it came was there time to warn Edward. One of the recollections of our life that is as unlike its general tenor as possible is her conventional and unimpressive funeral, and the shuttered room where we afterwards heard the will read by candlelight. What touched us, though, was to see the desk, which no hand but her own was used to open, unlocked by the executor with fumbling amongst her keys, and in the middle of this the postman's dump-dump upon the door bringing letters for her.

But the disaster of the year was Rossetti's terrible illness in June; for when once we realized that his brain was touched, however slightly, the pillars of our life felt shaken. Guardedly, as in all such cases, we spoke of it to most people, but Edward in writing to Mr. Norton goes near to expressing our worst fears.



Walker & Cockerell Ph.s

Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Aet. circ. 44.
From a drawing by himself.

"There is no news yet sufficiently good for us to build upon—he is utterly broken down, and the most hopeful view the doctor has given points to three or four months of slow recovery. He is away now in Scotland with Madox Brown, who sends frequent bulletins and makes them as cheerful as possible, but fluctuations of better or worse from day to day I believe are little guide in his case, and we must wait. It has been the saddest sight I have had in my days, and seems to tinge everything with melancholy and foreboding. There is more than any tenderness of friendship in what I feel for him—he is the beginning of everything in me that I care for, and it is quite dreadful."

And all these sorrowful thoughts were justified, for though before three months were over Gabriel had recovered so far as to begin painting again, and although he did great work in the remaining ten years of his life, yet a sad inertia slowly changed him, and soon Edward had to realize that all joy in their intercourse belonged to the past. I never remember Rossetti again under our roof, but Edward continued to go to him: sometimes wondering almost bitterly whether if he ceased doing so it would be noticed.

The tremendous impetus of his Italian journey is shewn in the amount of work begun and carried on during this year, and it was now that he wrote down the scheme, already given, of the subjects which he most wanted to paint in time to come. A transcript of the year's list names the pictures upon which he was actually at work.

"Four pictures of 'Sleeping Beauty,' painted in oil—begun in 1871.

"'Fides,' in water-colour, large figure in niche, serpents at her feet.

"'Temperantia,' pouring water on flames.

"Many designs for 'Love is Enough.'

"Studied much for two subjects from 'The Ring given to Venus.'

"Copy of 'Vesper,' but much altered in colour from the first, and with a face in profile.

"Small water-colour on canvas of 'Two Sleeping Girls,' in blue dresses.

"Finished large 'Cupid and Psyche' in oils.

"A picture in oil of a man playing at an organ.

"Began a figure of 'Hope,' in water-colour—this is a companion to the 'Temperantia' and 'Faith.'

"A small oil picture on panel, of 'Danaë looking at the Brazen Tower.'

"An oil picture on canvas of 'Pan and Psyche.'

"An oil picture of 'Luna,' in tones of blue.

"A pencil design of 'Discord,' for Troy.

"Began also in large the designs of 'Fortune,' 'Fame,' 'Oblivion,' 'Love,' 'Venus' and 'Discord' in oil.

"Began the series of 'Angels of Creation.'

"Began an oil picture of 'St. Nicholas.'

"Made studies of heads for 'The Masque of Cupid.'

"Designed and began in oil on panel 'The Feast of Peleus,' for 'Troy.'

"Began a small panel in oil of another design of 'The Ring given to Venus.'

"Painted on the large 'Chant d'Amour.'

"Began a large oil picture of 'Merlin and Nimuë,' and the large 'Tristram and Yseult.'

"Worked much at 'Love in the Ruins' and 'Hesperides.'

"A small water-colour triptych on vellum of 'Pyramus and Thisbe.'

"Designed the story of 'Orpheus.'

"Began a large water-colour of a 'City at Night and Girls with Lanterns.'

"Designed and made studies for a procession of girls coming down a flight of stairs ['The Golden Stairs'].

"Arranged the story of 'Cupid and Psyche' for Howard's dining-room, and drew in the figures on canvas and painted some time at them."

October brought us a great pleasure in the return to England of Mr. Norton, whose serenity and self-forgetfulness under deep trouble made his house a haven

of peace for his friends. We were much there in the winter.

Edward's first entry of work in the new year (1873) was "Finished 'Love among the Ruins' and 'The Hesperides.'" These were both exhibited at the Dudley Gallery which opened in February, but I have no recollection why they were sent there. Certainly Edward was not then meaning to exhibit anywhere regularly, and all his work for some years was finished without reference to particular dates. A note from George Eliot which he received in March was full of delicately expressed sympathy and thanks. "I suppose my hesitation about writing to you to tell you of a debt I feel towards you is all vanity. If you did not know me you might think a great deal more of my judgment than it is worth, and I should feel bold in that possibility. But when judgment is understood to mean simply one's own impression of delight, one ought not to shrink from making one's small offering of burnt clay because others can give gold statues.

"It would be narrowness to suppose that an artist can only care for the impressions of those who know the methods of his art as well as feel its effects. Art works for all whom it can touch. And I want in gratitude to tell you that your work makes life larger and more beautiful to me—I mean that historical life of all the world in which our little personal share often seems a mere standing room from which we can look all round, and chiefly backward. Perhaps the work has a strain of special sadness in it—perhaps a deeper sense of the tremendous outer forces which urge us than of the inner impulse towards heroic struggle and achievement: but the sadness is so inwrought with pure elevating sensibility to all that is sweet and beautiful in the story of man and in the face of the Earth, that it can no more be found fault with than the sadness of midday when Pan is touchy —like the rest of us.

"I cannot help telling you a sign that my delight must have taken a little bit the same curve as yours. Looking, *à propos* of your picture, into Iphigenia in Aulis to read

the chorus you know of, I found my blue pencil marks made seven years ago (and gone into that forgetfulness which makes my mind seem very large and empty)—blue pencil marks against the dance-loving Kithara, and the footsteps of the Muses and the Nereids dancing on the shining sands. I was pleased to see that my mind had been touched in a dumb way by what has touched yours to fine utterance."

An invitation from Ruskin for me and my little six-year-old girl to visit him at Brantwood in the beginning of the year could not be refused. For Edward to go was an impossibility. He had run down to Oxford in December to hear Ruskin give one of the Ariadne Florentina lectures, but the longer journey was out of the question; so, leaving his father and Cormell Price with him for company at the Grange, we went on an embassy of love and fidelity, that no "quarrels" could shake. The thoughtful kindness of our host made him insist on our breaking the journey at Lancaster, where we found his attached servant Crawley (well known to us since our journey to Italy in 1862) waiting to take us to an hotel and bring us on next day to Brantwood. Ruskin had gone to live there a few months before: his mother had been dead a year, "Joan" was now Mrs. Arthur Severn, the Denmark Hill house was given up, and we sought him in a new world.

Some great change from the home of his parents seemed certain; filial piety alone, one thought, could have reconciled him to the heavy dulness of that; but lo, here was as nearly the same thing as possible, only that Brantwood was, if anything, the duller of the two. Even the feature of a "borrowed light" for a passage to rooms on the first floor was repeated. It has been said, however, that Ruskin decided to buy the house without seeing it, because he knew the situation, and was certain of the delight which that would give him—and it seems likely enough.

Only one day out of the ten we stayed there was fine, and yet with clearings and glimpses of great beauty. We drove to Colwith and Skelwith Forces in spite of rain, warming ourselves, I remember, when we got there

Edward Richard Jones.

by a fire lit with old cotton bobbins from some mill, and next day we splashed as far as Langdale Pikes, of which only a green and dropping impression remains.

One afternoon when it was too wet to go out at all, Mr. Ruskin took little Margaret with him into the drawing-room and played with her at jumping over piles of books that he built up upon the floor. Of course nothing was allowed to interfere with his ordered routine of life; which was literary work in the morning, bodily exercise in the afternoon, and music and reading aloud in the evening. Sometimes he invited visitors into his study, to shew them books and minerals and pictures, or the beautiful view of the "Old Man" across Coniston Water which lay beneath his window. This one room was light and bright and filled with his presence in a wonderful way.

We started on our journey home very early on a most beautiful morning, with the moon shining brightly and owls hooting in the woods. Our friend had arranged for us to drive along the shore of the lake and on to Ullswater before taking train, so that we might see something of the country in that direction, and as we drove the moon faded and the sun came up and shone gloriously, but the moon had risen again before the end of our twelve hours' journey. As for Ruskin, we seemed to leave him with the whole world for companion in his quiet room, and the lights of heaven for his candles.

The translator of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám was identified for us this spring by Mr. Norton, to whom we had shewn the book during his visit of 1868-9, and who also knew of Ruskin's letter for "the unknown translator" which was left in our charge. During the three years of Mr. Norton's absence we had heard vaguely that the quatrains had been done into English by a certain "Rev. Edward Fitzgerald," who lived somewhere in Norfolk and was fond of boating, but that was all. Why we did not write to question his publisher I cannot imagine, but meanwhile Morris, to do the poem honour, had borrowed the copy that Swinburne gave to Edward, and glorified it by

twice writing out the whole in an exquisite hand upon fine vellum, illuminated with flowers and gold and colour fit for the words. One of these versions was also painted by Edward throughout with pictures. The printed book had, however, passed (still anonymously) into a third edition, with many alterations, before we learnt definitely who was its author. I will give Mr. Norton's own words, in a letter just received, as to how this came about. He says:

"One day in the spring of 1873 when I was walking with Carlyle, I spoke to him of the little book, expressing my admiration for it. He had never heard of it. He asked me whose work it was, and I told him what I had heard, that the translation was made by a Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, who lived somewhere in Norfolk, and spent much time in his boat. 'The Reverend Fitzgerald!' said he in reply, 'why, he is no more Reverend than I am. He 's a very old friend of mine. I'm surprised, if the book be as good as you tell me it is, that my old friend has never mentioned it to me,'—and then he went on to give me a further account of FitzGerald. I told Carlyle I would send him the book, and did so the next day. Two or three days later, when we were walking together again, he said, 'I've read that little book you sent me, and I think my old friend FitzGerald might have spent his time to much better purpose than in busying himself with the verses of that old Mahometan Blackguard.' I could not prevail on him even to do credit to the noble English in which FitzGerald had rendered the audacious quatrains of the Persian poet; he held the whole thing as worse than a mere waste of labour. The next day I was unable to go out, and so wrote to you what Carlyle had told me. You sent me Ruskin's letter, asking me to get it to FitzGerald, and I enclosed it to Carlyle in a note, in which I said that if he did not object to giving FitzGerald pleasure on the score of his translation of the verses of the 'old Mahometan Blackguard,' you would be much obliged if he would put the right address upon the letter and forward it to the translator.

"A day or two afterwards I received a pleasant note from

FitzGerald himself, saying that Carlyle had enclosed my note to him, and so he learned that it was through my intervention that the letter of Ruskin had at last reached him. The note was the beginning of a delightful epistolary acquaintance—I might indeed more justly call it an epistolary friendship, which was drawn close during the ten years from its beginning till FitzGerald's death."

The "pleasant note" referred to by Mr. Norton is given in Mr. Aldis Wright's Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald, together with the one from Carlyle enclosing Ruskin's letter. This is in a softened tone, speaking of "your notable Omar Khayyám, which I now possess and duly prize," while the oftentimes rugged man exults almost tenderly in finding that the "complete silence and unique modesty [of the translator] in regard to said meritorious and successful performance was simply a feature of my own Edward F." Ruskin's letter, about which all these words circle, is not given, but in a letter from FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble a last flash of light on the whole subject is given by his telling her incidentally that it had lain for ten years in the desk of "an American gentleman named Burne-Jones," to whom it had been intrusted.

As the spring advanced Edward's strength failed, and he made up his mind to go again to Italy, which had hitherto been for him a fountain of fresh life. Morris also, who was arranging for a repetition of his Icelandic journey when summer should come, made time to accompany him in April as far as Florence. There they found Mr. Spencer Stanhope living and working happily, and sat together with him in his studio at Bellosguardo, smoking and talking, just as they had been used to do in Oxford or London. About this Edward wrote to his little son: "Yesterday I walked up a hill to see Mr. Stanhope who has a pretty house that looks all over Florence, and you go up to it by a long wall with roses in full flower shewing over the top, and trees that you have never seen the like of all over the country, and there are Apennine Mountains at the back. Only it is still raining, and teases me."

Another letter says: "I dreadfully want the sun and warm days,—and it's very unlucky, for Mr. Morris has only a week here, and every day it has rained and been as cold as England: much to his joy though, because for all his life he can speak of the bleak days he spent in Italy." To Mr. Rooke he writes: "I'm doing very little —the energy of my former journey is wonderful to me. Now I am tired and tired and tired and have done so little that I shall have nothing to shew when I come back. But the rest, if not from fatigue at least from my own work, has been most fortunate, and I hope to come back ready for a furious summer's work."

From Florence he went to Siena, where he found Fairfax Murray. Here the Nortons had spent part of their time in Italy, and the thought of Mrs. Norton's death underlay everything he wrote to her husband.

"I got your letter yesterday, just before leaving Florence. Glad I was of it. Morris had left for London by an early train, and at night I came here. Write as often as you can to me, for I long for letters. I haven't been over-well all the time, and Italy breaks my heart always: it is one thing to talk of it with friends over a fire, but to be in it, and have all the pining and longing that it makes harrowing one's heart, and to feel a long way off and to see long, beautiful, desolate streets and thoughtful, sorrowful faces everywhere, you see, my dear, that makes tears come. I have been very full of you all day, wondering if you saw this and liked that, and where you walked, all of you, and the thought that possibly my eyes would never see yours again came over me so painfully that the evening is made quite sorrowful by it, and I want morning. I shall tell you later what I feel and think here; as it is I feel so full of friendship to-night that I want to talk of that only."

Again, in pencil, on the leaves of a pocket-book, he says: "I am writing in the train going to Bologna, that's why my handwriting is trembly, not because I am drunk—for it is eight in the morning and I am not. I have been round to Volterra, and Gemignano, and now am off to Ravenna.

The weather is still cold and stormy, and my cough shakes me a good deal and makes me feel weak and tired always, but good of other kind I am taking in. Can't you stop for me? [The Nortons were returning to America.] Is it impossible for me to see you all again? I shall be back now in less than a fortnight,—as I make out, just as you are leaving,—and somehow London will always be different to me now and as if I had lost something in it, and I want never again to go near Bayswater. How can you bear to leave us, and have you much better friends to go to? I get good news of you all and from home,—in every letter from Georgie much about you, so that while the letter is fresh I am back with you all; then I am away again. I draw very little, get up late, eat constantly, and am as weak as can be not to be fit for bed, but I feel that one week of burning sun would set all right. The poor people are in dismay at the weather, it is colder than it has been in winter. (Here we pass Prato.) When I get back I want to write much about Siena which has captivated my heart. Forgetting the name of the house where you lived sorely disappointed me, for I had a pretty plan of drawing it for you. I asked such people as I thought would know, but got so much information that I couldn't believe it; I think in their kindness they would have taken me to every house round the city. I drew there a good deal before I fell seedy, chiefly from the old floor of the Duomo, and left Murray there settling at work at the Pax in the Palazzo Publico. (Pistoja here.) Now the sun comes out, thanks to it. I want it, and so do the vines which are sorely nipped by the cold."

The Nortons had been gone a week when Edward arrived at home again in the middle of May, and his first letter to America tells the end of the Italian journey.

"I think one little pencil note I sent you on the way to Bologna was the last bit of work I did in Italy, for I fell ill directly of a sort of fever and never picked up after it till now, nor saw more of my dear country to happy myself with. I got to Ravenna the next day, and then grew ill,

and at Bologna was several days ill and some of them delirious, and after that it was slow travelling home and much weakness since, so that I am less well than I have been for a long time. All this was unlucky, and I lost my pretty plan of seeing Umbrian land and brought but little work back, but for all this it is a perfectly happy time to me, illness and all, and so long as I could go about and see, all my old passion for the country was revived and strengthened, and I have brought back a most sweet remembrance of it. If I could go across to-night to you, to empty my heart of it! It isn't the same, this writing; no looks to welcome what I say, and I could talk for hours and hours about it. As for me, I am just beginning to work a bit and feel that I want to work, but all else are well, and Morris is growing excited about Iceland: he starts there in a fortnight."

Dr. Radcliffe was distressed at Edward's condition when he returned, and said we could not expect him to shake off the effects of the Ravenna fever in less than a couple of months. It was in fact longer. But he never grudged the price paid for seeing Italy again, and very soon wrote: "I find myself pining to be back there, and thinking of little else than high-up cities and pictures. I may say quite literally that I walk about here and live in Italy."

As soon as possible he got to work again on the pictures of "Merlin and Nimuë" and "Venus' Mirror," both for Mr. Leyland. He had thought at first that the "Merlin" would go easily, and had been greatly vexed to find that it did not continue to do so, but was wholly unprepared for the difficulty thus described in a letter to Mr. Leyland: "When you come on Sunday I'll shew you the 'Mirror' which goes on prettily enough, but with 'Merlin' I'm in a miserable plight; not with the design, but with the damnable paint which seems everywhere insecure. I have had three wretched days since I first discovered the nature of the danger, but to-day I am convinced that it exists, and that for some reason or another there are spots innumerable in it where the paint will not bite the canvas, and where

eventually it will chip off and shew ruinous gaps. I'm half crazy about it, for I have spent so much time and work upon it, but nothing now is so disastrous as the annoyance we should both have if after a few years' possession it began to shew signs of decay. I have in about three hours taken out as many weeks' work and cannot calculate the extent of the mischief yet. I can only think of one remedy; to begin it all over again if you think it worth while, and if you are sick of the matter I will send you whatever I have received on account of it, but if you are ready to wait I will begin it again at once. I am so disheartened that I can scarcely think about it any more. Perhaps even I exaggerate the evil, but it is maddening to be the victim of some trumpery material in this way. Come on Sunday afternoon and let us talk it over, by that time I shall have recovered. My worst day was yesterday when I hoped for some better fortune about it, but as that has proved illusive I find some strength in knowing the worst, and am ready to begin it again to-morrow."

An entry in his work for 1873 records: "Began 'Merlin and Nimuë' afresh."

He says nothing of all this in writing to Mr. Norton, but only: "What can I say of what I am doing? I would shew it to you so gladly, certain of such loving sympathy, but to tell you the names of things you can't see is so useless. I work hard from nine till nearly dark, and work multiplies, but like enough you would care to see it more than anyone who does, or nearly anyone. I think it gets better too, but cannot tell you how, only I could shew it you if you were here."

He found it difficult to meet with a head whose type satisfied him to paint for Merlin, and the note that follows is in answer to a suggestion from Rossetti that he might find Mr. W. J. Stillman a good model for it.

"I really think Stillman would do for me, but how can I ask him! I must think about it incessantly for the next few days, and may the Almighty enlighten me. I don't think I *can* ask him, knowing him so little and the pose

being torture." But Mr. Stillman's kindness overcame all difficulties.

It surprises me in recalling the time with which we are now dealing to think that Edward this year reached his fortieth birthday; he seemed to me still so young, but eternal youth is a characteristic of the most gifted human beings. His own recognition of his age is expressed in a letter to "Louie" dated August 25th. "A little line of love and remembrance for your birthday from an old, old man—take no notice of his birthday, please, which comes so soon—I refuse to reckon on which day, and have forbidden all mention of it. I turn a corner quite dreadful to me, when 3, which is a pretty figure, changes to 4, which is dull and prosy." He had a personal feeling about numbers; would say that sixteen was commonplace, seventeen romantic, and so on.

There are several notes in this year to our very good friend Mr. F. S. Ellis the publisher: chiefly about books or the pictures of the Virtues that Edward was then painting for him. In 1872 he writes: "'Temperance' is nearly finished, and has taken much longer than 'Faith'—God who rules these matters knows why. I am afraid I must put down the frames for 'Faith' and 'Temperance' to you; they are not costly. 'Evidently not to you,' you reply." Another time: "I can't live without this Dante, I don't care for my life without it. Will you get me the copy from Quaritch, if it is still going. I suppose it is not a villainously bad copy; if the plates are pretty good I don't care what state the book is in, but the pictures excite my mind, and I must have it." And then: "I am interested about a work I see quoted often as the Four Ancient Books, a translation of old Welsh poems, and another work called 'Myvyrian Archaeology.' Can you tell me aught of them?" Acknowledging a sum of money he says: "Cheques are never useless, but there was no need for you to trouble your mind about dibs until you cared to; but that doesn't matter, you'll get it all the sooner,—for I am uneasy under debt. The other thing is getting on, but I don't like it yet,

no more will you, and until it looks prettier I would rather you shouldn't see it. The other day I thought it was finished, and was going to write an insolent and triumphant letter to you, but alas, with calm reflection of delay I incline to think it a worthless and dreary mess—dear at 7*d.*, albeit I will do something to it some day to better it and then you shall see."

In November, 1873, he says: "I want sorely a Latin-Italian, or Italian-Latin Dictionary—there be such," which reminds me that at this time he was having Italian lessons in the evenings. A full prose translation of the Shah Nameh of Firdousi he was hunting for also. "I find only the poems of Firdousi translated by Jos: Champion, 1788, London, 4 vols. Now four volumes if big ones ought to be all the Shah Nameh. Could you find out about the book for me? One by Capt. Turner Macan, 1827, is I believe only the Persian text.

"P.S. There is a 'Hope' schemed out, same size as 'Faith,' but the Lord knows if I shall ever finish it or when. If I do I will let you have the first chance of it, but surely a figure of 'Drink' or 'Polygamy,' or some such, would be a pleasing variety after so much virtue."

"O thou," he writes reproachfully in one note, "that thinkest I can be at bowls at three in the afternoon; this fortnight I am working like a steam devil to get some work done, worked till seven last evening, and must pound away for a fortnight yet." Another note in July, 1873, says: "Haven't read and shan't read the Quarterly; never mean to read any reviews of anyone by anyone—anywhere or anyhow—may the devil get his own some day is the earnest prayer of your affec. E. B. J." He shared Morris' amazed wonder at a man "earning his living by selling his opinions about other men's work." Even of Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers he said "It is only a criticism on critics, and that's nothing about nothing."

His question to Mr. Ellis about the Four Ancient Books and the Myvyrian Archaeology marks his love for Celtic literature. A phrase, a word, would be enough to set him

on the track of any vestige of it, though it lay embedded in the work of other races and times. In a letter of later years, recalling days of which we have already heard from Mr. Price, he dates the time that his conscious love of Celtic things began, from "when as a schoolboy that funny book called Macpherson's Ossian ate me up. I was about twelve, and a very few years later I was told it was a forgery and very deplorable even if it wasn't—bombastic and silly. But it couldn't be quite choked out of me and there was a forlorn note in it that gently broke my heart, like the blessed word 'Mesopotamia.'" It was not, he says, till much later that he worked seriously at the subject. "About 1880 and 1881 I began again to worry in those mines, and found out what that piercing strain came from. In brief, and to make no more words, I worked in all my leisure at Celtic Origins. Irish chiefly, Welsh of course, Breton French; everywhere that is Celt-land; and it took me about ten years to know a very little indeed at my slow rate of work. When I began to quarry there were no books to help; now it is simplified for me, and I have only to get books by Gaston Paris or d'Arbois de Joubainville and I have all I need, but it was slow drilling at first. I read so much more than was needed to get so little, because there was literally no one to help. Villemarqué, in one of his books about Wales and the Morte d'Arthur, says one would naturally expect the Prince of Wales who takes his title from that land would be the first to encourage learning in England about it—but a sort of shyness kept me from appealing to the Prince of Wales. There was a brilliant and really fine set of Essays by Matthew Arnold on the study of Celtic Literature, based entirely on guesses, but demonstrably right guesses. He knew absolutely nothing about the subject, but he scented the truth afar off. Besides that poor, thin little volume there is not a line that I know of in English to hint that anyone knows or cares for it. Even Morris doesn't, who knows about everything, and he won't leave Iceland or come south of Drontheim, but you see all this was my home, and it was natural I should care

so much for it. I wanted to track that blissful sweet song piteous into the thick of the forest, and I did it at last."

He knew it wherever he met it and in whatever form. Little did he expect to find it, though, when a friend carried him to hear Parsifal at the Albert Hall, in 1884, for he did not, as a rule, love Wagner's music—but see his account of the time: "I heard Wagner's Parsifal the other day—I nearly forgave him—he knew how to win me. He made sounds that are really and truly (I assure you, and I ought to know) the very sounds that were to be heard in the Sangraal Chapel, I recognized them in a moment and knew he had done it accurately."

The East as well as the West attracted him as far as Persia, but into India his spirit never entered: he said that in order to learn it he needed another lifetime. Arabian and Persian stories fascinated him so that he gathered a treasure of them in his memory, and loved to talk of them. We had a Greek friend, Mr. Luke Ionides, with whom he conversed about them almost every time they met during some thirty years, and neither of them ever grew tired of the subject. That corner of Asia was to him like a far-off country home, for in imagination he lived and travelled there from boyhood.

In the course of their correspondence Mr. Ellis writes to ask if there is anything big in the way of a drawing that he could have, to cheer up a large room of his in which little pictures looked lost. It was to hang "longways," and the answer was very characteristic: "It's strange, but I have a lengthwise sort of a water-colour nearly done which I was going to send to some one at Manchester, but, Lord, I like you much better, and you shall see it before I say anything about it, and if you like it, and its price is bearable, it is most gladly yours. Don't you see what a loophole I give you to get out of, if you don't like it, without your saying so and hurting my feelings? You can say 'it isn't long enough for what I want.'"

"Alack," writes Mr. Ellis across this note, "I heard no more of the picture referred to."

In the Firm's account-book which has been mentioned there are commentaries scattered through most years which are so typical of Edward's humour that I shall try if it is possible to extract some of them without too much loss of point. Their original setting, however, on blue-lined pages and amongst cash columns, gives them a charm of incongruity that nothing else can reproduce. One subject on which he harps for a long time is a request for payment in guineas, and is first found in a marginal note of 1866. "N.B. It is etiquette to pay in guineas, not pounds, be kind enough to remember this." Then blithely and for the only time in the book he puts a column of duplicate figures in shillings after the pounds. He forgets to do this again in the very next entry, but the joke survives, for we find three years later: "To Launcelot & Elaine, & I never asked why Launcelot & Elaine, £4 each—why not guineas?"

The entries, "To a masterly cartoon of Fra Angelico. Ditto of St. Philip. To one of my noblest works, a Matthew and Angel. To a less admirable but still excellent other apostle—forget his name—Saw in his hand," are followed by the question, "May I ask again why not guineas in dealings between gentlemen?" In December of the same year comes a genial suggestion: "I have often alluded to the subject of guineas, of which not the slightest notice has been taken; in all other commercial transactions between gentlemen the medium is usually guineas—what if the New Year were to begin with more courtesy between us?"

After this the matter drops till 1874, when having entered the names of Noah and Adam as just designed for Jesus College, Cambridge, he fills the rest of the page with "Strange, that no notice whatever has been taken of my biting allusions some pages back to the subject of guineas —surely if one's artistic profession were not accounted of sufficient dignity to merit such courtesy, at least the ecclesiastical purpose of one's work would be more reverentially expressed by such a medium."

The last reference of all, in December, 1887, is as fresh in tone as if made for the first time: "NOTICE: on &

after Jan. 1st. 1888 my prices will be governed by considerations of professional etiquette, and will be in the medium of GUINEAS."

Morris's return from Iceland in September, 1873, was announced to Mr. Fairfax Murray thus: "Mr. Morris has come back more enslaved with passion for ice and snow and raw fish than ever—I fear I shall never drag him to Italy again. He 's very well and in good spirits."

The feeling for the North which grew up in Edward during his enthusiasm for Fouqué's stories sprang from no real root, and his personal instinct was expressed long afterwards when he said that if he had his own way he would "never go further north than Hampstead." Morris also made some struggle to take the South to his heart, but when he writes, "I hope I shall one day see Italy—I think I can sympathize with that as well as Iceland," one feels how impossible it was. In this, as in one or two other things important, the friends differed entirely.

Christmas this year was marked by merriment made for the children in the hall of the Grange—a room whose dimensions I should feel it impious even now to calculate, but it was big enough to shew a magic lantern in and for us to play snap-dragon in, and it seemed very big to the little ones. They had with them their young cousin Rud-

yard Kipling, now beginning the Anglo-Indian child's experience of separation from his own home, and with our family of two thus increased by one half, we felt there was even more reason than usual for celebrating Christmas Eve. So we gathered together such grown-up friends as were not claimed elsewhere, and who could if needed still romp with a will; Jenny and May Morris brought their parents and Ambrose Poynter his; and they and Edward made for the children a memorable evening. Charles Faulkner and William De Morgan and Allingham enchanted us all by their pranks, in which Morris and Edward Poynter occasionally joined, and Burton's beautiful face beamed on the scene, while Mrs. Morris, placed safely out of the way, watched everything from her sofa. This is the last time of the kind that I remember. By the following Christmas the children's own world had begun, and it was their turn to amuse us.

Time did not fly as quickly in those days as when we were older, but already it began to gather up its skirts and quicken its pace; so that we were almost startled when in the spring of 1874 we found ourselves confronted by two children of twelve and seven years of age who must be educated. We had not hitherto felt much anxiety on the subject; the boy going to what was thought the best day school within reach, and the girl having home-lessons. Her preceptress was marked for the office, if she would accept it, from the moment Edward heard of her existence. Mr. Rooke was engaged to a young lady who lived in the Channel Islands; she and her sisters had a girls' school there, but were looking eagerly towards London. "Let her come here at once, Rooke, she shall teach Margaret—let her come, let there be no delay about it"—and, details of memory being dim, it seems as if the lady had arrived on a wishing carpet next morning. All this was characteristic of Edward as a thing could be; the swift circling view of possibilities, the certainty that at all events two people would be made happy by the arrangement, and the determination that it should therefore be satisfactory. And so

it was, until the child pined for companionship in her lessons; and now a school must be found for her as for her brother. How we came to decide finally upon sending him from home to school does not matter, but it will be easily understood that in doing this we thought of Morris' old school, Marlborough. So in June Edward went down with Morris to look at the place, and arranged that Philip should go there after the summer holidays. The letters he wrote to his boy while at school reveal him in a light that nothing else could. The fiction of the old, old father was generally kept up, with an occasional change to signing himself "Ned," but, in the first letter of all, things were yet too serious to allow of jesting.

"It is a very painful separation to us, as well as to you —we talk incessantly about you, and every morning's post is eagerly waited for. I will often send you drawings—not to-day, for I have strained my right hand and arm and cannot do anything with it without some little pain, but many and many a funny drawing shall pass between us.

"I went yesterday to Turnham Green to see Mr. Morris, who is kept to the house with rheumatism—so old do we get—and he gave me your letter to him. When it said that home-sickness was over I brought it to shew to your mother. Ah, my little dear, I do feel the loss of you so much, and more even than I thought I should, and I long for your coming back. I am afraid of seeming silly before everyone or I would run down to look at you soon, but it would be foolish: about half way in the term your mother will go and stay for a night at Dr. Farrar's, he has been very kind about it—I feel grateful to all who shew kindness to you. Yesterday I worked at my clay figure and finished it as much as I want, but to-day my arm is almost disabled for work. To-morrow I will rest and go down to the Museum to look at coins and antique things and comfort my heart. Kind people have translated and printed most ancient Assyrian and Egyptian writings which occupy my spare time and give me much to wonder at; they are so old that one can hardly say when they were made—long

before Troy time. I want to share my wonder with you, but how much you have to learn before you can quite tell how wonderful they are. Good-bye now, God bless you every minute. Soon you will be reconciled to the change and even glad of it perhaps—as certainly you will be one day. Though your little body is away you live as much as ever in our hearts and are not forgotten for five minutes of waking time."

A week later: "Is your life very changed from the home life? and in what way? You can make it much the same by thinking of the same things you remember us always talking of. Many things are very fortunate for you, my darling; in some ways it is a lucky time to be born in, for the world is widening all about us, and much can be known now that was not guessed when I was born—and if it had been known I was not in the road to know it—but for curious eyes and a reverent heart it is a wonderful place to be born into. Merely to watch new things and think over old things—it is such a life. Keep your little heart full of veneration, and leave no room in it for mockery of anything that might chance to be sacred—and God bless you every hour and minute."

In October there is a letter from Oxford: "I am here, my little, playing with Charley Faulkner—I came down yesterday in time to take a long walk round the spots I most liked when I was here. That was twenty years ago and more, and it feels half sad and half happy to come down sometimes and think over the life between, and how different it is to anything I could have dreamt of—how much happier than I ever hoped in some things and more calamitous than I ever dreaded in others. The bells are constantly chiming as they used to do and make me ready to cry. I think of the places now for the future, when I shall bring you here—and as I go about I chiefly hope this and that won't be destroyed, that you may take pleasure in it. For much has been destroyed since I was here—old trees in the streets have gone, and a line of poplars half a mile long by the river has all gone. I want

to bring you here early that you may finish your course and still be young enough to begin art if you like painting."

When back in London he writes: "I send you a little book I used to love very much, called Fouqué's Seasons —I have not read them for twenty-five years but I still think they must be very good. I believe Undine is the best, but I used to like Sintram most—it is a story made out of the engraving I have by Albert Dürer, of the Knight riding by a rock and horribles all about him. And it shews what a treasure such a design is in the world that it can suggest such beauty to another man, and I daresay fifty more lovely stories could be made of it." Did he remember the Heir of Redclyffe as he wrote this? Also there are words of ghostly counsel about school-troubles and school-fellows:

"At any rate don't yield at all to them, but take your own way and never change it—only in that way will you win either now or afterwards in life. It will always be so, dear, there will be always people telling you how you shall think and act and dress, and what you are to say and how you are to live, down to the tiniest trifle, meaning that you are to think and act and dress as they do; and some sort of penalty you must pay all your life for differing from them, and their tyranny is excessive and relentless, and they would mostly like to destroy what they cannot convert to their own likeness. With all this have nothing to do. Neither despise them for differing from you, for this is to be the same unjust thing yourself, but get away from it either in mind or body—the first is always possible. And think as little of all that side of life as you can—at the worst it is like the teasing of flies on a summer day—and there is left to think of sun and moon and seasons and earth and seas and monuments and images, and the lives of the great—all these may be your life if you will."

But hear this cry from his heart a few weeks later; a cry echoed by that of many another parent: "Don't send little Stan to school, Louie, it's much worse than you would think, and I don't feel sure at all of the compensating good. It is really a constant blank and source of small heartache

losing one's little companion. Two months are gone, and I am much less like an antique Roman than at first: the loss of daily sight and hearing seem to me things never to be paid for." This letter is signed by a drawing of himself as an aged man leaning on a stick. His conclusion upon the subject of school was, for the sake of the boys themselves, strongly against the indiscriminate practice of sending them from home.

In spite of Hampstead Heath being his northern limit of travel, the advice of his doctor and the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. George Howard drew Edward in August as far as Cumberland, to the beautiful Border castle of Naworth, where his friends received and cared for him affectionately. Morris joined him there, and they intended to have gone over to Carlisle to see Dixon, who was at this time a Minor Canon of the Cathedral, but it was arranged that he should come over to Naworth instead, and there the three friends spent a day together. Of this Dixon afterwards wrote to Cormell Price:

"Ned is in poor health, I grieve to find, and a little quieter in manner—otherwise unaltered. Topsy genial, gentle, delightful; both full of affection. It was a most happy meeting; would you had been there." And he signs himself: "yours for ever and ever." Mention of the time occurs also in a letter of Edward's: "My Naworth journey was very pleasant and I could well have prolonged it, but the horizon grew thick with gathering guests and I fled."

There was still no renewal of the old kind of intercourse with Rossetti, who had gradually ceased to ask what Edward was doing, or to shew him anything of his own; and the loss of the quick sympathy to which he had accustomed his friend was felt bitterly. Edward's delight, however, when he first saw "Proserpine" in the house of its owner made him forget everything else, and he hastened to write of it to Gabriel.

"I hear you are in town for a few days and I should like to see you. I was going to write to Kelmscott to say a little of the enthusiasm I feel for the Proserpine at Leyland's—

B. Scott & Son, Carlisle, Photo. Walker & Cockerell, Ph. Sc.

Edward Burne-Jones
aet 41.

it drew me out of myself as if something lucky had happened and I can't forget it. I wanted you to know, for it is such help to have one's work really loved—and is the only reward possible." And in another note upon a different subject he says, "But it 's a very good world after all that has Proserpine in it." He could complain, though, on occasion. "This is a letter of bitter reproach—you've finished a big picture and are sending it away to-day, and I do think it 's shabby not to tell me and let me see it. Nobody anywhere in the world cares for your pictures as I do, and nobody understands them as well, and I ought to see them. Tell me if it 's too late—I'd go to-morrow if you still have it—anyhow I'll run over and see you on Sunday at the end of the day." Then follows a pacified note on receiving Gabriel's answer: "Sunday at half past four, and I should like to stay; and am so glad it isn't gone. I don't care for anybody else's work a bit, and I am faithful to you."

The fact sounds abrupt, but it really came about quite naturally, that towards the end of this year a preliminary meeting was held in Queen Square in order to discuss the dissolution of the firm. The minutes of this meeting say: "It was agreed to have a balance sheet made out to Michaelmas, 1874, and to summon a general meeting of the firm at the earliest possible period after its completion, to endeavour if possible to come to an amicable adjustment of the process of dissolution." These words shew that difference of opinion had arisen amongst the partners—and so it was; not as to the nature of their work, but about claims and responsibilities connected with it. None of them doubted, however, but that the time had come for reconsidering engagements entered into thirteen years before; for the business was growing in various directions, and their liability was unlimited. On the other hand, though no one except Morris had put into it more than a nominal sum, and he had from the first supplied both capital and motive power, yet the others had a right by the terms of their partnership to demand from him an equal share in all the profits and property of the establishment. Madox Brown considered

that the goodwill of the business ought also to be taken at three years' purchase and included in the assets. In all this Morris stood in a way by himself, and the six others were equally divided. Edward, Faulkner, and Webb finally agreed that their legal claim did not to them represent the justice of the case, and they only wished to be released from responsibility, leaving Morris with a free hand. On this view they acted. Rossetti, Madox Brown, and Marshall stood upon their rights, and after four or five months' difficulty their terms were agreed to and the Firm was dissolved. At one time Edward dreaded "the ignominy of an open row," writing to Gabriel: "I must say I feel ashamed of the remarks of a philosophic world at the spectacle of a set of old friends breaking down in this humiliating way—if it goes to law and new anxieties begin for us in that vague region I must say it will be damnable."

This winter his general delicacy shewed itself in weakness of the chest again, and Dr. Radcliffe looked serious. In October Edward mentions it to Mr. Norton, who without knowing of his failure in health had written to suggest their going together to Athens: "If you were here I would start next week and it would do me good, for a lung has gone queer, says the doctor, and I may have to winter abroad. I hold that we shouldn't examine too curiously about the stuff that Providence has wisely hidden inside us—doubtless that we should not enquire—but I am a little uncomfortable at what he says and would like to forget it. In a week I'm to know." To Mr. Murray he writes of being kept indoors almost entirely, "doing myriads of cartoons, but growing so dull and stupid that the like never was before."

The company of friends, dear to him at any time, became doubly so when he was suffering either in body or mind; he never shut himself up from them or nursed a trouble, but practised the advice he gave to others: "Snatch at anything that brings reprieve—that lightens the hour and beguiles with some change however trifling." And this often helped him to roll back the clouds of depression. Then

was heard the laugh that made one join in it even through a closed door and knowing nothing of its cause; or he would talk so brilliantly, so funnily, that the hearts of all hearers were lightened. He made himself learn games, too, which broke an over-persistent chain of thought, and came to play backgammon, draughts, and dominoes with the keenest interest. Chess he began, but soon laid aside, saying it was a profession, not a game. Reading was done at odd times, and with care never to try his eyes. In comparison with early years he seemed to himself not to read at all, but that was the same kind of delusion as the one about his not writing. He was, as we have seen, never tired of being read to, and this year he and Morris went through Mommsen's History of Rome. Upon a new subject, or one needing pause and reference, he of course read for himself. A book of this sort that gave him great pleasure was the one that he told his boy, "kind people had translated and printed," and its name is given in a letter to Mr. Norton:

"Get from England a series of thin, cheap books published by Samuel Bagster & Co., called 'Records of the Past.' Two numbers are out, one more soon due—they are translations of cuneiform and hieroglyph, and make one happy. There is a descent of Ishtar, who is Aphrodite, into Persephone country, too beautiful—made long before the Greeks knew of her. An old world, and so beautiful, isn't it?"

But besides his love for having a tale read or told to him, he also had a gift for telling them. He would find the dry bones of some ancient story buried in scholarly notes, and make them live again, in a form of his own devising, neither old nor new, but strangely romantic. An instance of this is an ancient Irish story which he wrote down for a young girl:

THE STORY OF AILEEN AND BASILLE.

"Ages ago, before even the time of Ossian, there were two lovers in Ireland famous greatly for this, that they

could never meet together. He was a king's son in the north and she was a king's daughter in the south, and there never was such love as between those two. But there was a fate upon them and they couldn't ever meet to look at each other. Her name was Aileen and his, I think, was Basille, and he was a son of the King of Ulladh. I could tell you a thousand tales of the Kings of Ulladh.

"But one day Basille started from his stronghold to go and look once at Aileen. As he went by the seashore southwards there came a man amongst the crags, pale and shaggy, wretched to look at.

"'What news?' said Basille.

"'None to tell of,' said the pale man, 'but as I passed by a bower I heard the greeting of women and they said Aileen was dead.' Then and there Basille fell on the sand and gave up the ghost.

"Now at that very time Aileen was combing her hair in her bower, and suddenly there was at the door a white pale man, shaggy and wretched to look at.

"'What news is there?' said Aileen.

"'None to tell of,' said the pale man, 'but as I passed by a hold I heard greeting of women, and they said that Basille was dead.' Then and there Aileen fell and gave up the ghost.

"They buried Basille in the north and set a yew to grow by him, and they buried Aileen in the south and an apple-tree to grow by her. And they grew and grew and so ages passed.

"There was a King of Ireland long after, and as he went by he asked about the yew-tree and the apple-tree, and men told him the story of Aileen and Basille.

"'Cut down the trees,' said he, and upon a plank of the yew write the story of Basille, and upon a plank of the apple-tree write the story of Aileen.' And so they did. And they wrote in Ogham the tale of the king's son and kept it in the north, and the story of Aileen was kept safe in a city in the south.

"Three hundred years went by and there was a mighty

king, I think it was Conaire Môr, a splendid king he was, and he was sitting in Tara, and men were telling him ancient tales, of cattle-liftings and dooms, and inundations and burnings and elopements.

"Yes, I regret to say, there was an ancient book called The Book of Famous Elopements, but it is lost.

"And amongst other tales they told him of Aileen and Basille, and how the stories of them had been written in ancient times on wood and kept in far cities.

"So the king sent messengers through Ireland to find the wooden books, and after long searching and more years to go by they were found at last, brown and old and hardly to be read by the wisest.

"Conaire Môr was sitting in Tara, and through the doorway looking north men brought in the tablets of Basille, and through the doorway in the south men were bringing in the tablets of Aileen. But when those wooden tablets reached each other they sprang out of the hands of the bearers, and leapt upon each other, and clasped tight face to face. And no strength or skill of strong men or wizard could loosen their hold. Nor was the story they hid in their tight embrace ever read by man, and there it lies hidden to this day.

"I suppose when Tara was burnt that hidden book was burnt. And Tara was burnt more than a thousand years ago; it is such an ancient world.

"I have never told the tale till this hour to anyone for fear of the three laughters of the Fool.

"What were the three laughters of the Fool? It is a Welsh triad.

"He laughs at a thing because it is good.

"And he laughs at a thing because it is bad.

"And he laughs at a thing he cannot understand."

My reading aloud to him began soon after our marriage, with Plutarch's Lives—an old folio edition. Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History was also a treasure for the purpose, and the Arabian Nights were ever fresh.

The description of "Mrs. Gamp's apartment in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn," was read over and over again until I, but not he, was wearied for a time. These were all classics admitting of no criticism, but some books were illuminated by commentary. For instance, the frequent comparison of Goethe with Shakespeare which G. H. Lewes makes in his Life of Goethe grew tiresome to the hearer, who quietly asked me to read the word Elephant instead of Shakespeare next time it occurred, and the change proved refreshing. But there was a kind of book that he reserved for himself and never liked any one to read to him—The Broad Stone of Honour and Mores Catholici are instances: they were kept in his own room, close to his hand, and often dipped into in wakeful nights or early mornings. "Sillyish books both," he once said, "but I can't help it, I like them." And no wonder, for his youth lay enclosed in them.

He was not sent abroad for the winter, and the only change he took was to enter on a fresh scheme of work which he describes to Mr. Norton: "Every Sunday morning you may think of Morris and me together—he reads a book to me and I make drawings for a big Virgil he is writing—it is to be wonderful and put an end to printing." This went on for more than a year. It was to have been a glorious vellum manuscript, with pictures painted from Edward's designs—twelve large ones and many initial letters—and filled with ornament by Morris. All the pictures were designed, but scarce half of the Aeneid was written out, and less was coloured. There were many things to prevent the completion of the scheme, amongst others the temptation Morris felt whilst following the Latin to turn the great poem into English verse—which he did. He was also busier than ever before with the management of the work at Queen Square, and, as he himself said, "up to his neck in designing papers, chintzes, and carpets."

The death of Oliver Madox Brown, always affectionately remembered by us as "Nolly," in the beginning of November, was a grief and loss to his parents of which we felt the

reflection. "Poor old Brown has lost his Nolly," Edward wrote out to Fairfax Murray in Italy, and it was sad to think that it would be no comfort to our ancient friend if we went to mourn with him; so written words of sympathy were all we could offer.

CHAPTER XVIII

AFTER SEVEN YEARS
1875—1878

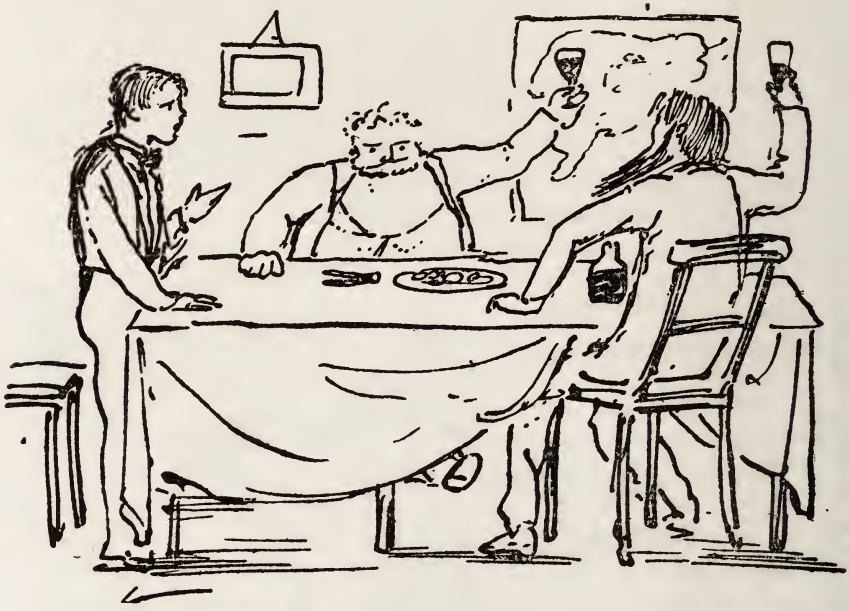
AT Whitsuntide of 1875 Edward writes to his son: "I am going to Oxford to-day with Mr. Morris—we shall stay a couple of days, and then come back to work. If it 's fine I shall enjoy it very much and go on the river—for this warm weather has made me quite strong again. I shall see Mr. Ruskin and have a nice talk with him about old things, and walk about the streets and feel a bit unhappy of course. It 's only twenty years since, and that isn't long, but I ought to have done more in the time. I do want you to go there for two or three years—it is such a lovely place for work and thought. I have worked at the British Museum lately looking up all the most ancient ways of pourtraying Medusa, and they are very few but very interesting, and I know much more about it than I did, and will tell you about it some day." A week later he writes again: "I liked my little change so much—Mr. Morris and Mr. Faulkner and I almost lived on the river, Sunday and Monday, and on Tuesday I came back and began work again. How we teased Mr. Morris on the river. We took our lunch one day, and it was a fowl and a bottle of wine and some bread and salt —and Mr. Faulkner and I managed to hide the fowl away in the sheet of the sail, and when we anchored at a shady part of the river and undid the basket, lo! there was no fowl. And Mr. Morris looked like a disappointed little boy and then looked good, and filled his dry mouth with bread and said it didn't much matter, so we drew out the fowl and had great laughter. And the next day we pretended that no dinner had been ordered, through forgetfulness, and

that being Whit-Monday nothing could be got, and he prepared to eat bread and cheese, when lo! again, a delightful and varied dinner was served, and we were so merry. Mr. Ruskin also was in Oxford, and I spent some happy hours with him."

Another time Edward proposes that he and Mr. Morris should come down together to Marlborough and drive with Philip through Savernake Forest and to the big stones at Avebury, and that all three should dine happily somewhere before parting. There are drawings to illustrate these pretty plans, but I do not think they came to pass—one thing and another hindering.

The mention of his searching in the British Museum

"for the most ancient ways of pourtraying Medusa" means that Edward was now beginning to consider the set of Perseus designs upon which he afterwards worked for so many years. Not long before this Mr. Arthur Balfour had come with Lady Airlie one day to the Grange, and the result of his then making the acquaintance of Edward and his art had been an important commission. He wished for



a set of pictures to ornament a music-room in his house: the subject of the Perseus story was soon agreed upon, and much of the year went in arranging a scheme and making studies for the different pictures. There were to be eight of them, for special spaces, and at first Edward intended them to have a setting of ornamental raised plaster, the design for which is seen in a small water-colour that he made of the whole series: but finally this idea was given up. The Medusa part of the legend, which attracted him most, he studied deeply; the Andromeda scenes, though they came later in the story, were finished first.

About one of the pictures a letter to our boy says: "All evening your Mama and I have been shaping a cap for Perseus, and hosen for him and a sword." These words recall other strange inventions and substitutes for unattainable realities which were for studio use—such as a dummy musical instrument of the dulcimer kind, made of common deal by a carpenter, and a "tree" which was simply a wooden pole with a "branch" fastened on to it by a hinge. These things never struck me as funny, but only as necessary instruments for his work. Any jokes on this side of an artist's life were distasteful to him; the way in which he helped himself to produce a picture was no one's business but his own. A certain kind of humour about his work he shared with others, however, as when he says: "Early this morning I drew a Mermaid with a scaly tail, and when a model came and asked me what it was, I couldn't help saying it was a portrait of the Dowager Countess of Dorking, and she quite believed it." It would be difficult to explain where humour came to an end with him, or the way in which he would seem to give himself up entirely to it, yet never lose control of the direction in which it was moving.

"The Mirror of Venus" was all but finished early in 1875, and with this fact is connected in my mind one of Ruskin's visits to the Grange. As we lived so far apart he generally wrote beforehand to say when he was coming, but on the day I remember he arrived without any warning, and brought with him Cardinal Manning. Unfortunately Edward was out, and so, according to a rule that in his absence no one should be shewn into his working studio, I took the visitors upstairs into another room where he kept pictures that were either finished or waiting their turn. Here stood "The Mirror of Venus" on an easel, and they both looked at it for some time—the Cardinal not committing himself to any remark but a question: "Is it in oil or water-colour?" It was an oil picture, but that was a point in Edward's work not to be decided at a glance—his method in both mediums being very similar—

and Ruskin was silent until he had examined it carefully. Kneeling down so as to look more closely into the workmanship of the foreground, in a few seconds he came to a conclusion, and raising his eyes said, so quietly and authoritatively, "Pure water-colour, my lord," that I felt no inclination to contradict him.

This was the year in which we expected Wilfred Heeley in England again. "He has come," Edward writes to his son, "but so poorly that we are all distressed for him. And I had so looked forward to his company, for he knows so much and so wisely. I used to have such pleasant and happy hours with him, talking of ancient religions and the beginnings of things—and I hoped for such a summer of evening talks."

Already the law of Nature was making us turn towards the generation that should come after us, and that feeling helped us to understand a blow which fell upon our friend Mr. Graham this year; the loss of his only surviving son, a boy of fifteen, through a dose of poison mistaken for medicine on the last night of his summer holidays. The father's faith and patience were immoveable under this sorrow, and when we first saw him afterwards, we found him just as gentle, kind, and thoughtful about every one else as in the days when he had happiness to spare.

The letters which went to Marlborough at least once a week touch upon many subjects. These words about prayer are unusual ones, but quite comprehensible to the boy for whom they were written: "As I walked back from Turnham Green I thought about you and wanted you terribly —so I made a prayer or so, and prayed till I began to think of other things, and then it was time to leave off."

Competition at school is mentioned, and always in one way: "I do not much care whether you are at the top or bottom of your class, so that gently and seriously you take in some good thoughts every day and store them up—for I know often how hollow school and college display is—yes, and display afterwards; and all that does not matter." "Do what you can for love of the subjects, not desire to

get up in the class. I should hate it if you took all the honours at Oxford and had no enthusiasm for the subjects you were distinguished in—and that often happens and I have often seen it. But bother classes and places—I hate them. If there were a class of artists I should be at the bottom, but I am not really bottom." "These little matters of forms and classes and examinations and promotions and honours and distinctions are not life nor even a serious part of life." Then on some forgotten occasion, he sends these words of comfort: "God isn't angry with the funny little things he has made—he gives us hard exercises because it makes us stronger. He could have easily made us without faults, but what would have been the fun of that—and now it is something to save a bit out of the day for him, and he knows how hard it is."

The advice to choose one's path in life deliberately and pursue it is often repeated, and sometimes he writes about it as if communing with his own soul. "Remember always you are free, and nothing need change your plan for one moment. The world of men is just the same: if afterwards one gets any great enthusiasm people only mock, if one drops it to please them, they will still mock, if one were to die for it they would have no other way of expressing themselves—and still don't mean any evil but are only thoughtless and pitiable. Every way I had at College that was not quite like the ways of men about me was only derision to them, but I did learn out of it all to free myself, and you see as far as is good for me I live quite free. Presently you will get a companion, and then you will be not two but twenty suddenly."

In another letter he clothes his serious meaning in a fable: "I have gone down this week in painting—but hope to get up next week; my new master Dr. Senectus says there is no time to lose. I wrote to my old tutor Mr. Juventus to say good-bye to him, and told him how I was getting on. In reply he said that I should never see him again, for which I am very sorry, for I always liked him though he set me very hard tasks sometimes, and I don't like never seeing

people again. And old Senectus is such a dreary old chap —knows a lot but doesn't make it amusing, and there are no holidays, not even half-holidays. I sometimes wish I was back in Mr. Young's house—and think I would do so differently."

The established jest as to his great age is carried on in a number of letters written in the summer of 1876 to a young girl, one of Mr. Graham's daughters, but he does not draw pictures of himself in them. The Grahams were travelling on the Continent, and the 28th of August came whilst they were away; it is, I believe, to a promise of Miss Agnes Graham's that she would embroider something for Edward on his birthday that he refers in the following letter: "What will you work for me? A little skullcap of black velvet I need much, or a green shade for my eyes; I think of nothing but what is useful in old age, for all vanities are forbidden. Strips of flannel I think would be most useful, and might be embroidered with sayings of the wise. I am very flattered, dear, but must leave it to you." She chose to make a little bag, which he acknowledges in a tone of one on a younger level of age than before: "I love the pouch dearly, and shall fill it with sweet-scented Latakia, and when envious men say 'Who gave you that?' I shall look mysterious and offer them of its contents, but not let it out of my hand—and I shall win esteem from them in consequence, for such is man." When the travellers reached Florence, he writes eagerly about things they must see there, but adds, "many a place they have ruined that would have been a delight to you." All his longing for Italy revives as he goes on.

"I want to see Botticelli's Calumny in the Uffizi dreadfully, and the Spring in the Belle Arte,—and the Dancing Choir that goes hand in hand up to heaven over the heads of four old men, in that same dear place—you know them all by now—and if those angels are photographed will you buy them for me? At the back of the Virgin the rays of gold rain on a most dear face that looks up, and I want to see it. Will you take a spy-glass and look at every heavenly face in that glory of pictures? And by him in the same gallery

is a tiny little sweet thing of the story of Augustine and the Child by the seashore—and there 's an Angelico Paradise there by the side of which the brightest I can do is like fog. In the Tribune is another Heaven by him, by the side of which jewels are as lumps of coal—and a round Botticelli where the Virgin holds down a dear little face to kiss another fat face—and no one is like him and never will be again.

"Please go to the Egyptian Museum, I think it 's called, I don't quite remember, but once it was a Monastery, and in the refectory of it is a Raphael fresco that makes you love Raphael for ever, and the head of St. James at the corner look at and draw for me that I may see it again, and go to the house of Michael Angelo and kiss his slippers, as I did, but don't tell, else Brompton will kiss them away." This alludes to the disastrous "fashion" of enthusiasm for art which, I know not why, was supposed to be specially rife in Brompton. Another letter says: "There is a chapel in Santa Croce painted by Giotto, and the picture of the death of Francis I should like you to remember Giotto by. All the famous things you will have seen—but I once found a Botticelli not mentioned anywhere in a Nunnery chapel at the end of Via della Scala, that 's a street near the Piazza of Santa Maria Novella—the church is called S. Jacopo in Ripoli, and it is a coronation of the Virgin, and has heaven and earth in it just as they are—heaven beginning six inches over the tops of our heads as it really does: it was terribly neglected and ruined and stuffed up with candles, which I took the British liberty of removing." Miss Graham evidently asked how he managed to see a picture in a nunnery, for he answers: "How I got into the Nunnery? Ah, that shalt thou never know—that secret as I am a gentleman I will never divulge, but that I got in is true and that all the rows of tottering candlesticks were set upon the ground by me is true, and that I desecrated their sacred stools by putting them on each other to make a sketch of the picture is true, and that they were kind and relented to me and unbent from their rigid principles is true, but what I said and how I sped no one must know, so good-bye, dear maid."

About Luini he says: "Never were any faces so perfect; for they are perfect like Greek ones, and have fourteen hundred years of tenderness and pity added. Hunt him out everywhere." Then he gives a warning: "At Ravenna you will get a fever I know, some of you will—take quinine in the morning before you go into the heavenly churches; they are five foot deep in sea-water with sham floors over the sea, and one gets a fever. But when you leave it drive through the pine-wood to Pesaro and thence to Rimini, and then to Urbino in the mountains, and then to Gubbio and then to Arezzo, and then to Perugia and then to Assisi, and then to Orvieto and then to Siena and then Volterra and then Florence, and that is a pretty journey for you—and afterwards to Pistoja and Lucca and then Pisa and then Spezzia, and by carriage, not infernal steam, to Sestri and Genoa, and that is so happy and is the meaning of this life, which puzzles many people, but really is simple and it means that journey."

He made a picture for his own daughter afterwards, where "heaven begins six inches over the top of the head": a girl walks hand in hand with an angel, who leans from the sky to reach her without doing any violence to reason.

A drawing made for this same daughter inside her school note-book about physiological lessons is scarcely less beautiful in its way, and is one of hundreds made ostensibly for the children, but really for the child that was always in himself. There was one set of designs that he called "The Horrours of Mountainous Lands," and another named "The Pleasures of the Plain"; but this came suddenly to an end, and the reason given was that he cared nothing about the pleasures of the plain. A third series dealt with "The Heroic Stories of

The Guardian Angel.

Britain," and the third of these shewed a struggle between a primeval baby and an extinct beast. Everything and all things made excuse for some fresh design when this mood was on him.

THE PLEASURES OF THE PLAIN

THE THIRD HEROIC STORY OF BRITAIN

Some notes to Mr. Leyland this year show that "Merlin" was still being worked upon.

"'The Days of Creation' are finished now—and with a free mind I can take up 'Merlin'—and I shall work at it

without stop till it is finished. Just this note to thank you for not teasing me, as you might have done justly, by clamouring for it—it would have been as great a relief to me as pleasure to you if it could have been sent home long before, but I know you trust me that I do the best I can for all the pictures. After 'Merlin' is done I must work awhile at Balfour's commissions and then I will finish off the 'Mirror.' Yesterday and to-day I am finishing Merlin's face, and I think it will do—and after that only hands and feet have to be done and little tidying bits all about." This plan of work was duly carried out. The large "Annunciation" and "The Golden Stairs" were also begun and many fresh designs made, so that the studio became uncomfortably crowded and we were obliged to build a small additional one by its side, into which were put stacks of canvases and cartoons, spare easels, and working materials: yet the big room seemed scarcely relieved.

In August the doctor chased Edward out of his studio and into the country. I find a note made that he had practically been unable to work for five weeks, which meant much; so Mr. Price fetched him away and they went to a high place on the Cotswold Hills above the lovely and then little-known village of Broadway, where Cormell had rented a delightful little "folly" of a tower, built by some enthusiast for fresh air. Here Edward gained strength, and returned after a fortnight to find his father arrived for his yearly visit to the Grange.

A letter written towards the end of September contains a secret of Art:

"I have worked solely at Andromeda and at last it begins to look what I wanted it to be—but all the sick weeks I worked at it when I ought to have done nothing nearly ruined it. You see I began to play with it and filled it with little houses and fields and roads, and walled gardens and mills, and bushes and winding shores and islands, and one day the veil was lifted and I saw how every pretty incident helped to ruin the thing, and I had three days of havoc at it and took them all out; and now in their place is a grey,

doleful rock, but for the first time there is hope in the picture. It is folly to work when one cannot, and blasphemous to change one's first design."

This was the last of the seven completely free years which for that reason he called "blissful," but it must be said that it was of his own will he renounced freedom and again exhibited his pictures in public.

In the winter of 1875-6 an idea which had often occurred to those who could not carry it out took shape in the mind of one who could. It was that of building an entirely independent picture gallery, where distrust of originality and imagination would not be shewn, delicate workmanship would not be extinguished, and the number of pictures exhibited would not be too large for the wall-space. Sir Coutts Lindsay, himself an artist as well as a man of large fortune, had both the will and the power to make the experiment. He understood the injury done by ignoring such considerations, and devised a scheme intended to recognize them all. In the first place he determined that no pictures should be hung except where they could be seen, and it was arranged that six to twelve inches of space should separate them from each other on the walls. In this way the usual patchwork-quilt effect of an exhibition was avoided, and people could take breath before passing from one work to another. He desired also that every picture should as far as possible get the light most favourable to it, and that great care should be taken in hanging to avoid harsh contrasts of scale, style, and colour. Finally, admission was not to be by competition or prescriptive right, but by invitation. Sir Coutts knew broadly what artists he wished to invite, and furnished the Secretary of the Gallery with a list of their names—a list always to be left open for the appearance of any fresh talent. Those who accepted the invitation were then asked to say what amount of wall-space they counted upon filling, and it was intended to hang each man's work by itself, as nearly as possible in the way he might himself suggest. Thus responsibility for work sent would rest entirely with the painters, for there was no ordeal of Committee to pass, and

Sir Coutts counted upon his fellow-artists not to abuse his confidence by sending any work but their best.

There were three men then living whose work might be instanced as specially typical of his meaning—Madox Brown, Rossetti, and Edward—to each of whom he early sent invitations together with a description of his aim. Madox Brown, the eldest, declined the invitation altogether; by Edward it was at once considered and then accepted; while Rossetti, though not prepared to join the scheme at the time, gave it careful attention. A letter of Edward's to him contains the first mention I find of the project, and expresses also the shrinking that may accompany a man's reasonable desire to shew what he has done.

"As to the Grosvenor Gallery, if you have made up your mind we won't talk about it. I should have liked a fellow-martyr—that's natural—as it is I shall feel very naked against the shafts, and as often as I think of it I repent promising, but it doesn't really matter—the worst will be temporary disgrace, and one needn't read criticisms. I promised them to write to you about it, and it's true I wish you would send, but that's all."

The note also contains an arrangement for going over to Cheyne Walk one day; and that it was long since this had happened may be gathered from a jest in his last words: "So about seven on Monday—and try not to look surprised if you find me bald and fat!" To Mr. Leyland soon afterwards he writes pleasantly of this meeting: "I have seen Gabriel and spent an affectionate little time with him which really comforted me."

Rossetti's position with regard to the Grosvenor Gallery is best described by quoting from a letter that he wrote to The Times, in order to correct an idea propounded in that newspaper that ill-health was the reason of his not contributing to the exhibition. He says: "Will you allow me to state that my health has nothing whatever to do with my not exhibiting at the New Gallery? I never painted in the same space of time so many pictures of the same size and study as within the last few years, and up to this writing.

I beg to subjoin the letter which I wrote in answer to the application I finally received from Mr. C. E. Hallé, the Secretary of the Grosvenor Gallery, as by this means I can best explain myself. What I there say in relation to the Royal Academy was necessitated by the evidently mistaken reports which had reached Mr. Hallé as to my views." This letter was written in January, 1877, and the one to Mr. Hallé which he enclosed now follows.

"Dear Sir,—About a year ago I first received in the country a letter from Mr. Comyns Carr conveying Sir Coutts Lindsay's invitation to me to exhibit at the new Grosvenor Gallery. I then said that I felt no certainty on the point, but would speak with Mr. Burne Jones on my return to London. Since I have been here again I have seen both Mr. Carr and Mr. E. B. Jones and expressed to them the reasons why I do not think it, on the whole, advisable for me to exhibit at the Grosvenor Gallery. I now have to thank you for your extremely courteous and considerate letter on the subject, and for your assurance of what I felt certain would be the case in a gallery so conducted—viz. that no work whatever of mine will be accepted for exhibition from a possessor without my sanction.

"With reference to what you say respecting the Academicians as exhibitors at the Grosvenor, their body, of course, includes names which elicit enthusiastic regard from no one more than from me. Watts has long held a nobly distinct position, and every year of his life has advanced his art; Millais has greater force in the rendering of nature than any painter in the world. Such men must be an accession, indeed, to any ranks, but a principle was put forward simultaneously with the project of building the Grosvenor Gallery which seems to me irreconcileable with the invitation of artists belonging to the Royal Academy; as I cannot see that they fail of due opportunity for the display of their powers on their own walls. Assuredly there is much force in what you say as to a probability of the secession of valuable exhibitors from the Grosvenor to the Academy in

course of time, if the new body is not put on a quite distinct basis. And, indeed, were the Academy both to exhibit its own products at the Grosvenor and to annex your other exhibitors by a gradual process, there is no doubt that your gallery would so become in the long run a subsidiary of Burlington House. In writing the above, I hope you will accept my assurance that I have not the faintest invidious feeling. All that seems to me as a single secluded artist to be desirable, is that there should be a fair field for all, such as may do away with complaints and heartburnings inevitable always while space is insufficient for all; and this aim can be attained only by plans shewing the enterprise which Sir Coutts Lindsay has shewn, and becoming eventually commensurate with the demand for space on all hands.

"Thus my own resolution not to exhibit at present at the Grosvenor is not dependent mainly on any question connected with the Royal Academy, though I do think, as above stated, that some difficult considerations are involved in the invitation of its members. What holds me back is simply that lifelong feeling of dissatisfaction which I have experienced from the disparity of aim and attainment in what I have all my life produced as best I could. My wish is to assure you that distrust of myself and not of others is the cause of my little-important reticence.

"Your scheme must succeed were it but for one name associated with it—that of Burne Jones—a name representing the loveliest art we have.

"With thanks to Sir Coutts Lindsay for his invitation, and thanking yourself again no less personally than officially, I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"D. G. Rossetti."

When Edward knew of the generous reference in this letter to himself and his work he wrote, warmly and impulsively, to Gabriel.

"Folks shewed me your letter in the Times the other day. I was made so happy by your words about me—if there 's anything in me for you or others to like, it 's your

making—ask everywhere if I ever change in saying it, or ever forget it—I don't think you doubt it though. No one in this world has owed so much to another as I do to you, and pleasant as praise is to an artist I know I shall never in my life take it for myself; I know I needn't tell you this, but the renewal of vows between friends is good."

From May onwards in 1876, England was troubled and aroused by accounts of an access of misery in Bulgaria through Turkish misrule, and of massacres by the soldiery which had followed any attempt at resistance by the unhappy people. Edward was amongst the crowds who went to Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park to protest against the horror of this, and against the possibility of our Government, for political reasons, supporting Turkey's refusal of Russia's demand for reformation. He was in complete sympathy with the action that Morris took in becoming Treasurer to the Eastern Question Association, of which he himself was a member, but his feeling on the subject was purely human and not political. "I know nothing of politics," he wrote to a friend at this time; "I very heartily want them swept away if God would send a besom, but the summer has been made really nightmarey to me by thinking over these doleful miseries—and it seems a shame to be comfortable and a shame to be happy."

A letter from Ruskin, dated Venice, 8th December, shews that Edward had written to him asking his help in the agitation which was steadily growing in England. "All your letter is very precious to me," he says; "I am greatly amazed for one thing, to find I can be of any use and value to you in this matter—supposing myself a mere outlaw in public opinion. I hope neither Morris nor you will retire wholly again out of such spheres of effort. It seems to me especially a time when the quietest men should be disquieted, and the meekest self-asserting."

At the time that Ruskin was writing these words a great National Conference was being held in St. James's Hall, for it was in the air that England might yet fight for Turkey, and to many that thought was intolerable. The hall

was crammed everywhere: the women sat apart in the end galleries, so that we could see all the body of the building filled with a black mass of men, and it looked very impressive. The conveners of the Conference were in the orchestra, Morris in the front row; but Edward was not there—the fatigue was too great for him to risk. The meeting lasted nine hours, and Gladstone's reception and speech were memorable things. An undated note to Allingham during the long excitement of this matter has in it a breath of the eagerness of the time.

"*Do* write to the Eastern Association and urge them to move and have meetings everywhere—please do—it can't do harm; it must do good. I don't know why they have let even this week slip by. One gets to mistrust every one."

Apart from the strength he shewed in public work, Morris' vigour of body, mind, and spirit in these days was astonishing. His mighty poem of Sigurd the Volsung was written whilst he was taking a most active share in Committee and other work for the Eastern Question Association. These were anxious days. "The nearer the danger of our tumbling into an unjust war, the more sickening and disgusting it seems to me," he writes. There was another big public meeting in St. James's Hall in May, 1877, which I find thus mentioned beforehand by Edward: "To-night I am going to help to kick up a row at a public meeting"; and afterwards: "I couldn't get into the meeting it was so crammed—I had to come away." I suspect he did that very cheerfully, for, as we know from old Hogarth Club days, if there was a thing he hated it was a formal meeting for whatever purpose. The following letter to Dr. Radcliffe does not refer to this occasion, but shews his general feeling to have been unaltered.

"I would come to you gladly but that I have been nailed to-morrow night by —— for an odious and detestable public meeting that I could not decline—so I shall be biting my nails with fidgets, and stewing away in an oven, and going mad with resolutions and amendments and hear-hears, not a quarter of a mile off you; there is no help for it." Quite

like him it was both to hate a thing and to do it with an excellent grace as soon as it became a personal matter with any one for whom he cared.

One day in April a letter to his son says: "I worked till Thursday night at pictures for the Grosvenor, and now I want never to hear the word again." So it was—he had done the work and sent it out as the most direct way of communicating it to others, but the appeal was a silent one—he would know by signs of sympathy more subtle than words whether it was successful or not. To the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery he sent, by Sir Coutts Lindsay's invitation, eight pictures; "The Days of Creation," "Venus' Mirror," "The Beguiling of Merlin," and five single figures of "Temperantia," "Fides," "Spes," "St. George," and a "Sibyl." From that day he belonged to the world in a sense that he had never done before, for his existence became widely known and his name famous. A lady whom we afterwards knew well told me that she had seen and been much struck in 1870 by Edward's "Phyllis and Demophoön," but that, not having heard anything about him since, she "had thought the painter must be dead."

The power of the press in keeping a man's name before the public cannot be denied, but newspaper-reviews of Edward's pictures, favourable or otherwise, are not touched upon here because they held so insignificant a place in his life that they cannot be considered as one of its influences. He seldom saw any of them, though people did not fail to tell him of anything either specially sympathetic or abusive; but two words from a brother-artist were worth them all. The world of interest and help that artists find in the work of each other is not known to those outside it, and if there is truth in

> The poison of the honey bee
> Is the artist's jealousy,

Blake could have put the other side of the question quite as well. An illustration of this occurs in a funny little studio conversation that Mr. Rooke describes between himself and Edward, about the early pictures of Mr. Spencer Stanhope.

E. B.-J. "His colour was beyond any the finest in Europe; an extraordinary turn for landscape he had too—quite individual. Rossetti was in a perfect state of enthusiasm about it—that was how he got to know him."

T. M. R. "The first time I saw him was in the winter of 1869 to 1870, when he came into your studio one afternoon after you had gone out, and he was in such a passion of admiration over your head of 'Phyllis' that in my then unenlightened condition I supposed he couldn't be an artist."

E. B.-J. "Oh, little Rookie."

T. M. R. "Well, I thought to make a clean breast of it."

E. B.-J. "Call that a clean breast? I call it a most dirty breast—after that I don't know really what can be said."

Yet I would not wish it to be understood that advice, at the time it is given, is felt to be more acceptable amongst artists than to other men. Edward had a story of the way in which Rossetti, Morris, and himself used to take it. If Morris looked at a drawing of Gabriel's and said, "Don't you think that the head 's too large?" Gabriel would answer, "Now I'm glad you've said that, for I was thinking it was too small—so it must be just the proper size, and that 's all right." Morris was much more direct; Rossetti could say to him, "Neck 's too long, old fellow," and Morris would catch him up at once with, "Too short, you mean—all right—I'll alter it." But if either of them told Edward that something was "out," he would say, "Out is it? then I'll set it right," and never touched it again.

An exception amongst professional critics was made by Edward from first to last in the case of his friend Mr. F. G. Stephens, who is well-known as having been originally a painter and one of the seven Pre-Raphaelite Brethren. Rossetti introduced him and Edward to each other at his own rooms in Chatham Place, towards the end of 1856. To Mr. Stephens the studio was always open.

In the June number of Fors Clavigera Ruskin considers the Grosvenor Gallery and its aims. Amongst other things he says: "It has been planned and is directed by a gentleman in the true desire to help the artists and better

the art of his country:—not as a commercial speculation. Since in this main condition it is right, I hope success for it; but in very many secondary matters it must be set on a different footing before its success can be sure." He instances that "Sir Coutts Lindsay is at present an amateur both in art and shopkeeping. He must take up either one or the other business, if he would prosper in either. If he intends to manage the Grosvenor Gallery rightly, he must not put his own works in it till he can answer for their quality; if he means to be a painter, he must not at present superintend the erection of public buildings, or amuse himself with their decoration by china and upholstery. The upholstery of the Grosvenor Gallery is poor in itself; and very grievously injurious to the best pictures it contains, while its glitter as unjustly veils the vulgarity of the worst."

The costly crimson Italian silk hangings of the big room might have fairly resented the epithet "poor," but that they were "grievously injurious" to some of the pictures there we knew too well, and our friend Mr. Hallé, the Secretary, was told so in a dismayed note from Edward. "To say the truth I had the greatest fear of the red when I saw it before it was put up—it seemed far too glaring to be tolerable near any delicately coloured picture, but I knew it the first moment I saw the gallery hung. It sucks all the colour out of pictures, and only those painted in grey will stand it. Merlin doesn't hurt because it's black and white, but the Mirror is gone I don't know where. As long as I only knew it, I didn't mind, but now I hear it on all sides and get teased incessantly with people's candour, so that I shall have to fly for months to escape condolences; indeed both red and green are far too strong—far; to stand them one would have to paint up to their level, which is rather inverting the first idea we had. The water-colour room doesn't hurt, and perhaps some olive colour or moderate red—one that would not scream all round one's work—might yet be inserted between the frames. They say, too, one can't see the glazed pictures

for the reflection of bright tables in them; and I can't take the glasses off, for the pictures—those at least that are oil —are unvarnished. I know in private houses that one's work is always destroyed by carpets and hangings, but in this Gallery, for a little time, one's colour ought to rest and tell as one meant it to. After the exhibition is over we might consult together and try to get more peace into the room, for it is that that is wanted, and so little would do it. If you can help about it I know you will."

It would not be fitting here either to quote at length or to discuss the estimate of Edward's work which Ruskin went on to give in Fors Clavigera, but the "true relation" which he claims for it "with the paternal and everlasting Art of the world" is a word that I do not fear to repeat. The argument Ruskin uses against hanging each man's work by itself is interesting, if not convincing: "The most original of painters repeat themselves in favourite dexterities,—the most excellent of painters forget themselves in habitual errors; and it is unwise to exhibit in too close sequence the monotony of their virtues, and the obstinacy of their faults. In some cases, of course, the pieces of an intended series enhance each other's beauty, but in general it is better that each painter should, in fitting places, take his occasional part in the pleasantness of the picture-concert, than at once run through all his pieces and retire."

And a warning which he gives deserves attention in the abstract, apart from any personal application: "The pictures of scholars ought not to be exhibited together with those of their masters, more especially in cases where a school is so distinct as that founded by Mr. Burne Jones, and contains many elements definitely antagonistic to the general tendency of public feeling. Much that is noble in the expression of an individual mind becomes contemptible as the badge of a party, and although nothing is more beautiful or necessary in the youth of a painter than his affection or submission to his teacher, his own work, during the stage of subservience, should never be exhibited where the

master's may be either confused by the frequency, or disgraced by the fallacy, of its echo."

With regard to a picture-gallery itself, I know that Edward thought all sumptuous hangings, gilding, and ornamental "features" out of place; he used to say that an architect, as the word is understood now, never ought to be asked to design one, but that with an artist to advise and a builder to build a satisfactory result could be got. Plain, finely proportioned and well lighted—a kind of sublimated barn—he suggested, where all inside should be subordinated to the welfare of the paintings on the (possibly whitewashed) walls.

I think he only went once to the present National Portrait Gallery, so disappointed was he with its construction and the way pictures looked in it: indeed he formulates his complaint very seriously, saying, "The bottom rooms are gloomy dark cellars where you can see nothing and the top ones are raked with blinding light from skylights that are too near them, so that Watts' portraits that are put in them are seen to the greatest disadvantage; they seem all lumps of paint and ribs of canvas—there is no chance of a ray of sentiment penetrating them."

After sending off his pictures to the Grosvenor Gallery, he turned at once to the large "Annunciation." Presently, however, when the time arrived for his studio to be cleaned, he went away for four days. He was always uneasy during the cleansing of what he called his "Augean Studio," and was eager to come back, and see with his own eyes that all was safe.

Wagner was in England this spring, conducting a series of concerts of his own music, and one day George Eliot wrote to ask Edward if she might bring Madame Wagner to the studio; adding, "She is, I think, a rare person worthy to see the best things, having her father's quickness and breadth of comprehension." They came, and a brief but most pleasant acquaintance was the result. Two or three visits from Madame Wagner, a drawing made of her, a few notes and letters, and then I doubt if they ever saw or heard

from each other again. Her knowledge of English was remarkable, and her power of expression in writing it is evident from the following letter concerning a cast of Beethoven's face which she had sent to Edward: "I was glad to hear that the cast had arrived safely. It is the one taken after death; you must excuse if it looks a little dusty and old, for it is my own I sent you, as I saw in coming to Germany that I was mistaken in thinking that it was to be got everywhere—in fact people care very little for great men, and methinks they put them statues to get rid of them."

Madame Wagner spoke also of another existing cast, taken during Beethoven's lifetime, but she feared it could not be a good one, because he tore it off his face as soon as it was put on, shouting, "You want to kill me."

Wagner was too much engrossed by work to accompany his wife to the Grange: polite messages were exchanged between him and Edward, but they did not meet. We went to several of his concerts, and even to a morning rehearsal of one at the Albert Hall, which was an extraordinary thing for Edward to do. This apparent desertion of work, however, had happy consequences; for soon after taking his place he discerned amongst the audience a young girl whose head was of a type that he knew would be helpful to him in his Perseus pictures. When the rehearsal was over he turned to Mr. Richard Grosvenor, who happened to be sitting near us, and said, "If only I could make some studies from her." "I'll ask if you may," was the answer, and to our amazement he went directly to the young lady and her mother, who were just going out. We saw him join them and disappear, but knew no more till the next day. Then Mr. Grosvenor came to tell us that, curiously enough, he had been able to do some little service for the ladies as they were entering the hall the day before, and so had earned a right to claim their attention afterwards, and that in the kindest way possible Edward's request had been granted. "She has often been called my 'Burne-Jones daughter,'" said the mother, with quiet understanding of

the incident. And so we came to know first Mrs. and Miss Benson of Alresford, and afterwards other members of their family. From the eldest son, Mr. W. A. S. Benson, Edward painted the head of his "Pygmalion." Of the music we went to hear that morning I am not skilled enough to speak, and it is only an accident of my story that makes it for a moment appear as if that great orchestra and the powerful spirit conducting it were but a background to the scene of which I have spoken. Of Madame Wagner Edward said that she sat so steadily that it was "like Memnon": of Miss Benson also his praise was great, and many were the studies he made from her.

About this time of his life we began to realize the benefit of sea-air to Edward. In October he writes: "I feel rather tired of work by now, and I shall I think go away for two or three days—to Brighton or Oxford, or some little near place, and play about a bit. I should like the sea, but I hate Brighton, and I love Oxford, but it isn't the sea." Brighton was decided upon, and during the short time he was there, he writes: "I walked out to a little village to-day called Rottingdean"—illustrating the words with a swift drawing of the church there, and of some coast-guards "who march about and look tremendous, and peer through telescopes suddenly as if the Armada was in sight and they must give the alarm." Of this village we had heard nothing hitherto, except that Miss Pankey, one of Mrs. Pipchin's weekly boarders, "was generally brought back from an aunt's at Rottingdean in deep distress on Sunday nights"; but during his brief visit to it Edward received an impression which returned to him afterwards, and decided the place of our second home. Mr. Eustace Balfour joined him in Brighton, and together they visited the bazaar on the old chain-pier, and there fell in love with two owls which they brought back to London. Socrates and Eustacia we named them. Our owl Socrates was at first extremely welcome, but intimate acquaintance as his keeper diminished my regard for him, for he had to be fed with raw meat which he ate by night, and every morning his cage was bespattered with blood,

his beak crimson, and his eyes dim from the orgy. Eustacia came to stay with us and behaved in exactly the same way, so that it was a great relief when a friend of Mr. Balfour's invited the two birds to come and live in his garden at Cambridge, whence they soon eloped together. For a long time Edward regretted the loss of Socrates, and when, in Paris the following spring, he ordered a plaster cast of a noble Graeco-Egyptian bird to be sent home, and told me that another owl was coming, I believed it to be alive, and he enjoyed my anxiety as to the safety and comfort of the poor thing on its journey to England; nor was I undeceived till its arrival.

This run to Paris was made at Easter in 1878, after sending off eleven pictures to the Grosvenor Gallery. Mr. Sidney Colvin and Cormell Price were with Edward, and he took his son also. His little daughter had now become a dear companion, and he wrote to her as her "foreign Papa" to tell her of their doings:

"It is so pretty here and bright and cheerful, and the streets so clean and white and people so nice. We've just come from seeing a Punch-theatre in the Champs Elysées—we paid a penny and went into a ring of people and sat on chairs and saw such a funny play, and laughed till we screamed—and wanted your Mammy and you with us to laugh too. I think we shall come back on Tuesday, or Wednesday at latest—will you make us welcome, or is it so nice for you two women without us that you don't want us yet? Tell that dear Mammy that her hard-earned money flies so fast—I don't know how—by the end of the day our pockets are quite emptied. Phil and I look so shabby already, like travelling Englishmen mostly do—only they seem to understand here. I think next year I must bring you, and your Mammy must come—tell her she must make up her mind to travel and see bright things, else she'll forget what the world looks like—and it doesn't everywhere look like London. To-day Crom, Phil, and I walked all about the old island where once Paris was, when it was forest everywhere else; then we had breakfast in the open air amongst

Edward Burne-Jones del. Walker & Cockerell Photo.

Margaret Burne-Jones.

the trees, and then we rode out a long way, and so the day has ended and we are rather tired."

Morris spent Easter Sunday in Paris with the little party. He was on the way to join his wife and daughters at Oneglia, where they and the George Howards had been wintering, and there was a happy plan for them all to take a tour together in North Italy now the spring was come. But a dismal fellow-traveller in the shape of gout was waiting his arrival, and no sooner had he joined his family than it declared its spoil-sport presence, and the pleasure of the time was gone. Both he and Edward had been thoroughly overdone during the winter, and sorely needed rest and change, but nothing could make them forget the haunting fear that their country might yet be dragged into war. Writing to his son in March Edward says: "I think the English are going to war, and I feel very sad, for I don't know what may not happen. I don't like to live in shameful days, and you are lucky not yet to be old enough to feel how woeful it is."

The year had opened with an access of excitement on this subject. We went, together with the Faulkners and Cormell Price, to the Workmen's Neutrality Demonstration that was held in Exeter Hall on January 16th, when the enthusiasm was so great that those present seemed to have but one heart. It had been an anxious question how to guide matters so as to prevent the meeting being broken up by its opponents, and yet to keep ourselves undistracted from the object for which we had come. Someone suggested that if the big organ were played whilst the hall was filling, it would form a central point of attention, and then the idea followed that a fine tune and suitable words, known to the audience, would set them singing together, which would be better still; so the Committee asked Morris if he would make them a song, and "Wake, London Lads" sprang from his heart, he having with a fine instinct chosen the tune of "The Hardy Norseman's Home of Yore." When we took our places in the orchestra the whole hall before us was spotted with white leaflets of the new poem, and without

rehearsal, without confusion, it was sung by the standing mass of people, with a great cheer at the end of each of the five verses. I remember after the challenge of the first words those which followed came with an infinite power of gentleness:

> From out the dusk, from out the dark,
> Of old our fathers came,
> Till lovely freedom's glimmering spark
> Broke forth a glorious flame:
> And shall we now praise freedom's dearth
> And rob the years to come,
> And quench upon a brother's hearth
> The fires we lit at home?
> O happy England, if thine hand
> Should forge anew the chain,
> The fetters of a tortured land,
> How were thy glory vain.

Yet within three weeks of this day the Liberal Party in Parliament had absolutely broken down, on a mere report that the Russians had entered Constantinople, and all opposition to the vote asked for by Government was withdrawn. The working men were quite ready to join the Eastern Question Association in another demonstration—this time in the Agricultural Hall, the largest building in London—and towards the guarantee fund for the expense of this Edward and other members of the Committee contributed £50 each, but when the hall was taken the Association as a body had not courage to carry out the plan, and our little group of friends was left heart-sick with disappointment.

Immediately after this came the news of Ruskin's serious illness. We were alone one evening, Edward working and I reading Cranford to him, when a note was suddenly put into his hand saying that our friend's life was in danger. The news came from Mrs. Simon, and could not be doubted, so we went at once to see her and to learn any details we could. Her husband had already started for Brantwood, happy in the possession of skill that might be of use there, and from his reports we used to learn daily about Ruskin's

state. Some form of inflammation of the brain had, for the time, brought him to death's door, nor could we then dare to hope for the recovery which gave him back to us.

"The Beguiling of Merlin" was exhibited this year at the Exposition Universelle in Paris, and Edward felt pleasure in being represented there. Of this picture M. Robert de la Sizeranne says: "It was an attraction to the critics, but not to the public. The painter seemed to dwell so far from our art and our life." When, eleven years afterwards, in 1889, "Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" was shewn, the effect was different.

A rather disastrous attempt at a family holiday took place in August. It had been at first arranged that only mother, son and daughter should go to Chamouni with our dear old friends the Simons, but just before we started Edward said that he would follow us. A note to his little girl heralded his coming.

"O my bright blue little Margot, this is Tuesday night and I have been in town to have my hair cut and my coat tried on, so that I may be respectable to walk among Halps with my daughter; if I came in an old coat with long hair she mightn't like it." This spelling of "Alps" dated from years back, when Ruskin's valet once said to Edward that his master was unwell and depressed, and how much he wished he could see him "take pleasure in a Halp again." "O," the letter goes on, "I want my babies so much, I don't a bit like my life here, and I want to be where my three are, and to make little jokes and have them sympathized with. Now I go to bed, and to-morrow I finish this letter.—And now it's Wednesday morning and a week since you went, and I don't think I ever remember such a long week happening before—no, never—and if the next week is to be so long I shall sit down and burst of it."

He came, but reached us quite worn out with the railway journey, and for the rest of the time we all took turns in being ill. One beautiful day's drive down through the mountains, by the river Arve, as far as Bonneville, was worth a great deal of discomfort; but we unwisely pro-

longed the journey till late at night in order to reach Annecy, and paid the price in feverish chills and sore throats. At Aix-les-Bains we stopped a little to recover; and the remembrance of it as we left it, with a soft, pink evening light lying on "the Gates of the Hills" behind it, is like Bunyan's glimpse of the Celestial City.

In October Morris left Turnham Green and came to live a mile or so nearer to us, which made it an easy thing for him to walk to the Grange on Sunday mornings. We had long known the George MacDonalds as tenants of this new house, which was on the Upper Mall, Hammersmith; in their time it was called "The Retreat," but Morris changed the name to "Kelmscott House," in remembrance of his beautiful country home nearly a hundred miles further up on the same bank of the Thames. Kelmscott House was much larger than the one he left at Turnham Green, and had an adjoining stable and coach-house which have become historic among Socialists. There was also a long garden, of which Morris made the most by dividing it into separate spaces, as he had done at Upton. He used to say that the soil of this garden was composed chiefly of old shoes and soot, for no substitute for real country ever contented him; but the lawns and trees were very pleasant, and the river that flowed in front was a good change from the dusty high road.

The year was not to end without disturbance of a particularly trying kind. Ever since Ruskin's notice of the Grosvenor Gallery in Fors Clavigera there had been a rumour that Mr. Whistler was likely to claim damages from him in a court of law, on account of a strongly-worded sentence in that notice, which he considered might hinder the sale of his pictures. Ruskin himself was delighted at this prospect: "It 's mere nuts and nectar to me the notion of having to answer for myself in court, and the whole thing will enable me to assert some principles of art economy which I've never got into the public's head by writing, but may get sent over all the world vividly in a newspaper report or two." It was a year after this, however, when the

action was brought, and although he had quite recovered from his illness, he was not allowed to appear in the case. On November 2nd Ruskin writes to Edward: "I gave your name to the blessed lawyers, as chief of men to whom they might refer for anything which in their wisdom they can't discern unaided concerning me. But I commanded them in no wise and for no cause whatsoever to trouble or tease you; and neither in your case nor in that of any other artist, to think themselves justified in asking more than may enable them to state the case with knowledge and distinctness." Few positions could have been more annoying or difficult, for the paragraph containing the sentence in question—one of Ruskin's severest condemnations—was practically a comparison between Mr. Whistler's work and Edward's own. But the subject covered so much wider ground than any personality that Edward was finally able to put this thought aside and did with calmness what he had undertaken to do, namely, endorse Ruskin's criticism that good workmanship was essential to a good picture. His first reported words, "I am a painter and have been so for twenty years. I have painted some works which have become known to the public within the last two or three years," are a fair type of the modesty with which he gave evidence, and those who saw him said that he spoke with authority also. I shall string together and condense his answers in examination.

"I think that nothing but perfect finish ought to be allowed by artists; that they should not be content with anything that falls short of what the age acknowledges as essential to perfect work. I have seen the pictures by Mr. Whistler which were produced yesterday in this court, and I think the 'Nocturne in Blue and Silver' is a work of art, but a very incomplete one; an admirable beginning, but that it in no sense whatever shews the finish of a complete work of art. I am led to the conclusion because while I think the picture has many good qualities—in colour, for instance, it is beautiful—it is deficient in form, and form is as essential as colour." With regard to the next picture, "Battersea

Bridge," when asked to give an opinion he said: "The colour is even better than the other, but it is more formless, and as to the composition and detail, it has neither. The day and a half, in which Mr. Whistler says it was painted, seems a reasonable time for it." Then the "Nocturne in Black and Gold" was discussed, and being pressed as to whether in his opinion it was a work of art he said, "No, I cannot say it is," and gave as one reason for this that the subject itself was against it: "I never saw a picture of night that was successful. This is only one out of a thousand failures which artists have made in their efforts at painting it."

A portrait by Titian was brought into court as a sample of what was meant by "finish," and Edward recognized it as "a very perfect example of the highest finish that ancient artists aimed at." On counsel asking if he saw any mark of labour in the three pictures by Mr. Whistler that were under consideration, he answered: "Yes, there must have been great labour to produce such work, and great skill also, but I think he has evaded the chief difficulty of painting, and has not tested his powers by carrying it out. The difficulties in painting increase daily as the work progresses, and that is the reason why so many of us fail. The danger is this, that if unfinished pictures become common we shall arrive at a stage of mere manufacture, and the art of the country will be degraded."

Mr. Frith, R.A., and Mr. Tom Taylor, the art critic of The Times, were the other witnesses called on Ruskin's side. The verdict was of one farthing's damage for Mr. Whistler, and the judge, exercising his discretion, gave judgment for him without costs. Edward wrote to Rossetti afterwards: "The whole thing was a hateful affair and nothing in a small way ever annoyed me more—however, as I had to go I spoke my mind, and I try not to think of it all more than I can help." To another friend he said: "I wish all that trial-thing hadn't been; so much I wish it, and I wish Whistler knew that it made me sorry—but he would not believe." From Ruskin there came this acknow-

ledgement: "I'm very grateful to you for speaking up. I don't think you will be sorry hereafter that you stood by me, and I shall be evermore happier in my secure sense of your truth to me, and to a good cause—for there *was* more difficulty in your appearing than in anyone else's."

The school-letters came to an end this year, for we had arranged that our son should read at home with a tutor before matriculating at Oxford. I do not know the date of the letter from which I make this last extract, but it explains itself.

"As to divinity, I know at most schools they have an unlucky way of making one learn the Jewish history in any clumsy, crabbed, ill-written, dry book they can get made for money, rather than teach it out of the wonderful ancient book itself, and I expect it is that which hinders you. But as to knowing the parallel kings of Judah and Israel, depend on it the master who hears you knows the lesson only because he has the book before him. Read the Book of Kings yourself, and the lovely stories will fix the history in your mind, and you will never forget those that are important to remember; Ahab and Jehu, Ahaziah, Hezekiah, Josiah and Manasseh—those six only matter, after the division of the kingdom. But read the book itself as constantly as you can, for it 's a glorious heap of antiquity, and if you ever need to learn a theology you shall find it there for yourself the day you need it."

CHAPTER XIX

THE VALLEY OF VISION
1879—1881

TWENTY more years of life still lay before Edward, and during them a new world formed itself around what remained of our old one. No friend, indeed, ever divided the place that Morris held, but, naturally, in a wide circle there were those who so fitted various parts of Edward's nature that they were taken forthwith into niches belonging expressly to themselves. Younger men began instinctively to draw towards him as a teacher, for he had a way of sharing the results of experience without seeming to give advice, and gained their confidence by stripping seriousness of pomposity. Some of the things he and others felt most deeply he could, as it were, project into space and look at, and discuss freshly and humorously.

We never did what is called "entertaining," but, as far as we could, kept open house in a simple enough way. Though we never had any special time for being at home, Sunday always brought someone to the Grange. The day began with Morris' strenuous company at breakfast and a morning of work with him; friends generally dropped in, or had been invited to lunch; others, together with a fringe of acquaintances, filled the afternoon, and almost always some remained for the evening. It was, therefore, no time of rest for Edward, who was often more tired on Monday morning than on Saturday night.

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Photo Bruno Jacot

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We never did arrive at [illegible] as far as we could, kept open house [illegible] Though we never had any [illegible] Sunday always brought [illegible] The day began with [illegible] and a morning of work with [illegible] generally dropped in, or had been invited to [illegible] with a fringe of acquaintances, filled the afternoon, and almost always some remained for the evening. It was, therefore, no time of rest for Edward, who was often more tired on Monday morning than on Saturday night.

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Philip Burne-Jones.

he did not waste time on the hopeless or pretentious. One class of them gave him considerable trouble—namely, women, from their quick imitative power which led them to a certain point and no further. Imagination, he complained, was rare in their work; they would bring him figures painted without any background, for instance, and have no idea as to what was behind them, or what they were standing upon. "You can't leave it all fuzzy," he said once in despair; "what 's this figure of a woman standing upon? Is it earth or bricks or stones or carpet—she must be standing on something, mustn't she? she can't be standing upon nothing, can she? You must think. Go home and think about it." Another class, on which he felt no necessity to spend much time, was the "professional student" who made a round of the best-known artists in England and France, studying for a while in the manner of each.

By degrees Edward went more and more into Society, but compared with those to the manner born his most was not much. Occasionally he was amongst the company at Gladstone's breakfasts, where he greatly liked and admired his host, and a visit to Hawarden confirmed these feelings; in a long correspondence with Miss Gladstone he touches with enthusiasm upon some of the work done by her father. A letter written whilst the Gladstones were at Venice in 1879 is chiefly about the city itself and its history. He warns her: "Don't be carried about to see things; Venice is the chief picture there, and don't weary your eyes with others—but get men to row you in and out of all the by-ways, and watch every corner you turn. I hope they won't drag you to be impressed by Tintorets—they do impress, but at the right hour and time, when one is ready and needs them." Then he goes on: "There are two places where the history of Venice is most told, and the air is full of it; one is the Piazzetta, where all those tumults were, where the ships came with porphyry pillars and marbles for the church. Do you remember the day when all Venice stood there and waited to know its doom and at night the

victorious banished admiral came back with deliverance for it, like another Camillus? Did you ever read about Carlo Zeno and the battle of Chioggia?—it 's one of the thrilling days in history—like Thermopylae—all ancient Venice surged about those pillars and made such a history. And the other place is Torcello—that 's the mother-city, and where grass is now was once a real city for centuries. You know about it all, I know, but who is tired of saying it or thinking it over and over again?"

He kept no writing-table in the studio because if he did it was covered at once with books and drawings. "O," he exclaims in a letter to a friend, "I am writing under the most miserable conditions—thin foreign post, over an uneven ground of books and matchboxes and cigars—you know the look of my writing-table." The physical act of writing became increasingly irksome to him, so that he did it impatiently, and as others would think uncomfortably, but he had his own order amongst disorder. He was a strange mixture of recklessness and caution both in speaking and writing. Often he was quite unguarded, and if reminded that written words remained, would only say, "O, no one keeps what I write." He would sometimes write a great deal to some particular friend for a while, and then cease entirely till a fresh spirit revived the correspondence. There were, also, people whom he loved, but to whom he found a difficulty in writing at all. "There be some who make all speech impossible to me," he said, "not from any dislike, but they make speech impossible."

He would often be painting in his studio when something he wished to say to a friend occurred to him—then he would rise, go down to the dining-room, palette and brushes in hand, lay them upon the first place that would hold them, and write incredibly quickly with a bad pen on an untidy table, address the letter, put it in the hall post-box on his way upstairs, and be at work again before one could believe it possible. But brief as the time was, he occasionally arranged a trap during it into which someone was certain to fall. He would leave behind him a "surprise picture"

swiftly drawn on the under-side of a sheet of paper, and invisible until in course of writing or folding a letter the fourth page was reached. Then the unconscious writer was surprised by some strange sight. I remember once, at the end of a business note to the Dean of Christ Church, which

I had just written at Edward's own dictation, finding a picture of an infant faun playing bo-peep, and that Edward was almost as startled as I was. His apologies for my having to make an expurgated copy of the note were only half-hearted.

We had lost a kind and pleasant friend in G. H. Lewes at the end of 1878, and at first it seemed as if George Eliot had departed too, so overwhelming was her grief and her seclusion so deep; but in about four months there came a note from her, and she found strength to see us both, before leaving for Witley in the spring. A letter from her in June explains itself, and is a time-mark of the day she mentions:

"I am wishing Margaret many happy returns of this day, and am making a picture of you all keeping the little fête. A young birthday when the young creature is promising is really a happy time—one can hope reasonably, and the elder ones seeing their blood warm while they feel it cold may be content that gladness has passed onward from them into newer vessels. I should like to see the blue-eyed maid with the bangles on her arms." How those bangles came there is the point of this remembrance. It was Edward's delight to surprise his children with presents, and for this birthday he got his little daughter a set of bangles, one for every year she had lived. But she knew nothing of it, so he asked her to come to his bedside first thing in the morning, and then, when they were alone in the room, amused himself by presenting her solemnly with one bangle only, and waiting to see how she would accept it. Gladly enough, and with no thought of more—whereupon with great surprise he found a second in a fold of his counterpane, and a third by his side, and a fourth under his pillow, in the manner of a conjuror, and went on with the drama of astonishment until with peals of laughter the tale of her years was accomplished. Had our friend seen it all, she would have known that this man of forty-six felt his life as warmly as the child with whom he was playing.

He spent a day at Witley in the autumn and thus describes it: "The day was a very nice one with George Eliot—she lives in a lovely country, too, near Godalming, with the garden on a steep slope, which is always pretty. She met me at the gate and looked well, and in the afternoon we went a long drive. I asked about work, but she is doing none of her own, only busily working on what her husband left, and there will not be anything of hers in that, only careful editor's work. She seemed to like to talk about him, and her face looked not a bit more sorrowful than it used to, nor was she changed in any way. We talked about Homer and lost Greek poems, and many and many a thing. I think she is working much at Jewish matters, for the table was covered with Hebrew books—when I say covered I

mean there were two or three, but she said she was busy with that literature."

The "lovely country" of Surrey palled upon him when he saw more of it, and once, after a visit there in later years, he gave the reason of his disappointment: "You could see sixty miles away over a soft land, too soft. I wanted some desolate bits and a woeful tale or two, and to be told 'At such a point was such a battle, and by that tower was such a combat and in that tower such a tragedy'—so long ago that I couldn't be very sorry. Nobody knew anything of anywhere, and everybody smiled fat smiles at the big green carpet. It seemed churlish not to admire it. It was bonny, but I like other lands better, and now and then I want to see Hell in a landscape. All that is like a silly Heaven."

The threatened destruction of the west front of St. Mark's, Venice, this year, under the name of "restoration," touched Edward as much as it did Morris, who took so chief a part in averting the evil. Now was seen the value of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings which they had helped to found a couple of years before, and whose machinery was all ready for use. Morris, as the Society's public representative, got out a memorial at once, protesting against the ruinous scheme, besides writing a powerful appeal to the newspapers, and calling meetings in London, Birmingham, and Oxford. At this last place Edward was so moved by the subject as to speak publicly for the only time in his life—privately his words were many and strong. To Miss Gladstone he says: "I write to you because I want you to tell me what time your father has to spare, and if you think he would help—I know he would if he saw the way. It is such cursed work—so needless, so stupid, such devilry in short. If they want to give employment let them begin a new St. Mark's on one of the islands, or a manufactory or what they like, or dredge the canals, but I know all the wicked history of these restorations. It is so hard to get people to care—even those who are on one's side in so many ways don't care to help in this. A modern Homer wouldn't be more useless, empty,

and hateful to your father than the mockery of St. Mark's they will make to me. Do ask your father what is best to do. Who is the Minister of Works? How can we reach him? Could a wide memorial signed by hundreds of us effect anything? If it wouldn't, still it might be good to try. I shall see all the people I can think of and beseech them to help, but they would listen to your father over there—would he have time to help if I asked him? It is an imminent danger."

Gladstone did sign the memorial, and Edward writes again: "Say I am deeply grateful for his signing, for you see it means more than St. Mark's—we want to strike at all these cruel destructions and obliterations of history, and we can and have done good even if St. Mark's has to go." Lord Beaconsfield also signed. "Yes," Morris wrote on November 24th, "the Memorial has flourished and Dizzy did actually sign on Saturday; I have many a worrit over it and even now I am not quite sure what to do with it; for this morning is news from Italy that the Minister has sent word to the Prefect of Venice to stop the restoration of the Mosaic. What this means I don't quite know, but I hope it is the stopping of the work on the pavement, because I feel sure that we have saved the west front already. I suppose in any case, even if the Memorial is a mere formality, it will have to go; we have to hand it to the Ambassador here: I must say it seems to me extremely absurd that we can't send it by post as to an ordinary mortal. In truth what has really worried me in this matter has been all the ridiculous rigmarole and social hypocrisy one has to wade through."

In these days the one great difference between Edward and Morris—which yet did not divide them—was beginning to make itself felt. Morris was growing more and more restless and disturbed in mind by the conditions of modern life, and his conscience was dragging him towards some definite work for its amendment, while Edward held that it was always a mistake, if not a wrong thing, for a man to swerve from the exercise of his own special gift, or

seek another way of helping the world. Speaking of their difference long afterwards, Edward called it "the only time when I failed Morris." Morris, however, was strong enough to pursue his way alone, and their friendship was none the less for it.

Edward always regretted that Morris joined the Socialist body. He said: "When he went into it I thought he would have subdued the ignorant, conceited, mistaken rancour of it all—that he would teach them some humility and give them some sense of obedience, with his splendid bird's-eye view of all that has happened in the world and his genius for History in the abstract. I had hopes he would affect them. But never a bit—he did them absolutely no good—they got complete possession of him. All the nice men that went into it were never listened to, only noisy, rancorous ones got the ear of the movement."

Once, when it was urged upon him that, after all, Morris's connection with Socialism was an important part of his life, he would not allow even so much, maintaining that "it was a parenthesis," and that "Morris was before all things a poet and an artist." Yet in a letter written after Morris had formally joined the Democratic Federation he shews a clear understanding of his friend's motive, and the expression of his own feeling proves that they only parted company about the means to be employed for one and the same end.

"Yes, I know 'Progress and Poverty,' and admire it greatly, its nobility of temper and style—but its deductions, O, I knew all that long ago—it is a book that couldn't more persuade me of a thing I believed already—and you must have patience with some of us who say things more strongly still. How can some men help having an ideal of the world they want, and feeling for it as for a religion, and sometimes being fanatical for it and unwise—as men are too for the religion that they love? It must be, and Morris is quite right, only for my sake I wish he could be out of it all and busy only for the things he used to be busy about. I shall never again make myself much unhappy about pass-

ing events—it would be easy to break oneself to bits with fruitless trouble; I shall never try again to leave the world that I can control to my heart's desire—the little world that has the walls of my workroom for its furthest horizon;—and I want Morris back to it, and want him to write divine books and leave the rest. Some day it will all change violently, and I hate and dread it but say beforehand it will thoroughly serve everybody right—but I don't want to see it or foresee it, or dwell upon it." This seclusion of an artist with his work, sometimes misconceived of as a selfish thing, is in truth as needful a tool as any if a vision is to be made clear to others, and all the men I have known do creative work obtained it; either mechanically, by the walls of a workroom, or by that withdrawal into themselves which is part of their power.

The letter that follows was written when Edward had been asked through Morris whether he would be likely to accept the invitation to which it refers. His answer was addressed to Morris, but was really a formal document intended to explain his views to the Committee of the Royal Society of Artists in Birmingham. He says: "I have considered the subject on which you spoke to me—the suggestion, namely, that possibly I might be invited to follow you in the office of President of the Fine Art Society at Birmingham—and have come to the conclusion that I ought not to accept it, though of course such an offer would be very gratifying to me. The difficulty would be the lecture, a thing as you know so utterly out of my way, which I could not possibly make light of, and should have for many reasons to prepare with the utmost carefulness. What have I to say that Ruskin or you have not said already? And although you might answer justly that constant reiteration of even a few truths is a necessary and helpful part of our work, still it would take me much time to put anything that occurred to me in a new form—and all my habits of labour for many years now have been carrying me further and further from the possibility of easily expressing myself by words. I have lots to say, of course, and could say it informally, about

Art and its relations to life, but I do really think that the labour of shaping it into a presentable form would be out of all proportion to its usefulness, and that many an hour would be better spent over my ordinary work. I don't mean to my own advantage, but looking at the people I should most like to serve of all others, namely the people I was born amongst, I think I could better serve them by carrying on my accustomed work.

"If such an offer came from any other town I should not hesitate a moment to think it over, but in this case I have thought about it and what I could say, and how like an impertinent sermon a great deal of what might have to be said would be—the first time I appeared amongst them too—and I believe not said well enough to give me a right to say it. If you could make this a little clear to them I should be very glad, and if you could say, too, that I am not unmindful of their claim upon me and am grateful for their interest in me." Five years later, however, when the invitation was renewed, he accepted it on the condition that it involved no kind of lecture or speech.

Morris went down to Birmingham and gave, as President of the Society of Artists there, the splendid lecture afterwards published as The Art of the People. The morning after his return he looked in on Edward to report himself and the impressions of his visit, and the result of their conversation was the draft of a letter from Edward to Mr. John Henry Chamberlain, Vice-Chairman of the Royal Society of Artists and Chairman of the School of Art. The suggestions contained in it are interesting to compare with what has since been actually done in Birmingham. By an accident, however, these notes were mislaid, and only found again within the last three years. They are dated February 23rd, 1880, and are as follows.

"Whilst talking with Mr. Morris both before and since his visit to Birmingham, we have been much struck with the need there is in that important town for a Public Museum of Art. It is not too much to say that without one a School of Art is impossible—how can students work

properly without some high standard of art before their eyes, some visible authority to which reference can be made? an Art Museum is as essential for a student of art as a library is to the student of letters. Will you allow me then to ask your attention to this subject, and let us see if anything can be done to get an Art Museum for Birmingham.

"A building is the first requisite, nor would it be long wanting, I am sure, if once public interest is aroused. It should of course be large, and fireproof (as far as that is possible), and in the basement should be placed casts of sculpture of the finest Greek and Florentine work—a thing easily attainable now, only needing judicious selection and advice which could be easily obtained—and then at once you would have objects that would open the eyes and the hearts of the students more than hundreds of lectures or lessons on art—which of course they cannot imagine, having never seen anything of the kind.

"I speak very feelingly—for I know that if there had been one cast from ancient Greek sculpture or one faithful copy of a great Italian picture to be seen in Birmingham when I was a boy, I should have begun to paint ten years before I did; it was not till I came to London that I saw anything of the sort. In the upper rooms there should be a permanent collection of pictures, engravings and drawings, and a select library of books bearing on art. I say 'permanent' because I know that moving works of art backwards and forwards in sending them to loan collections does them great damage; especially with regard to pictures it is evident that the shaking of many journeys does mechanical injury by loosening the paint on the surface—not to mention other and worse dangers of destruction on the railway; I have lately known valuable work burnt in transit by rail. This being the case, and also as I think we shall agree about the desirability of establishing as many centres of education as possible in the country, my feeling is that it would be well to discourage the idea of a Loan Museum, and to bend all our energies towards forming a lasting collection of works of Art. And for the picture gallery which must form part of this, I should

urge you to form it in the first place not from the works of contemporary artists which have not yet been submitted to the verdict of time, but of the best copies procurable of the recognized masterpieces of the world still left to us. A gallery of these would be of infinite value and help to students and the public—it would be a great thing if you could found a School of Copying in Birmingham; the result would be unique, and many and many a young man now doing poor work of his own, which he is obliged to shew in order to earn money by it, would then be able to support himself by making faithful copies of the best pictures whilst carrying on his own studies privately and gaining the best instruction by the very act of copying great art. There are numbers also who never can do original work but yet could be trained to make admirable copies.

"In your library you might have illuminated MSS., old books of engravings etc., and a small nucleus would soon attract gifts—for while I deprecate the loan I desire the gift of works of art. I am sure the thing will thrive when once started.

"Anyway, you cannot, as I said, have a School of Art without a Museum of it—there must be models and standards of excellence before the eyes of learners, or they have nothing to compare their own work with, and do not even know after what they are striving.

"Armed with this you will be safe from a chance to which all schools are exposed—of different teachers teaching differently, or of agitation arising from without or within owing to there being no settled authority at hand to appeal to; and in course of time I know that even the silent presence of great works in your town will produce an impression on those who see them, and the next generation will, without knowing how or why, find it easier to learn than this one does whose surroundings are so unlovely."

Within five or six years afterwards a Municipal Art Gallery and Museum, which now holds a high, if not the highest place in the country, had been built in Birmingham, but neither that city nor any other has adopted the idea of

collecting copies of masterpieces. It was an aim of which Edward never lost sight, and in it he included careful notes of ancient buildings; for besides the pleasure of possessing such records, he foresaw their value in case of destruction befalling the originals. He urged Mr. Rooke to give part of every year to making memorials of vanishing buildings, frescoes, etc., and both he and Ruskin obtained such mementoes during the time Mr. Rooke was in Italy. I have seldom seen Edward more pleased than on the arrival of a roll of these drawings, and it was to the destruction of a quantity of beautiful water-colour copies of mosaics in St. Mark's that Edward refers here. The Post Office railway van caught fire, and by a cruel chance, whilst the note of advice that accompanied them announcing that the pictures were on their way arrived safely, the precious work itself was lost.

Whilst Tennyson was in London for the season this year Edward took me to see him for the first time. Mr. Hallam Tennyson kindly arranged an evening when we should find his father and mother alone; he himself had to go out after welcoming us. Mrs. Tennyson, who always went early to bed, rose from her sofa about ten o'clock, and when her husband put his arm round her to help her to her room I thought that her gentle farewell ended the evening, but to my joy, Tennyson asked us to await his return, and afterwards came back and carried us to his study, where we sat an hour with him and found him in his talk powerful, beautiful and simple. When we left he came down to the hall with us, and stopped there talking—leaning as he talked against the doorpost of the room where I was putting on my cloak. As I came out he asked what children we had, and especially about the girl. I told him with truth that he was a hero to her already, and how much she treasured the remembrance of his only call at the Grange, when we were out and she had seen him. "Give her my love," he said, in a slow, deep voice, "and tell her I remember her"—then, catching himself up, he added with a half chuckle, "it would be a lie, though, for I don't"; and our visit ended in laughter. This

was the only time I saw Tennyson, and it was in a good hour.

The pressure of work to complete "The Golden Stairs" for the Grosvenor Gallery this spring was very great: on April 22nd I find a note of it in my diary: "The picture is finished, and so is the painter almost. He has never been so pushed for time in his life." Indeed the yearly preparation for exhibition was equivalent to a yearly illness, but on another side of the question was the satisfaction that came afterwards in feeling "Well, that is finished"—as it might not have been under less compulsion. On the afternoon of the same day that "The Golden Stairs" went to the Grosvenor Gallery, Edward and the two "children," as we still called them, went down to Littlehampton together with our friend Mr. T. J. Sanderson, staying at the pretty little whitewashed, red-roofed hotel on the beach for a few days. I remember that he took with him a book called Sister Dora, the memoir of a beautiful and devout woman (a sister of Mr. Mark Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford) who gave her life to work amongst the sick poor, and how affected by it he was. He wrote to Miss Gladstone, who had sent him the book:

"I have read every word of 'Sister Dora,' and it is as wonderful a life and as beautiful as ever I heard of—it feels so strange that any one like that was living but just now: it's a heavenly little book, and I shall get all my friends to read it. I think every one ought to know of such a life. I wish the death hadn't been quite so painful and prolonged and forlorn—but it wouldn't matter."

A few days before Edward left town we had a visit from George Eliot, memorable because it was the last time we ever saw her. She came to say good-bye before going abroad, and after first sitting with Edward in the studio came down and talked with me. Her manner was even gentler and more affectionate than usual, and she looked so unfit to do battle with daily life, that in spite of all her power a protecting feeling towards her rose in my heart.

She seemed loth to go, and as if there was something that she would have said, yet did not. I have always remembered, though, the weariness she expressed of the way in which wisdom was attributed to her. "I am so tired of being set on a pedestal and expected to vent wisdom—I am only a poor woman" was the meaning of what she said if not the exact phrase, as I think it was.

A fortnight later she wrote to tell us she was about to marry Mr. Cross. This marriage she calls "a sort of miracle in which I could never have believed, and under which I still sit amazed"; and then continues with wonderful sweetness: "If it alters your conception of me so thoroughly that you must henceforth regard me as a new person, a stranger to you, I shall not take it hardly, for I myself a little while ago should have said this thing could not be. Explanations of these crises, which seem sudden though they are slowly, dimly prepared, are impossible."

Just at this time, too, great public changes were taking place, and in the return of a Liberal Government to power Edward saw a triumph of the side of things from which he hoped most, especially for Ireland. "I shall paint Righteousness and Peace kissing each other," he wrote. "The story of Ireland is one of such unavengeable wrong that I don't wonder they cannot forgive. It takes long to forget injustice and put hatred out of one's heart—and I think imaginative people hold to their hatreds and let go of them reluctantly—more than others—and the Irish are an imaginative race."

As to the world-wide politics that raise or lower a people, I recall words of George Eliot's, giving her mind on a subject which of late has become of terrible interest again. She wrote to us in January about the gloom and fog of London as "our Egyptian darkness—come perhaps because we will not let the Afghans and the Boers go."

Our son matriculated at Oxford in February, at the same age that his father had done nearly twenty-eight years before. There is a dreamy tone in the letter that Edward wrote commending him to his old friend Charles Faulkner, as if

he could not realize that the little boy who had been his playfellow for so long was on the verge of manhood.

"On Monday Phil goes to matriculate at thy college. Collingwood [his tutor] said no preliminaries were needed and he had merely to present himself—so on Monday there he will be to take his chance. Beat him, if needful, gate him, do all that the experience of years and study of ancient wisdom on the subject of youth suggests to thy mind, supposing that he enters. Whether the scholastic ferule or stick is still in use I know not, or whether the more advanced and subtle weapon of sarcasm obtains."

Faulkner's answer has the same autumnal colour.

"Dear Ned, I will welcome Phil, and he shall talk to me, if I can't talk to him. He, I hope, will be one of a new generation. This one has gone away backwards. I was at a scientific club dinner last night, and afterwards had a smoke with three other Liberals, who mourned in common with me that the present young generation is less liberal than the one that was young twenty years ago. It is so. The so-called younger Liberals of to-day can prove that a corpse can be galvanized to live, and are engaged in trying the process on Turkey and our British Church. *Fingunt creduntque.* I wish I could talk or think of something else. I will try to amend my ways for Phil's sake." All this smouldering sadness and discontent was before long to take light from Morris, and to the advance of Socialism Faulkner devoted his remaining strength.

A great deal of stained glass was now being made by Morris, and Edward amused himself by writing a long note in his account-book about one of his designs, which he describes as "a colossal work of fifteen subjects—a masterpiece of style—a *chef-d'œuvre* of invention, a *capo d'opera* of conception, a Herculean labour—hastily estimated in a moment of generous friendship for [such and such a sum]. If the Firm regards as binding a contract made from a noble impulse, and in a mercenary spirit declines to reopen the question, it must remain—but it will equally remain a monument of art and ingratitude." Such an entry

as this would be written very quickly with a grave face, and the book immediately closed and put away.

A letter of this summer, written to Norton, gives us a vision of Edward himself and Morris and Rossetti.

"If you came in to-day I will tell you what would happen; no, I daren't do that, but if you had come yesterday I will tell you all you would have found. First, it was a lazy day with me, for I get from time to time dregs of an old Italian fever, and have to put by work—and so I lay in a hammock under the big hawthorn-tree in the garden and read a book. Margaret came from school—the brightest of bright things is that damsel, half a head taller than her mother, and I sit and chuckle at the sight of her, and nudge my neighbour: also I praise her to her face that she may be used to flattery and be sick of it, and not astonished or touched when it is used by others—that is my way with her. Towards evening Morris came—for it was Georgie's birthday—and you would have found him just as if no time had gone by, only the best talk with him is while he is hungry, for meat makes him sad. So it is wise to delay dinner, and get out of him all you can in walks round the garden. He is unchanged—little grey tips to his curly wig—no more; not quite so stout; not one hair less on his head, buttons more off than formerly, never any necktie—more eager if anything than ever, but about just the same things; a rock of defence to us all, and a castle on the top of it, and a banner on the top of that—before meat—but the banner lowered after that. Then the family—how unchanged all these years and what happy fortune for me, and why? and how long will it be? Alas, I say we are not changed, but how do I know? come and see.

"One night lately I spent the evening with Rossetti—there is change—enough for us all if it had been distributed amongst us, amongst any seven of us. He has given it all up, and will try no more, nor care much more how it all goes. It 's nine years since he came to the Grange—now he goes nowhere and will see scarcely any one. Four or five times a year I go to spend a ghostly evening with him, and come

Edward Burne-Jones Pinxit. Walker & Cockerell, Ph.

Family Group.

back heavy-hearted always, sometimes worse than that—it 's all past hope or remedy, I think, and his best work has been done—and I don't know how it has all come about.

"And my rooms are so full of work—too full—and I have begun so much that if I live to be as old as the oldest inhabitant of Fulham I shall never complete it. And are you sorry they have dragged me out of my quiet? But they haven't and never shall. I read nothing that is said, I shall never be moved out of my plan of life, I shall alter nothing—neither my way of life or thought—nor go out more, nor waste my time in any of their devices, so don't be sorry, my dear. In a year or two they will tire and want a new thing. I am out of the story as they mean it, and you needn't be afraid. But, O me, I want you to see it—when you come (for you will come), I will take you to see every place where my things are. I have worked so hard I feel as if I had lived a hundred years—and when I am well it is still a fresh fountain every day. The old things are dearer and better to think of, nothing else has happened—I am just what you left me, only minding more for the same things and one or two new things—no more change than that.

"I was very ill for a bit last year—and I'm not ever very well. I don't know what could do me more good than seeing you, we might run somewhere together, and renew our youth—say you'll some day come, dear, dear old fellow."

This summer brought us a brief friendship and then took away the friend it gave—Mr. Thomas Dixon of Sunderland, to whom Ruskin wrote the letters afterwards published as Time and Tide by Wear and Tyne. Mr. Dixon had already written to Edward, but first came to the Grange one day early in June, when he lunched with us. We felt the delicacy of his nature, and liked him at once; and the liking was quickened when we found that his great wish was, not to introduce himself, but to bring his chief friend and hero, Joseph Skipsey, up from Newcastle to London for a few days, in order to make him known to some of the men whose work he specially honoured and who he thought

would recognize Skipsey's gifts. What he said of his friend is now well known: that he had worked in a coalpit from the time he was seven years old, but that a ray of the divine light of genius had lit up even that black world for him, and by this time he was a man to be worshipped by at least one other—who was telling us the story.

A few days after this, Mr. Dixon dined with us to meet Morris, and my diary says it was "a good evening," but details are lost. The Sunday following is clearer in memory; it was a beautiful summer day and the two friends came to the Grange together, and we all walked and talked together in the garden before supper. Skipsey was a noble-looking man, with extremely gentle and courteous manners. Edward talked much with him and was struck by his wide knowledge of English literature and his poetic vision, but felt that the circumstances of his life had left him at a disadvantage in the art of writing poetry for which nothing could make up. He felt also that one so sensitive in nature must see this clearly, and must carry about with him the pain of knowing that all he did could only be judged after allowance made. Thinking of this, Edward wrote sadly, yet hopefully: "Of course his poems are not much to us; only one measures by relation, and sometimes the little that a man does who has had no chance whatever seems greater than the accomplished work of luckier men—on the widow's mite system of arithmetic, which is a lovely one."

Twice again the friends lunched with us during the week they remained in London, and the last time was farewell for this world to Mr. Dixon, who went back to Sunderland, took to his bed, and in little more than a fortnight sank and died of exhaustion following on the excitement and exultation of carrying out his generous plan.

The thought of Skipsey working in a dark mine whilst he himself painted pictures by daylight was intolerable to Edward, who was not comforted till things were altered, and the poet and his wife had obtained the post of caretakers of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon.

The following bright note written in August to Dr. Rad-

cliffe touches on a difficulty that often harassed him—namely, the general ignorance of people who for some reason wished to put up stained windows, but had no idea of the rules for their design, and expected a picture instead of a glass cartoon. "It is a very limited art," he said, "and its limitations are its strength, and compel simplicity—but one needs to forget that there are such things as pictures in considering a coloured window—whose excellence is more of architecture, to which it must be faithfully subservient." In this instance he had suffered at the hands of a lady whom he did not know personally. "Oh!" he breaks out, "if the merciful heavens might ordain that henceforth my affairs may be far removed from the incomprehensible ways of women—that they (women I mean) may be only a dream on canvas—what peace for me. I will include you in my prayers. But surely for a time there will be peace. I start in an hour—it is just half an hour ago that I did the last touch—and if it had not been for that sex (whom I revere but with trembling) I should have been away lo! these three days on windy hill-tops getting strength. I want to live to ninety to finish my pictures—how can I?"

The holiday he was looking forward to began with a couple of days in Wiltshire, with our friends the Percy Wyndhams, but dear as was the family there, he could stay no longer. A visit in the house of a friend, however much he enjoyed it, was no rest to him, for it always ended in his expending his strength by entertaining his entertainers. Wherever he stayed traces of this remained behind him; there were drawings, readings, conversations, in which he poured forth the things he knew and stirred his hearers to fresh thought—all pleasure at the time, but exhaustion afterwards. We often longed for a little house of our own by the sea, where he might run down at any moment and find quiet. He used to say that what he really wanted was solitude, but so surely as he gained it a cry was raised for company, and he very seldom passed a day alone. After leaving Wilbury he went with Mr. Price to Westward Ho!

stopping on the way there to see the cathedral at Exeter, of which he writes to Mrs. Wyndham:

"The big church made me happy—and the fierce kings carved in the west front—fierce persons like Gunnar and Hogni—truculent, terrific tyrants; a contemporary sculptor had replaced one with his notion of a fierce king—Ruskin could write a chapter on it, and only he could. Then we went to hear the music, and little boy-demons sang so that it was as if heaven opened for a bit—and I wished I had been good, or ever could be good, and wished it was all true about what they say or that I could see it, and wished and wished and WHISHT."

We all met at Westward Ho! and spent his birthday at Clovelly, which place he enjoyed; but the Devonshire climate did not suit him, and we soon decided to travel slowly in the direction of home. Mr. Price accompanied us to Ilfracombe and Lynton, whence we drove between sea and moor as far as Minehead. Here, however, and at Dunster, he was very unwell and restless to be at work again, so we returned straight to London. This fiasco of a holiday decided us to seek at once for our imaginary fixed haven of rest, and by Edward's wish I went down to see if there was anything to be found at Brighton; if I found nothing he advised me to go on to Rottingdean and look there. It was a perfect autumn afternoon when I walked across the downs and entered the village from the north; no new houses then straggled out to meet one, but the little place lay peacefully within its grey garden walls, the sails of the windmill were turning slowly in the sun, and the miller's black timber cottage was still there. The road I followed led me straight to the door of a house that stood empty on the village green, and we bought it at once.

An instance of how he could never cease from thoughts and plans about work is given in a letter from Edward, while on his nominal holiday at Westward Ho!, to Miss Kate Faulkner. Her talent for designing ornament and skill in its execution were by this time remarkable, and he and Morris always followed her work with affectionate in-

terest. She did ornament the piano referred to in this letter most beautifully, and to their complete satisfaction. It was an old joke of Edward's which she never failed to laugh at, that made him address her as "My dear and gifted Kate," and then he proceeds gravely:

"Georgie has shewn me Mr. M.'s letter, and I write to explain at more length about it. I have been wanting for years to reform pianos, since they are as it were the very altar of homes, and a second hearth to people, and so hideous to behold mostly that with a fiery rosewood piece of ugliness it is hardly worth while to mend things, since one such blot would and does destroy a whole house full of beautiful things. People won't pay much to have it beautified, but I have a little mended the mere shape of the grand piano, and feel as if one might start a new industry in painting them—or rather a revived industry—only it is important that people should not be frightened at the outset and think that nothing can be done under two or three hundred pounds. I should like Broadwood to be venturesome and have a few of the better shape made on speculation, some only stained, not always green, sometimes other colours, and then a few with here and there an ornament well designed and painted, and at least one covered with ornament, and presently we should see if people would have them or not.

"So Mr. M.'s letter pretty closely says what I meant; he is ready to give £50 for ornament on his piano, and I thought no one could do it so well or better than you and told him so, and any help Morris or I could be to you, you know is most gladly yours.

"It might be a good thing just to look at the few specimens at South Kensington (I would go with you), and then spend a day with us at Northend so as to watch the ways of our piano, and so ideas would come.

"Of course for £50 you could not do much, but it is an experiment I think well worth making—but I might write a book about it and not make it so clear as one talk would be face to face, and with the piano at Northend before us.

Personally to gratify Mr. M. I would add figures, if you liked, of my own, but I don't think that is wanted, for we should be as far as ever from knowing what we want to know—how far one can hope for a system or school of decoration that shall not leave the public in vague doubt about the cost, and dread of spending more than can be afforded. It would be nice if a man could go to Broadwood and say that he had even so poor a sum as £20 to be added to the cost of the instrument in order to make its colour lovely, and sometimes a duke would come who would give £1000. So have no fear—Morris and I will come to your help if you are the least puzzled."

The mention of "a fiery rosewood piece of ugliness" reminds me of a phrase with which Morris dismissed a temporary walnut-wood piano that we once had: "Striped like a tom-cat, by Jove." The works of our own little painted piano did not last well, and it remains now as an ornament only; it was in an attempt to replace it that Edward had to confront the problem of shape and colour for pianos. Mr. W. A. S. Benson helped him in the practical details of designing a case which strictly followed the line of the strings inside—as used to be done with harpsichords—and in getting rid of all the excrescence of so-called "ornament," such as turned legs and fretwork desk so commonly used. Messrs. Broadwood then built a beautifully toned instrument in an oak case of the desired shape, stained of a good green; the keys that are usually black were green also. A very simple pattern of bookcase for fitting into the angle of a wall is the only other piece of Edward's woodwork that I remember. Mr. Benson, who was by profession an architect, was of great help to us with regard to the little house at Rottingdean, which he improved and adapted to our needs with admirable skill; designing also most of its furniture in plain oak. All this took time, and it was some months before we entered our new home.

In the winter Edward painted his water-colour of "Dies Domini"—a round picture of Christ in Judgment, whose action as he points to his wounded side turns every soul

into its own judge. This picture intentionally summed up a series of wonderful sunrises and sunsets that we saw towards the end of the year; their clear blue and rose colour are perpetuated in the drapery of the chief figure and the wings and nimbuses of the angels.

On December 22nd the great spirit of George Eliot was recalled from this world, and those who survived her could not hear her voice when three months later England "let the Boers go." When Edward heard of this act his highest hopes for his country were raised, and a letter to Miss Gladstone poured out his joy.

"I could not shew you a millionth part of the delight that Transvaal news was to me—and now it feels such a nice world to live in all suddenly—and now one can abandon oneself to fresh hopes and be happy. It is a new start in history, and who knows what bright things may not follow from it. And one's dreams of what would be done this year were no dreams—I am up in the clouds with it, and can speak with my enemy in the gate. Do you quite know how splendid it is to have done—and how nice it is to be English to-day?"

The honorary degree of D.C.L. which Oxford gave to Edward in June, 1881, was a distinction received with great pleasure.

"I liked that honour very much," he wrote to a friend, "and all was made very delightful to me. The boys were quieter than in old times—ah, I too have sinned, and could not blame them—but it was very little chaff and most harmless, and I sat in the hierarchy in a scarlet gown with crimson sleeves like a flamingo. They shouted out 'did I like the colour?'—indeed it was a horrible colour. But Phil and Margaret were there, and that was the best part of it all to me." After the degrees had been conferred the winner of the Newdigate Prize read his poem aloud from the rostrum of the Theatre, and little did we dream as we listened that the writer, Mr. J. W. Mackail, as yet unknown to us, was the destined husband of our daughter.

This year began an increase of intimacy with Mr. (now

Sir Lawrence) Alma Tadema and his family, and though distance prevented frequent meeting, personal friendship steadily strengthened. At rare intervals they would join us at lunch on Sunday, bringing bright life and warm kindness with them. One of these times was remembered by us all as the day of the funeral of a tube of mummy-paint. We were sitting together after lunch in the orchard part of the Grange garden, the men talking about different colours that they used, when Mr. Tadema startled us by saying he had lately been invited to go and see a mummy that was in his colourman's workshop before it was ground down into paint. Edward scouted the idea of the pigment having anything to do with a mummy—said the name must be only borrowed to describe a particular shade of brown—but when assured that it was actually compounded of real mummy, he left us at once, hastened to the studio, and returning with the only tube he had, insisted on our giving it decent burial there and then. So a hole was bored in the green grass at our feet, and we all watched it put safely in, and the spot was marked by one of the girls planting a daisy root above it.

In July I find a letter containing mention of a large scheme of mosaic which occupied Edward for years afterwards. It was for the American Protestant Episcopal Church at Rome —an incongruity not lost upon him—but the architect, Mr. G. E. Street, was a friend, and the chance of working on so large a scale was irresistible.

The apse of the church was to be done first, and he filled the dome with a clustered legion of angels above a great central Majesty, to right and left of which ran the walls of Heaven. In these walls were doors, and before them stood the Archangels, bearing each his distinctive symbol. First in position came Michael, fully armed; and next to him, in the place once occupied by his great rival Lucifer, was an empty space, and the dark doorway behind it contained only flickering flames; four other Angels were visible bearing the Sacred Cup, the Lily, and the Sun and Moon.

It was a tremendous task to undertake, for Edward

could not go out to Rome to see the church for which they were intended, nor yet to Venice, where the mosaics were to be made. A world of thought was given to the subject, and intelligent communication had to be established with the manager, and through him with the workmen of the Compagnia di Venezia-Murano. Some details of the correspondence with Signor Castellani come later on.

In a letter to Mrs. Wyndham at the close of the year is a characteristic passage:

"I have had 104 troubles—all which I would have taken to you for sympathy if you had been near. I have got through them all by myself, which isn't nice—but before you come back and before I see you again no doubt there will be a new crop."

There was a 105th trouble which he would not have taken to any one outside our own door, but which had been haunting him for some time, with regard to his old home in Birmingham, where his father's age was not made as happy as he wished it, and for long believed it to be. Poor Miss Sampson appeared to have spent all her store of daily kindness upon Edward's youth, and to have reserved for the father long arrears of irritability which the presence of the son had held in check. When Edward knew this there was only one thing to be done, and with an aching heart he insisted upon the old man being left in peace. This was managed without Miss Sampson misunderstanding his motive, and she was herself happier for the change; but the little old father became such an anxiety to us that, with his own consent, we brought him up to live at Ealing, where we could quickly reach him, and he could come to the Grange when he liked. I always thought of him as "old," though he was but fifty-four at our first meeting, but after first seeing him and Edward together there formed itself in my mind a shadowy third image of the young wife and mother whom they had lost; one could not know the husband without presently perceiving his constant remembrance of her, nor the son without feeling what her love would have been to him.

This was one of the years that seemed from its effects to have been more than twelve months in length, and at its end Edward was distinctly an older man. He did a great deal of work in it, amongst which was the design for "Avalon." The picture was at first intended for a particular space in the Library at Naworth Castle, and was meant to be very simply painted, but the idea of it lay deep in Edward's mind and the scope of it grew until it ceased to suit its original purpose, and Mr. George Howard resigned his claim upon it. Then it became Edward's own cherished design, and he regarded it as a task of love to which he put no limit of time or labour. It was far too large for the Grange studio, so he took a separate one for it in Campden Hill Road, where he used to work in such time as he could spare from other things. There it remained for nearly ten years; advancing slowly, but the thought of it constantly with him. In the original scheme was a central picture of the sleeping King, and on each side another narrow one containing what he called "Hill Fairies" —the magical side of the story being thus insisted upon; also at one time he purposed that Arthur's quiet resting-place should have a background of battle raging in the outer world, but afterwards this was changed, and only the suggestion of it is given in a figure watching at a door, and others looking out and listening to the tumult of the world, while some, with long trumpets in their hands, stand ready to blow up a blast that shall awake the King if need for him grows desperate.

On the publication of Rossetti's Ballads and Sonnets in October, Edward wrote enthusiastically to him, calling it a "blessed and divine book," and saying:

"I have been bad again—physically, not otherwise particularly, and couldn't get out—else I should have been to thank you for it. It only reached me a few days ago, but I had got it already of course, as soon as it was published. Tell me when I may see you, I can go out now on days that are not positively devilish, and I do want to see you—it is eight months since I did."

The answer to this was a poor trembling note: "Thanks, but I am very ill, and not well enough to see you. I can hardly write." Early in 1882 Gabriel went down to Birchington, and, as the world knows, died there on April 9th; but his death, instead of further separating him from Edward, cleared away the mists in which illness had wrapped him for years past, and he shone out again upon his friend as in the first days.

Nothing written about Rossetti ever satisfied Edward, and some things so much dissatisfied him that as years went on he began to feel that he could not keep silence, but must one day write a monograph himself. "Yes," he said, "if no one else will do it, I will display Gabriel—after a time." A few notes were made for this purpose; on the leaf of a pocket-book is the following memorandum.

"Gabriel. His talk, its sanity and measure of it—his tone of voice—his hands—his charm—his dislike of all big-wig and pompous things—his craze for funny animals—generally his love for animals—his religion—his wife."

Writing in 1892 of their early friendship, he says:

"It is nice to be remembering it all, and is good for me now, only the most of it is so indescribable. His talk and his look and his kindness, what words can say them? But bit by bit little forgotten touches will come back I daresay, and some sort of image of him be made out—and if it is a perfect image and all overlaid with gold, it will be truer really than one that should make him halt or begrimed or sully him in the least."

Would that the book had been written.

CHAPTER XX

THE BOOK OF FLOWERS
1882—1885

THIS year Edward began the most soothing piece of work that he ever did. He describes it in his List as "a series of illustrations to the names of flowers," and that is the point of it—the names: not a single flower itself appears. The pictures are circular water-colours six inches in diameter, and the first one is "Love in a Mist," representing Love as a youth caught by a swirling cloud with which he struggles helplessly. During sixteen years thirty-eight designs were made at irregular intervals. The book that contains them, and a book with leather thongs, which he called his "Secret book of designs," reveal sides of his nature that none of his other work does. The "Book with thongs" he left to the British Museum. The Flower-Book he gave to me whilst he was making it.

Lady Leighton Warren—now the widow, but then the wife of Sir Baldwyn Leighton—had much to do with the beginning of these designs, both through her unusual sympathy and understanding of imaginative and romantic things and by her knowledge of names and legends belonging to flowers. He collected suggestive names in every direction, but she gave him the largest number. The scheme is first mentioned in a letter to her from Rottingdean, where he designed most of the pictures.

"I did a little work," he begins, "inventions and scribbles at the sea—I began a Botany book for babies. But 'coloured plates' sounds dreadful. I have done only four or five flowers though; one of them, of course, Love in a muddle."

A month later: "I have got a new paint-box and a new

book to do the flowers in, and I hope to make at least two or three designs before I come back." The new paint-box was a silver one that he had made to do honour to his colours, and brightly it shone at first, but soon it tarnished, nor might any hand be raised to clean it, and finally it remained as an emblem rather than anything else.

"Pray send me as many names as ever you can," he goes on, "for alack it is not one in ten that I can use. Of course I could make pictures to all, but I want the name and the picture to be one soul together, and indissoluble, as if they could not exist apart; so many lovely names and nothing to be done with them."

Then, on his return to London, he takes the book for her to see, accompanied by this note:

"I leave you my botanical analysis to look at—pray shew it to no living person; there are but five or six yet done, scattered about the vast volume, for I can only do them when I go to Rottingdean. But they will shew you how fantastic is my view of science."

Amongst the names he had illustrated was "Ladder of Heaven," where a figure with diaphanous wings is speeding up the arch of a rainbow that spans the earth below, and of it he says:

"I shouldn't like to be cross-questioned about the person going up the rainbow. Pagans, like Mallock, may call it Iris, but Christians like you and me will have it to be a soul, and it shall go up to the top of the rainbow and never go down the other side."

At other times he reports:

"When I was at the sea I made three more studies for my book of advanced Botany, and two are pretty good, though I say it that shouldn't, and the other is pretty bad, though others say it that will."

"I must write out an amended list of my names yet to do and send it to you, praying for comments and hints. One or two that wholly puzzled and confounded me you have made possible by your suggestions, and henceforth I vowed I would think more seriously and ask your help."

Then follows a long list of names he means to add: "Of some of them I have thought thoughts and planned plans, but I will not say what I have thought, for it might hinder you from telling me. Take my list and on summer and autumn mornings mercifully give me a thought in your garden and some illumination will come, I know. For it is not only these pretty fantastic matters I have to think of. You see how I want to deal with them: it is not enough to illustrate them—that is such poor work: I want to add to them or wring their secret from them. They are such rest to do and such delight."

And another year:

"This is my last day at Rottingdean—we go back to-day after a gentle peaceful time. At first I tried to do nothing, but cannot acquire the taste; so after an uncomfortable two days I began upon my Flower-book—and I have finished Black Archangel, and Key of Spring, and Love in a Tangle, and Witches' Tree, and Grave of the Sea, and Golden Greeting."

Another entry in this year's list is: "Designed a panel of Flodden Battle, to be worked out by Boehm." This was a bronze relief, commissioned by Mr. George Howard, and placed in Naworth Castle. Edward enjoyed designing it: the fight was closely imagined, and I remember how the long lines of level spears were used in contrast with the hurly-burly of the struggle. He also personally enjoyed being connected in the work with Boehm, whom he liked, and whose sudden death in 1890 was a great shock to him.

"Boehm I did heartily like," he then wrote, "and could have loved if we had been thrown together. It was a nice face, wasn't it? and a personality that was fascinating—the brightest company and dearest way of laughing. I loved to meet him in the world, which was about six times in our life. I never did a nice-ish picture without a letter from him, warm-hearted and unstinted in praise; and he was tall and slim and merry and like a battered soldier, and I think he had a turbulent head, and painful as it is for the poor body that bears it, it is fun for the beholder."

The phrase "turbulent head" had been adopted by him after reading Miss Hapgood's Epic Songs of Russia.

A beautiful figure in memory of these days is that of the celebrated Oriental scholar Colonel Yule, for he was the very image of Colonel Newcome, only with learning added thereto. Occasionally he came and dined alone with us, and then he and Edward would spend all the evening talking together of far countries and ancient travels.

Another and a different vision also flits across my mind, in the form of the wonderful dancer Kate Vaughan—"Miriam Ariadne Salome Vaughan," as Edward called her. Never shall I forget seeing him and Ruskin fall into each other's arms in rapture upon accidentally discovering that they both adored her.

Fine dancing gave Edward the keenest pleasure; he was fairly entranced by that of a troupe of Javanese women whom we saw at the Aquarium, and some notes of them that he scratched at the end of his programme made one understand that to him their movements were the lines of a beautiful pattern. Once, when he was walking down a street where an organ was playing, he stopped at the sight of a very little child of four or five years old, who had begun dancing to it carefully and seriously, with proper steps—nor would he move until the music was over and the child gone, and was ready to follow them both on the chance of its all coming over again. He went several times to the Gaiety Theatre when "Aladdin" was being played there by Terry and Nellie Farren and Kate Vaughan, who amongst them turned the burlesque into a bewitching farce, and, so far as "Miriam Ariadne Salome" was concerned, into a beautiful spectacle. Mr. Luke Ionides has a funny story of a visit that he and Edward paid together to this play. He says they were in the front row of the stalls when something the three actors did so took Edward's fancy that "he doubled up with laughter, and his laugh was so merry that it made all around us laugh and the laughter gained the whole house and the actors themselves to such a degree that the two actresses had tears with laugh-

ing and could not for some moments even speak—never did I hear such merry laughter in any theatre."

The short flare of exultation that Edward had felt about the Transvaal was quenched this year by the bombardment of Alexandria, but even before what he called that "atrocity" his sense of justice had revolted at the reluctance of the Liberal Party to credit the persecution of the Jews in Russia, and its disposition to treat reports of it as "Jingo" exaggerations. Remembering the "Bulgarian atrocities" he wrote to Miss Gladstone:

"I know a good deal about this—there is no party feeling at all in the outcry—far less than last time—it hasn't been got up, be assured, and I hope it will spread and spread and become a roar. I went to the meeting yesterday, and was glad to find the majority there were Liberals—but indeed all opinions, creeds and races were represented in a way, and I hope every city in England will do the same. But I can understand how reluctant you are to credit it: how long it took us to make people mind about the former history, how glad they were to drop minding it the first day they could. This isn't pleasant at all and one would like not to have known: I wish I hadn't heard of it, for I grow sick and hopeless about everything for a time till I forget and grow merry again—alas, everywhere is brutality underlying—even in placid, good-tempered England. Whether it 's more than a religious outbreak of the old kind that has never quite ceased I don't know—or whether the Government is glad enough of any diversion and lets the thing be, I don't know—but it 's there, horrible enough and cruel enough, and if roaring out shame at it from all this distance helps at all to make shame come some day then I'll roar with the rest.

"But don't suppose this is a Tory or jingo cry, for it isn't —not one bit—and what was hideous in Turks to do to a people in revolt is hideous for Christians to do to a poor little race which is not in revolt, but going on with its poor fragment of possible life as inoffensively as it can. No, it 's a bad story, depend upon it—and it won't do for us to say

this doesn't matter when we said so very loudly that the other did—and I should feel crimson with shame if our side felt cool, flat, and reasonable now, when it was so hot, stormy, and impetuous then. And I was proud of this country yesterday."

By the Phoenix Park murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke he was dismayed and horrified, but not staggered in belief, as one sees by this extract from a letter of the time:

"And what I think about Irish affairs could not be affected by that cruel horror—one's principles are rooted down deep and can't be touched or scared by anything—so when it happened it was a horrible nightmare to me as to all others: the cause that makes me mind so about Ireland increases and doesn't diminish one's humanity. No one outside the circle of those hurt could have been more grieved and disheartened than I was."

He went down to Rottingdean two or three times this year, and we took our holiday there together in the autumn, during which friends came to us for short visits, and we saw that the arrangement was likely to be everything we wished. The distance from London, however, though only fifty-nine miles, always remained a "railway journey" to Edward; but with a home at each end of the road it became possible, and I believe the time he spent in the little house by the sea was almost entirely happy. Cormell Price used to join us there in the holidays or go down alone with Edward, as did also Mr. Rooke and other intimate and unexacting friends. At first we lived on the smallest scale, which meant great freedom, and the life altogether was a haven from that of London. Mr. Benson so ingeniously fitted and furnished the little house that we had ample space, and beds were easily found in the village for visitors. The largest room became both studio and bedroom for Edward, and he loved the view from it, of which he said: "Opposite the window is a holy Church and at the back of it a holy Down, both most bonny to look at—and so I look almost all the time." Many a picture in the Flower-

book bears witness to the way in which the surrounding landscape sank into his soul: the "little grey church on the windy hill" and the village-pond occur continually in his ephemeral drawings. The second summer we were there he drew a delicate water-colour head which he called "The Spirit of the Downs," and we all recognized the portrait.

The neighbourhood of the sea left its trace as well as that of the downs, for he says of what he did while at Rottingdean:

"I designed many scenes of life under the sea; of mermaids, mermen, and mer-babies: the best was a mer-wife giving her mer-baby an air bath and it is howling with misery. There are four designs of hide-and-seek, and a coral forest and mermaids dragging mortals down, and tragedies, comedies, and melodramas in plenty."

Our London home had for some years past been suffering many changes. The District Railway had been brought near us and the speculative builder followed: the old elms in the roadway were cut down and several acres of garden ground belonging to neighbouring houses laid waste as a beginning, while the respectable old name of Fulham was taken from us, and "West Kensington" given in exchange. It was long before Edward could bring himself to use this without protest. The narrow lane into which our garden opened became a street, and a row of houses instead of the walnut-tree soon shewed above our wall. This fact helped Edward to decide upon building a large room across the end of the garden, which would serve both as a screen from the houses and as a place where he could put unfinished work and anything that he did not want in his house-studio. Mr. Benson designed this for us soon after he had finished the little house at Rottingdean, but at first no painting was done in it, the light not being arranged for that: in course of time, however, the skylight was enlarged and Edward was glad to make use of it.

One Sunday in June when there were a good many callers at the Grange, he excused himself after tea and ran over to Ealing to see his father. To my surprise he was back in a

very short time, and had evidently received some kind of shock. He soon recovered from it externally, but an inward blow had been struck and with lasting effect. It was a common enough story—the little old gentleman had married the servant-maid who attended kindly and willingly to his daily wants—but to Edward his mother's place had never been empty, and a lifelong feeling about his father was suddenly destroyed. At eighty years of age, however, there was only one course—that of silence—and to preserve it Edward came quickly away. I do not think his father realized the position any more than an infant does who has broken a vase.

"The Sleep of Arthur in Avalon is my chief dream now," he wrote in the autumn, "and I think I can put into it all I most care for." About public affairs he says: "I won't have irrational hopes any more. I suppose they all do what they can, but I am puzzled—a bit ashamed—and shall creep out of the muddle now, and be a philosophical old man, always on the side of rebellion, witchcraft, and all unlucky causes everywhere." Another time he wrote: "I have no politics, and no party, and no particular hope: only this is true, that beauty is very beautiful, and softens, and comforts, and inspires, and rouses, and lifts up, and never fails."

At the dispersal of the Duke of Hamilton's pictures this year Edward was in sympathy with those who wished to secure some of the best of the collection for the National Gallery, and we worked hard at writing letters and copying out memorials to Government on the subject. A fragment follows in which he combats some objection made by a friend:

"There never was anything of this kind that wasn't called a mistake; and in everything that ever was some part of it is mistake, for which I never care a bit. This doesn't ask for all the collection to be bought or anything like it, only to be ready to buy largely when these sales take place. It isn't a question of the poor of England at all, who have to subscribe to ten thousand senseless things —all our pictures altogether in England wouldn't cost more

than a couple of ironclads that are a mistake in two years' time—it isn't that."

Those words about the element of mistake in everything done by men, and how it does not matter in comparison with the aim they have, are very typical of him. He had now left behind him the exacting spirit of youth. I do not remember at what time of his life it was that he said to one of us: "Never shut the door upon any one so fast that it cannot be opened from the outside."

Near the end of the year a most trying demand was suddenly made on him; for a dear friend of ours lost an aged mother, and on the impulse of the time wrote to ask Edward to make a drawing of her face in death. It was done, of course, but with much pain, for he had a strong physical horror of death: the body when the soul was gone he reckoned nothing, and always said that if I died before him he would never look at "the mockery of that waxen image." A stronger feeling with him, however, was the impossibility of finding words to refuse the request of a friend.

The last letter of this year is a note at Christmas on the completion of an altar-piece for St. Peter's, Vere Street. "It is quite wet," he writes to Dr. Radcliffe, who was the donor of the picture; "nothing must touch the face, if possible, for days—indeed, why should the face ever be touched?" Which must have drawn a smile from the appreciative doctor.

From Rottingdean, in January, 1883, there came this torrent of words about the season:

"Now this is the seventy-fourth winter I have spent, and in the calm unimpassioned atmosphere of age, I wish to record my feelings about it, and to record them temperately.

"I hate and loathe winter and everything about it—its beef, its balls, its parties, its mincepies, its puddings, its sweetmeats, its exhibitions, its Bank holidays, its home holidays, its rain, wind, cold, sleet, frost, fog, iced baths, snow, slush, mud, charities, clerical opportunities, newspaper retrospects, bon-bons, crackers,—all, each, I do so hate, and at any cost wish myself out of, that I have really not been

decent or presentable, and have sulked and kept indoors these many days. Think or dream I cannot, for my brain is frozen, and thoughts slide over it and come to grief somehow—but horses look patient and set a noble example before one, and rooks look happy, and fire my aspirations to be winged and be off, only for men I am sorry, who look unfit for the world, and I think they really are; they never seem to fit it.

"Two black oxen drawing a cart have just passed—and so has the spirit of hatred that was in me and suddenly I feel good and kind, and will go out and give a penny to some one. I don't want much in this world—I like black oxen drawing carts."

About this time the idea of having a studio "boy" occurred to us—an institution from which on the whole Edward got comfort; for if a boy let the fire out or forgot orders or knocked things down in the studio, he could be scolded, whilst an intelligent lad was a real help in many ways. To the choice of the first one he thus refers:

"Many little boys from the Brigade came to-day and stood as at drill in the hall: they lifted up little red hands and saluted in military fashion—I asked them if they were all good and they said 'Yes,' so having enquired their characters I chose the sharpest and most impudent as being probably less of a scamp or humbug than the stupid ones. Is that right? I never chose a servant before. It's very easy after all—they answered so promptly that they were good that I could see it was not like a new idea to them."

Thus assisted he turned to work again, about which also I am able to give his own words in a letter to Lady Leighton.

"I have been working very hard in spite of all things, and I hope to finish the 'Wheel of Fortune' and the 'Hours.' I think you never saw the last—not a big picture, about five feet long—a row of six little women that typify the hours of day from waking to sleep. Their little knees look so funny in a row that wit descended on me from above, and I called them the 'laps of time.' Every little

lady besides the proper colour of her own frock wears a lining of the colour of the hour before her and a sleeve of the hour coming after—so that Mr. Whistler could, if he liked, call it a fugue.

"As for 'Fortune and her Wheel,' if it were written down how hard I have worked on her in the middle of pain, or more correctly with pain in the middle of me, it would be an anecdote conducive to heroism and is at the service of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge."

He did finish and exhibit these two pictures, together with a portrait of a little boy, the son of Mr. Comyns Carr, and one of Swinburne's now rare but always welcome visits to us was made in order to see "The Wheel of Fortune" before it went away.

The return of Ruskin to Oxford as Slade Professor took place at the beginning of this year, and shortly afterwards Edward had a letter from him, of which a portion follows. It is dated "Morning. Candlemas, 1883," and in his usual affectionate way begins:

"Darling Ned,

"Much love to you and Georgie. This is always a day of good resolutions with me—which are by next year all ground well down by steamroller into the asphalt and slime pavement of Dis' town.

"A day therefore, every year, of more sorrowful reflections (may I say that above-named pavement becomes so smooth and bright that I can see my face in it?)—and more wonderful in the way they open back the scenes that have been past through, seemingly all in vain. Those spectral scenes in illness, not the least important. I've been setting down *their* order to-day anyhow, with some accuracy, and find them marvellous in consistency. I'm fairly well, except that I've had faceache and had to lose a poor old patient piece of my mouth, and can't talk at Oxford much —but I don't want to. I'm going back to see to their perspective; bird and leaf drawing &c. and the sorts of things that nobody else will teach them."

This same letter is mindful of the education of girls also, and asks Edward to design some windows for the Chapel of Whitelands Training College for Women, Chelsea. He suggests "St. Ursula to begin with—and then some more cheerful and Rectorial or Governessial Saints—among whom I don't at this moment recollect if they've got St. Cecilia—but they ought to—and I don't recollect that you've much done her.

"Only, please, for my sake," he goes on, "the lights mustn't be all brown and grisaille, but as opalescent as glass can be made." Edward forthwith talked with Morris on the subject of getting the greatest brilliance possible out of glass, which he believed ought to be thicker than was usually made, but reports:

"Morris, like other men of vast genius, won't do anything that is proposed to him; on my bended knees, so to speak, have I besought him to try experiments of glass, and make his own little bits, just as you say, the dark got by depths of itself—on bended knees with piteous words, and he won't. He gives many reasons against it, admirable as rhetorick. I have urged him when he wants a deep ruby to steal his wife's gold ornaments and boil them up and make a red for himself—he won't, he won't. And I believe sometimes depth is got by doubling the glass, but I know that he often bewails his fate and dreams that in heaven glass will be much thicker; and I think so too."

Ruskin had enquired eagerly as to a design of Proserpine that Edward was to paint for him, and the answer is: "Proserpine bides, my dear, I haven't begun her yet, I am practising my art; one day I mean to paint a picture."

It was more than a year before Proserpine's turn came, and then he writes:

"I have designed what should look beautiful and awful if it were well done, Pluto going down with Proserpine into the earth, and a nice garden, a real one, all broken to bits, and fire breaking out amongst the anemones; and Pluto is an awful thing, shadowy and beautiful."

A very careful pencil drawing of this exists, but the picture was never painted.

About Ruskin's birthday, which happened during the stained-glass correspondence, Edward slips in this postscript:

"Art thou 64? I don't think it. We will always be between thirty and fifty and choose the year we like it to be; to-day I am fifty, because Morris wouldn't let me have it all my own way in talk. To-morrow I will be thirty if I can."

In March came a sudden note from Ruskin at Herne Hill: "I want to come and see all the pictures you've got and to have a list of all you've done! The next lecture at Oxford is to be about you—and I want to reckon you up, and it's like counting clouds." To which Edward answered:

"When will you come? Fix any day and any hour (not to-morrow); and what will you say about me? Shall you say I do all I ought not to do, and won't be guided, and am obstinate and nasty, and tiresome? And I'll write you out a list—alas, I have wrought much folly in Israel and my pictures are many. I'll make a list of them, the chief ones, and send it to you.

"I'm so glad you're going to say a word about me in my own country—that is Oxford. I feel very happy about it and it's a surprise. But forebodings as of the approach of doomsday are upon me."

Then Ruskin:

"It's lovely to think of your being in that retributive torment. I shan't tell you a word of what I'm going to say! Mind you don't miss *any* of the foolish things out of the list, or I'm sure to find it out. I'll come on Friday afternoon."

Edward writes:

"Yes, to-morrow—it will be lovely to look forward to, and you shall take back a list of pictures, such as I can remember. But to name every one how could I remember? for instance, many a patient design went to adorning Frances' ways"—Mrs. Horner, a daughter of our dear Graham—

"Sirens for her girdle, Heavens and Paradises for her prayer-books, Virtues and Vices for her necklace-boxes—ah! the folly of me from the beginning—and now in the classic words of Mr. Swiveller 'she has gone and married a market gardener.' Well, I can't remember a tithe of the acts of folly there—and the big pictures, or careful pictures, are but a part of the long list, and indeed I have forgotten so much.

"But wasn't it folly? And why didn't I make a girdle for *you*, and prayer-books, who would have really liked them—just as it is *I* who deserve the hawthorn cross on May day.

"Oh these minxes! You and I will yet build us a bower and have our mosaics which none of them shall ever see. And they don't understand, do they? Their eyes look depths of wisdom and beguile us and take us in—a sapphire would do as well to look into. We'll look into sapphires and moonstones, and paint pictures of the wretches, and laugh and be scornful yet."

Fortunately for others, these resolves fell through, and in his correspondence with Mrs. Horner, which ceased only with his life, he touched upon most of the subjects that interested him.

The "hawthorn cross" to which Edward makes claim was one that Ruskin had asked him to design, explaining what its purpose was to be. "The cross is always of pure gold; it may be any shape you like, but it must be hawthorn because it is for the 1st May, when they choose a May Queen at Whitelands, the girl they love best, and I give her the hawthorn cross, annually, and the whole lot of my books to give away to the girls *she* likes best." So enlightened, Edward replied:

"I am about the jewel now, and the design will quickly follow this letter. It doesn't please me a bit, because I design blindly and don't know how it will look. By an early post to-morrow you shall positively have it though, with such written directions as I can give, knowing nothing practically of the art. If anything strikes you as ugly in it, send it back and I will do it again."

But Ruskin was delighted with it, and so Edward was pleased. Much later in life his thoughts turned voluntarily to jewel-work, but I only remember one thing which he carefully and completely designed and saw executed, a brooch, representing a dove, made of pink coral and turquoise, surrounded by olive-branches of green enamel.

A note from Ruskin came on May Day, saying: "I have yesterday finished *your* lecture, for 12th May: but I found, of course, that there was no possibility of giving any abstract of you in one lecture, nor without unbalancing the conditions of general review. So this is merely the sketched ground of what I hope at length to say in future."

The lecture when given drew from Swinburne some unusually sweet and serious words—for as a rule his letters were flashes of wit rather than feeling; but he himself said as a gloss on one of them: "You know, whenever my letters or talk are sandwiches (if I may be allowed that endearing expression) of alternate chaff and seriousness in layers it means that *I* mean very much in earnest." So I quote from such a sandwich letter to Edward dated May 15th, of which only a couple of pages concern us here:

"My dearest Ned, a spirit moves me—surely, I would fain believe, not an unholy spirit?—to write a line to you, not of congratulation (which would be indeed an absurd impertinence) on the admirable words I have just read in this evening's paper's report of Ruskin's second Oxford lecture, but to tell you how glad I was to read them. If I may venture to say as much without presumption, I never did till now read anything in praise of your work that seemed to me really and perfectly apt and adequate. I do envy Ruskin the authority and the eloquence which give such weight and effect to his praise. It is just what I 'see in a glass darkly' that he brings out and lights up with the very best words possible; while we others (who cannot draw), like Shakespeare, have eyes for wonder but lack tongues to praise."

From Rottingdean, early in the year, Edward had written to Mr. Norton after a long silence, taking up the

thread of correspondence with the ease of perfect faith in his friend:

"I am coming upon you very suddenly—enough to startle you into a fit—and yet I couldn't caution you, could I? This is really a letter from me, at last. I vowed I would write as I walked this morning, thinking much about you as I often do—and lo! I am keeping my vow.

"We are at a little village near hateful Brighton—Georgie and Margot and I—a peaceful little place in the Down country; and here some half dozen times a year do I come to rest me for three or four days, for the blaze is going out of me and I grow tired and can't work as I used to do ten years ago, when I think I never rested for whole years together; now I get tired and am glad of peace and a bit of silence—that is why I am here, and why I am free to-night to write to you, and why I walked this morning—but it's not why I thought of you, for that comes often to me."

Then, after talk of less intimate matters:

"It's getting on for a year now since Rossetti died: poor thing, I wonder if any man ever made such a hell out of this little earth for himself as he did. To any who saw his last months the end seemed sure, and desirable—and when the start was over I was glad: the work was done—for a thankless world, at the wrong moment, it seemed—but how solitary I feel in labour now you can easily think. They are shewing his pictures in London but I haven't had courage to go—I haven't the heart to go and see those first things of his that were such miracles to me. What a world it did look then—twenty-seven years ago; and he the centre and light of it all to me.

"And Morris never faileth," he goes on; "not in the best of spirits now, for his eldest girl is ill and grows weaker and fills him with almost constant alarm.

"And Ruskin flourishes—gave a lecture on Cistercian architecture the other day that was like most ancient times and of his very best, and looks well—really looks stronger than for many a year past. The hair that he has grown over

his mouth hides that often angry feature, and his eyes look gentle and invite the unwary, who could never guess the dragon that lurks in the bush below."

Mr. Norton's answer to this letter contained the glad news that he was coming over to England, and at the end of June he came. A letter from Edward met him on his arrival, trying to arrange how they could soonest meet:

"This is what happens: on the 1st and 2nd of July I must be in Oxford—Morris and I have just been made Fellows of our old College, and on the 2nd is a dinner where we must make our appearance—but on the 3rd (Tuesday) by the earliest morning train we come back to London and then we must meet and be together every hour that is possible."

The Honorary Fellowship of his own College was dear to Edward's heart, feeling as he did that its meaning was: "My child, I know now why you left me." The conferring of the distinction had been announced in the newspapers of January 12th, but Morris and he had not yet formally taken their places as Fellows; and now they did it together, just as together they entered the University thirty years before.

In addition to the portrait of a little boy already mentioned, the work-list for 1883 says: "Began portrait of Georgie with Phil and Margaret in the background." This he worked at for years at intervals, but never finished to satisfy himself.

The Roman mosaic was a background of incessant thought and labour. In November he writes thus of it and other work:

"I have been busy over my Roman mosaic chiefly, an unthankful task that no one will ever care for, but for the sake of many ancient loves I am doing it; for love of Venice and Ravenna and the seven impenetrable centuries between them, and for love of many old studies and odds and ends of things I like—Talmud and Aquinas, and I don't know what. All this has eaten up much time: also to put on the Beggar Maid a sufficiently beggarly coat, that

will not look unappetizing to King Cophetua,—that I hope has been achieved, so that she shall look as if she deserved to have it made of cloth of gold and set with pearls. I hope the king kept the old one and looked at it now and then.

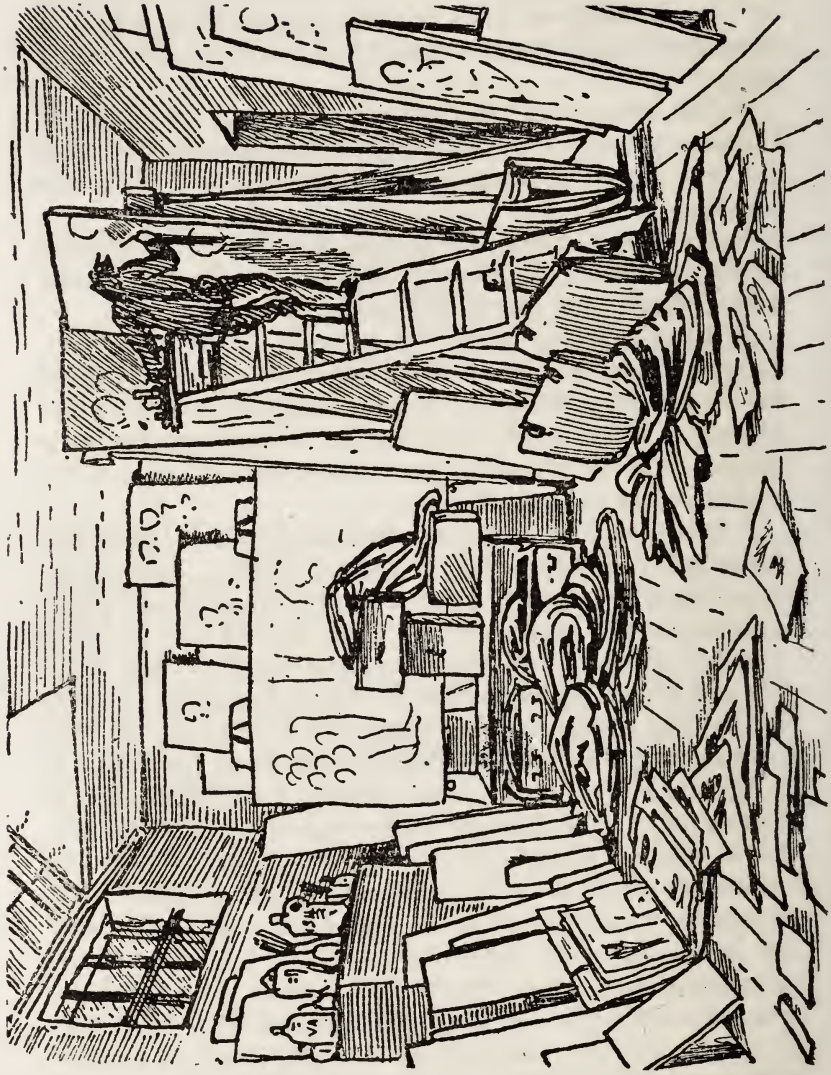
"Also fairies in the mountains listening to the music the Queens make in Avalon have all been designed—he-fairies and she-fairies, looking ecstatic and silly and very uncombed.

"Also much drapery for said Queens has been designed under circumstances of great misery—to wit, the actions were difficult, and the models desired to faint."

A letter of about this time to Lady Lewis, then Mrs. George Lewis, has in it a reflection of the image he made for himself of a different thing from the Morte d'Arthur and of the way it touched his imagination. Persian poetry is the subject, and he is speaking of the possibility of a prose translation of the poet Hafiz:

"It is altogether unknown land to me, and I have but the vaguest impression about all that realm. I hate poems about wine and women, I hate them put together in a poem as much as you could—only I have a sort of idea of Hafiz that he made it an excuse for saying daring things about life, and splendid blasphemies like Omar Khayyám—I don't know: but Islam in Persia seems much like that, the little I know of it; gladness of heart and scorn of low ideals of Allah and love of freedom and delight in beauty and endless chatter about roses and tulips and fenced gardens and brave sayings about life and a little impertinence and mockery—pride in being artists and scorn of sultans their masters—it might be after all that a vein of Heine might be in it—but how should I know? Such things are untranslateable and one concedes that at once—only if I knew the mere prose of it I could imagine sound and colour for it.

"I should like it when he fell into that snare of thought that caught them all in the East—the sight of ancient ruined cities and desolated houses and broken gardens; then they abandon themselves to the melancholy of it and if they call



for wine it isn't for wine's sake. Meantime I know nothing, but have made a Hafiz for myself out of nothing.

"When Hafiz says: 'I heard the harp of the planet Venus, and it said in the early morning, I am the disciple of the sweet-voiced Hafiz'—then it is clear Hafiz thought well of Hafiz, and perhaps we should. And again, 'Out of the East and out of the West no man understands me—O the happier I, who confide to none but the wind.'"

And then the letter goes on:

"Next time I will pick for you no roses of Shiraz, but shew you some sad footprints in the snow—little bits out of that northern Saga you asked me about—and they may fire you to read it.

"O what a nice round world that has Persian rose gardens and Syrian gods and Arabian prophets and Greek stories and Italian dreams, and North and South and East—isn't it a lovely round ball of a world? isn't it? and often I'll bring it you to play with, dear lady."

A bright side of the round world of his own nature—the endless fun of daily life—is exemplified in another note to the same friend, accompanied by a drawing of his small studio which is reproduced on the opposite page.

"Is it fair for Carr to publish interiors of all other studios except mine—Leighton's—Thorneycroft's—Marcus Stone's—all but mine? Do try and influence him—I should like my interior (of studio) published too—of course I should. By the bye, I think it was Cassell who engraved Thorneycroft—but anyhow I am neglected."

He cared far more for fun than for wit: I remember his endorsing Carlyle's "Witty,—above all, oh be not witty: none of us is bound to be witty, under penalties"—and in quite late days he speaks clearly on the subject:

"Indeed and indeed, wit is the opposite pole to poetry—not fun, but wit—I'll go to the stake on that. It keeps people from being pedants or bores I think, and there lies its chief use. But some of the greatest beings ever born had none—nor humour either, and I often reflect that the books I most worship are as devoid of it as the paintings

I worship. None in Homer, none in Aeschylus or Dante, none in the Morte d'Arthur. It isn't necessary—and though it betters a second-rate creature very much, and makes a first-rate one better company for the passing hour, it affects great work I think very little indeed."

He used to alternate between wanting to offer a sympathetic hearer "the round world to play with," and suddenly declaring that now he would never tell anybody anything more. "If one loved a subject," he said, "it would be easy enough to find it, and I don't believe in carrying a treasure to any one—believe only in the hunting and finding." But a look of interest or a word of intelligence from a nice woman scattered these thoughts, though he could still see the situation from outside, and not lose the touch of humour it contained. When conversation fell one day in the studio upon Ladislaw talking art to Dorothea, in Middlemarch, he commented: "That 's what we like to do—it excites us and we say things we are pleased with ourselves for saying and that get fixed in our memory by that, so that we can tell them to the next lady, and that fixes them the more and we can tell them to the next half dozen."

The gentle friend of so many people, "Dicky Doyle," as his picture-signature gave the world leave to call him, said good-bye to us all in the last month of the year. December 10th is fixed in my mind because I was in town that evening and in returning home called by appointment for Edward at the Athenaeum. There he and Mr. Doyle had met accidentally, and joining each other at the same table had dined and spent a pleasant time together till Edward went up to the library. On coming down again about half past nine, he told me, he saw a knot of men clustered round something in the hall, and going nearer he found there his companion of an hour ago lying already unconscious from the seizure which preceded his death. While an ambulance was being fetched we hastened on as quickly as possible to prepare poor Miss Doyle for the shock that awaited her. We knew the house to be in Finborough Road, but were uncertain of the number, and

stopped our cab to enquire it at a neighbouring telegraph office. The night was stormy, and as Edward crossed the pavement a bright lamp above the office door shewed two or three people standing close to the wall for shelter, amongst them a wretched-looking woman in a long waterproof; and as he came back again I saw this poor soul try to stop him and begin a kind of drunken dance—also I saw the gentleness with which he put her aside. Then we went on in the dark, and, compared with such life, death suddenly became beautiful.

Until April, 1884, the large oil picture of "Cophetua" was worked upon, and was then finished and sent to the Grosvenor Gallery. On April 23rd he writes to Mrs. Wyndham: "This very hour I have ended my work on my picture. I am very tired of it—I can see nothing any more in it, I have stared it out of all countenance and it has no word for me. It is like a child that one watches without ceasing till it grows up, and lo! it is a stranger."

I have always thought this picture contained more of Edward's own distinctive qualities than any other that he did, and for that reason am glad it has been placed as a memorial of him in our National Collection. It is noteworthy that he designed and carried it out during the divergence of opinion between himself and Morris on the subject of Socialism, bringing it to an end soon after Morris joined the Democratic Federation. The thought of the King and the Beggar lay deep in both their minds, and the reception of "Cophetua" in Paris by some who saw it there in 1889 proves how strongly it impressed on them a distinct meaning. M. de la Sizeranne writes that it seemed to himself and his friends as though in standing before it they had "come forth from the Universal Exhibition of Wealth to see the symbolical expression of the Scorn of Wealth."

A sample of the "chaff" which overlay the pure grain of love between Edward and Morris is seen in an item from the Firm's account-book for January, 1884, where a design for a window is described as "Norse heroes on the sea, making for other people's property." A retort was the last thing

Morris ever thought of, but the score was sure to be wiped out presently in some way known to the friends and recognized by many a laugh.

It should be mentioned here that when the term for which Edward had taken the house at Ealing came to an end in March, his father wished to return to Birmingham, and we did not oppose it.

Another portrait was painted this year, that of Miss Fitzgerald, a young American girl. The art of portraiture he considered very seriously from the point of what "expression" was allowable—a question that he had settled with regard to his imaginative pictures at an early date. Speaking of this in later years he said:

"Of course my faces have no expression in the sense in which people use the word. How should they have any? They are not portraits of people in paroxysms—paroxysms of terror, hatred, benevolence, desire, avarice, veneration, and all the 'passions' and 'emotions' that Le Brun and that kind of person find so *magnifique* in Raphael's later work—mostly painted by his pupils and assistants by the way. It is Winckelmann, isn't it, who says that when you come to the age of expression in Greek art you have come to the age of decadence? I don't remember how or where it is said, but of course it is true—can't be otherwise in the nature of things."

"Portraiture," he also said, "may be great art. There is a sense, indeed, in which it is perhaps the greatest art of any. And portraiture involves expression. Quite true, but expression of what? Of a passion, an emotion, a mood? Certainly not. Paint a man or woman with the damned 'pleasing expression,' or even the 'charmingly spontaneous' so dear to the 'photographic artist,' and you see at once that the thing is a mask, as silly as the old tragic and comic mask. The only expression allowable in great portraiture is the expression of character and moral quality, not of anything temporary, fleeting, accidental. Apart from portraiture you don't want even so much, or very seldom: in fact you only want types, symbols, suggestions. The mo-

F. Hollyer, Photo *Walker & Cockerell, Ph. Sc.*

Edward Burne-Jones

Aet 51.

ment you give what people call expression, you destroy the typical character of heads and degrade them into portraits which stand for nothing."

He gave as an illustration the instance of the three Queens he was then painting in the Avalon picture—Queen Morgan le Fay, the Queen of Northgalis, and the Queen of the Waste Lands.

"They are queens of an undying mystery," he said, "and their names are Lamentation and Mourning and Woe. A little more expression and they would be neither queens nor mysteries nor symbols, but just—not to mention baser names in their presence—Augusta, Esmeralda, and Dolores, considerably overcome by a recent domestic bereavement. And that, my dear, as you are aware, is not what I mean: but put in the 'expression' these good people clamour for, and there is where you would be landed."

In Rio's Poetry of Christian Art there is a passage concerning the Umbrian painters which seems to me so descriptive of Edward's work that I shall give it here. Rio, speaking of a reproach brought by the Florentine school against Perugino for repeating the same motives, says: "They were incapable of understanding that the progress of an artist who seeks his inspiration beyond the sphere of sensible objects does not merely consist in the variety of picturesque grouping of the subject, nor in the depth and fusion of the colours, nor even the delicacy and purity of the design, but rather in the development and progressive perfection of certain types, which, concealed at first within the most secret recesses of his imagination, and afterwards regarded as a long and religious exercise for his pencil, had at length become intimately combined with all that was poetical and exalted in his nature." Perugino's answer to the reproach of the Florentines, as quoted by Rio, is also curiously like what Edward might have said: "At all events I am at liberty to copy myself."

The Roman mosaic and the Briar Rose subject filled all the summer and autumn, and it would be impossible to describe the anxiety and labour connected with the mosaic.

Edward and Morris used to give part of their Sunday morning time to sorting out colours used by the Venezia-Murano Company from a cabinet of tesserae which had been brought to the garden studio, and they made duplicate lists of the numbers on the tesserae, which, when the work began to be executed, formed a means of communication with the workmen. Fortunately Edward had seen Signor Castellani, the Director-General of the works in Venice, and established pleasant personal relations with him, or the difficulty of the undertaking would have been much greater: as it was, that gentleman gave unfailing and patient attention to all Edward's letters, and even created a sympathy between him and the body of men who carried out his designs. Much help was given in Rome, too, by Dr. Nevin, the Minister of the American Church, who knew the ancient mosaics of Italy and understood the tradition that Edward was following; and as Mr. Rooke was in Venice this summer he was another living link with the work.

Despair on both sides resulted from the first sample of an angel sent over to Edward in June, and he poured out his grief in a letter to his friend and pupil:

"O Rookie,—scold them, pitch into them, bully them, curse and refrain not—otherwise I must, late as it is, give it all up. You see they don't copy my outline, they don't keep to my colours told them, so what the devil can I do? The hair is dark against pale faces, they have made yellow hair against Red Indian faces—what can I do more than mark the tesserae, and what less can they do than not read my instructions? First and foremost when the "—blank for epithet left by himself—" thing is up, you must be able to see it—TELL THEM THAT—you must know what it is about!

"Secondly. It must look beautiful—and how to tell them that I don't know if they can't feel—and God only knows what poor fools they have got to work.

"I wonder if it would have been better if I had sent no instructions at all. I wonder if it has only bewildered them. I will unsay all my old directions and bid them do it in their own accursed way—perhaps that would be best. But

it is heartrending work—they are close to the best mosaic in the world and they can turn out this—have I bewildered them? have I frightened them? would they be better let quite alone? O for God's sake let them forget all I said about the tesserae being apart, if this is the result—but why should the tesserae in the face be seven times as big as those of the wings—and why, and why, all over it? Prythee a little see to it—draw them and colour them a face from the ancient work, which I will pay for, for a standard, since my directions are so useless. Forget that it is I that am concerned—suppose it is an old cartoon found and that it is desirable to render it, translate it, make it effective—VISIBLE, INTELLIGIBLE at a distance, at a good height—that the wings shall be shaded gold colour and distinct from one another as in a cartoon—the hair dark, the faces sweetly pale—the eyebrows straight, the darkness under them steady and solemn, the gradation of colour delicate and soft. All these things are possible, since the pavement of the South Kensington Museum gives these things—any trumpery work gives them. It must be done or I will destroy my cartoons and hand back the money.

"I will write to-morrow to Castellani when I am calmer—I won't say so much as I do to you and will say it quietly—but privately I must tell you that it is only excusable on the grounds that the workmen are bewildered."

After this eruption his letter to Venice next day begins calmly and all he has to say is translated into a series of minute technical criticisms and directions. To this Signor Castellani returned a really beautiful answer, from which I extract some passages—and with such single-mindedness on both sides the matter soon fell into manageable shape. I will not do the writer the injustice of altering his Italian idiom, because the clearness of his meaning could not be improved:

"As to the specimen of mosaic which you received," he says, "you must make your mind quite easy. We have done it, truly—but it is not the mosaic as we are used to make, or as we understand. We were obliged for doing it

to unlearn all that in a very long practice of our art we had apprized; but the confusion of ideas originated by all sorts of misunderstandings from either side was so great that really we were at loss not knowing what to do. Add to this the inconvenience of fixing the mosaic on a metal case so combined as to allow you to see the figure on the right side and with the mortar between the tesserae. In fact it was a very long and tedious job in which we found ourselves quite out of our own way, and which, had we not promised to let you have within a certain time this specimen in mosaic, I would never have sent you. Your letter therefore did not surprise me; only I regretted not to have been left free to do as we are used to do, and to have been so exposed before you as being totally incapable of performing our duty and doing justice to your beautiful cartoons."

After this Edward hastened with renewed hope to send out a fresh coloured drawing of the unlucky figure, which was acknowledged with these comforting words from Signor Castellani:

"I really see we shall understand perfectly well each other and our work will proceed in such way as to satisfy you. Your coloured angel was admired very much, and with the assistance of Dr. Nevin we examined and studied carefully every part of it and endeavoured with your letter before us to make all points quite clear. In a fortnight we hope to complete its execution in mosaic. Till then I have nothing else to tell you, but thank you for the great pain you took in making this beautiful coloured angel in which we could see the perfect illustration of your ideas."

On September 1st Edward writes to Mr. Rooke: "Mosaic has come—very careful, as good as ever I hoped for." By the middle of November all the designs for the apse had been completed and sent out, and at Christmas all the Venezia-Murano *atelier* joined in sending Edward "best and sincerest wishes for a happy New Year."

In contrast to this strictly ruled and limited art whose laws he had to obey at every turn, a part of the summer went to learning how he could make use in design of the

incalculable ways of the briar-rose. About this he writes to Lady Leighton:

"I wonder if in your land there grow stems of wild-rose such as I have to paint in my four pictures of the Sleeping Palace—and if deep in some tangle there is a hoary, aged monarch of the tangle, thick as a wrist and with long, horrible spikes on it—and if three or four feet of such an one might be carved out for me by a 'feller' and sent to me, that I may have evidence before my enemies that my thorns are not too big, and may also get courage to myself in painting them as big as ever I like. Is it asking anything that would be troublesome? If so, forget and forgive; but it might be possible, and a few feet of it in length with its aged spikes would be very useful just now. Three feet would be enough. I think I must have made my thorns too big, and yet, and yet—if it were only possible: it is an unbelieving generation, and its faithlessness infects the believer. Such an hoary old creature might lurk under the leaves whose aspect would be terrible."

And a week later:

"The briars have come and are all my soul lusted for—how shall I thank you enough? The thick one is a superb one, of infinite use. Indeed I began early this morning and shall for many days reconsider all my ways, amending the old work everywhere. I cannot tell you how kind and prompt and helpful you have been to me. I am really grateful. You must know how great a service you have done me.

"For I had made all the thorns too big—too hooked and sharp—not the stems too thick, but the thorns were all amiss; and now my honour will be saved, and the Sleeping Beauty's honour, which is of more account."

Endless studies of armour were made, both for the knights in the Briar Rose pictures and for the "Perseus." Sir Coutts Lindsay had a fine collection of old armour from which Edward made drawings, and in addition to this, with the help of Mr. Benson he designed many pieces himself, expressly in order to lift them out of association with any

historical time. It was Mr. Benson who both designed and made the King's crown in the large "Cophetua."

A dark side of the gift of imagination showed itself in the anxiety with which Edward heard of a visit to Arran which our daughter was asked to make in August. She was to go with her brother and to be with friends—but nothing removed the ideas of disaster and possible death which instantly filled his mind. He did not of course spoil her expectation of happiness by telling her this, but he went to our friend W. B. Richmond and begged him for friendship's sake to make a swift portrait of his girl—for who knew, if she went, whether he should ever see her again. Richmond, a man of keen feeling, with an only daughter of his own, instantly answered in the kindest way to this appeal; and laying aside everything else for the days in which it was possible to work from her, had gone far towards completing the picture before she left home.

By an evil fate, she did fall ill in Arran, and as soon as Edward heard this he gave up any hope except that of getting her back to us before she died, really going through the anguish of it all in anticipation. He could never rid himself of apprehension in life—a totally different thing from fear—and was at times worn out by the struggle to meet and endure troubles that never came as well as those that did.

When our daughter was strong enough she and I paid a promised visit to Brantwood, and there enjoyed nearly a fortnight of Ruskin's daily presence. One afternoon I remember walking with him on the heights above his house, and his speaking sadly about death—lamenting the impossibility of handing on to another all one has learned in life, so that those who come after us might start from that point and not have to begin everything again. We found the daily routine of life at Brantwood perfectly regular, and Rob Roy was the book that he read aloud to us each evening after tea.

Edward's hope was raised this year as it had not been for a long time, by seeing the work and making the

acquaintance of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, of whom I find this mention in a letter:

"And Gilbert the sculptor is a gain. I go warily, taught by old follies—but I think he will be a comfort on the way down."

And a few months later, in 1885, he writes:

"As for my sculptor—Hah! Yes—there is an artist, and some one to expect, and a thing to happen—we are such friends that we are shy of meeting. I haven't seen him this year—only I hear that he talks about me and I know that I think about him a great deal. I do think a big creature is going to happen."

About the same time that his hope for the future was revived he was also made happy by the reproduction in Berlin of Botticelli's designs to Dante. These he had always longed to see, but whilst the original book remained at Hamilton Palace, distance had prevented his doing so. The facsimile of which he writes to Mrs. Horner was made and published after the purchase of the book by the German Government.

"I have the first issue of the Dante, with selections from the Inferno, Purgatorio and Paradiso. They are unpleasantly published in a portfolio—big, loose sheets, an intolerable bore to look at, and needing what no one ever has—a large, nice, empty table. It is clear they are only first sketches and all were finally meant to be coloured—and one, the prospectus says, *is* coloured—and to 'one who knows' about the ancient method of pen-outline for finished colour, the complete design is just imaginable. I think them perfectly glorious—every touch and thought is that Master at his best, and a bigger treasure exists not, and dragons of dismal, slimy Dukes no longer brood over it.

"In two years all will be published, and mine shall I bind in a sweet volume, and take it nightly to bed with me—blessing its maker, and the maker's Maker—and will in a little bonfire rather ungratefully burn the German portfolio and the German text. And for all that, blessings be on the Germans sometimes."

CHAPTER XXI

1885—1886

Reasoning at every step he treads
Man yet mistakes his way.

PUBLIC affairs have not much place in the scheme of this book, but their influence must be taken into account, and some words of Edward's soon after the death of Gordon show how strong was his feeling against the war which led up to that disaster:

"As to the war I am so furious and enraged I am not to be trusted. I want to be out of it all and not think—else I could think myself mad. I feel bitter and horrible and revengeful." The bitterness was indeed great which made him say: "Wasn't I wrong about Gladstone? And you are very good not to jeer at me: and I wish all politicians—all, without consideration of party—were this day in an open unseaworthy boat tossing in a Biscayan Sea on their way to certain doom." Nevertheless he could not so far withdraw himself from what was going on but that in April he felt compelled to attend a great public meeting in St. James's Hall, to protest against the continuation of the war.

A gentler memory of the spring is associated with the name of a lovely, too short-lived creature—Laura, the daughter of Sir Charles Tennant: in our house she had so fascinated us all that we called her "The Siren." A description of her by Edward in a letter to Mrs. Horner, some months before the time of which I am now speaking, brings back the feeling of admiration and hope with which we looked upon her and her imagined future:

"One afternoon came to good-bye tea Mistress Laura

Tennant in a serious mood which became her mightily: she is good and loveable and full of interest—and with so much fuel and fire as she hath in her, she can surely make something splendid of her life. She half asked me to help her as I had helped you—but, except that I believe all you say, I never know in what I was any good to you, unless in some mysterious blessing, unknown to Tyndall, that does really come when one friend always wishes the very best for another—but she is a dear little lady, and will make her own life finely and strongly."

Again, when her engagement to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton was announced, he writes: "Yesterday came Laura and was most prettily behaved and it is a happy affair. I think she will be very happy—for sure nothing so fitting and just ever was before—and when I besought her to throw away something precious at once to appease the envy of the watchers, she answered prettily that she had thrown away the best thing she had already, and that was her heart."

In May of this year the marriage took place with acclamation. "*Immortale quod opto*" was a motto that Edward said reminded him of her; he put it upon a design in beaten silver that was meant for one of her wedding presents, but before the work was finished she had wholly put on immortality, and a scheme for her memorial tablet was being made in his Secret Book of Designs.

He sent nothing to the Spring Exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery, and, when a friend wrote to ask the reason of this, answered: "I have just come from the sea, where I went to rid me of a grievous cold, and I have been out of the world and have forgotten that such things as exhibitions were—but now I am reminded. And the why of my having no pictures to shew this year is that I have begun so many and finished none—and just for once I thought how delightful it would be to have a foretaste of Paradise and be at peace. And it is peace—no dear friend now can come and say, 'Did you see what The Observer says of you?' It is so delightful that I have a mind to repeat the experiment for good."

Instead of this, however, fresh claims upon him to exhibit in a fresh place were to be made.

On the evening of June 4th he was very tired and had dropped asleep on a sofa in the drawing-room, when suddenly there was a loud ring at the front door and a servant came to say that a man was in the hall who had brought word that Mr. Burne-Jones was elected into the Royal Academy. This did not wake Edward; and I, thinking it some trick, and annoyed at the chance of his being roused, left the room and gave orders for the man to be told that it was a mistake and I would not have Mr. Burne-Jones disturbed; if he had anything to say he must return in the morning. So he was dismissed. When Edward awoke he had no clue to the message—in any case we should hear more in the morning if it were true.

The first post next day brought a letter from Leighton that explained everything. It had been written by the President at his club, and was dated 10.30 the night before:

"Dear Ned, an event has just occurred which has filled me with the deepest satisfaction and with real joy. A spontaneous act of justice has been done at Burlington House —the largest meeting of members that I ever saw has by a majority elected you an Associate of the Royal Academy. I am not aware that any other case exists of an Artist being elected who has never exhibited, nay has pointedly abstained from exhibiting on our walls. It is a pure tribute to your genius and therefore a true rejoicing to your affectionate old friend Fred Leighton."

By the same post came a note from Mr. Poynter telling Edward that his name had been proposed by a member of the Academy whom he had never seen, Mr. Briton Riviere; and this touched and surprised him, giving rise to the idea that there might really be in the Royal Academy without his knowledge an element of sympathy with his work and its aims.

Then began the difficulty of decision. It was not in his nature to do things trenchantly; imagination put both sides of a question before him too clearly for this to be possible,

and to reject a friendly advance was against his first instincts. A personal aspect of the matter was his regard for Leighton, whose affection and sensitiveness he knew, and wished heartily not to wound. The crisis was a serious one for him, and he sent a note first and then went over to see Leighton, the kindness of whose reception seemed at the time to sweep away all his difficulties; but afterwards they returned, and he wrote another note saying: "I am a troubled and anxious person all this day, and again I write to you privily as to my friend. I don't know whether I made it clear enough about what I feel to be my position in the Grosvenor Gallery—and whether as time goes on and I still send most of my work there, there will not grow up a feeling in the Academy that I have accepted their honour on false pretences. For many reasons I cannot forsake the Grosvenor Gallery; they gave me an assured place of distinction from the first—my work is known there and looked for—much that I do would look strange and without reason on the Academy walls that has an accustomed look there —I don't know if I made all this clear to you. And if you can agree to it I still don't know how it may strike members of the Academy, and whether they will not repent of the distinction they have accorded me. I do want this very clear, that there may be no after-difficulties. It would be the greatest pain to me to seem externally to have abandoned friends who have been so good to me. All this I know you will understand for me—but assure me, please, that it will be understood that I am not accepting a position on false pretences."

He wrote also to Mr. Briton Riviere thanking him for the sympathy implied by his action, and received a cordial answer:

"It is very kind of you to have written, because, however secure I may have felt in my position on other grounds, I was well aware that I might have laid myself open to some slight misunderstanding at your hands, which I should have greatly deplored: the more so because I felt that the course I pursued was the only one possible under the

circumstances. I have often thought of the loss that your absence from the roll of the Academy entailed on that institution, and the serious break it made in that wider fellowship of art which all men of catholic minds must long for—but I saw that it would be a grave error to ask you to allow your name to be placed on the list. This being the case, I felt that as I had not the pleasure of knowing you personally, I at least was free to act on the broad ground of what was right and expedient. The event has proved that what I did as a simple act of duty is in perfect harmony with the wishes of a large majority of the members of the Academy."

Leighton's reply to Edward's anxious letter said:

"As I assured you yesterday, I fully understand the nature of your feeling towards the Grosvenor Gallery and I cannot doubt that my colleagues will do so likewise;—it would be, to say the least, unnatural that you should cease to contribute, and that worthily, to Sir C. Lindsay's Exhibition, and there is, therefore, in your kind letter only one little word that has caused me concern, and that is the word 'most':—'most of my work.' I feel sure that whilst you would wish not to seem, even, to slight a body of men who have sought you out to do honour to your genius, you will be able to deal with an even hand between the two Exhibitions.

"I wish well to the Grosvenor Gallery and would not in any case wish it to lose the great pillar of strength which you are to it, but as many people will flock to see one of your works as to see two or three, and it will no more suffer detriment from the exhibition of some of your best work elsewhere (as will seem most natural and obvious now) than does the Academy from the fact that works by Academicians cover the walls of the Grosvenor. It has long been my anxious dream that the Royal Academy should become a truly and nobly representative Institution including in its ranks and mustering on its walls all the best life of our country's Art—this, dear Ned, is no unworthy aspiration; you will I feel assured help in its fulfilment."

Mr. Watts wrote touchingly: "I wish I might venture to hope you would accept the recognition the Academy has done itself the honour to shew, by becoming one of us: I believe you could help the cause of Art more effectually by doing so than by remaining outside." This argument Edward had long ago rejected—it was another feeling that swayed him now. "You must see," Mr. Watts continued, "how many friends and admirers you have amongst the body in the fact that the moment your name came up you were elected. That your name was on the list at all was a great surprise to many of us—for of course Leighton and Poynter and myself knew your opinions too well to think we should be giving you any pleasure by putting your name in the book. I must say I was delighted to find a stranger to you personally brought the matter suddenly to such (for the Academy) a satisfactory end."

To this Edward answered:

"You know all I feel about it—have we not talked over these things many a day? I loved solitude and peace and isolation, and I give these up reluctantly—as I gave them up to exhibit at all: but I can't have my way—and since you and Leighton are so affectionately kind about this I am bound to be glad too. I wish you had a better godchild to back so strenuously as you do; I am unfit for teaching or taking any part in the administration of that big society.

"I told Leighton all my disqualifications—how bound in honour I feel to the Grosvenor and how inconsistent my position would become—all that seemed to me needful to say I told him this morning, and I think you know all my innermost mind about it and I need not say it to you. Of course I like to be by your side—of course I feel proud that you and he are glad: and if I now and then grieve over lost insignificance it is not because I am ungrateful to you both."

The voice of Boehm was amongst the first heard from the outer circle of friends: "I write to beg you not to refuse the offered Associateship. So many of us are frightened that you might do so."

The person upon whom Edward always relied for advice in the affairs of life was Mr. Graham, who had now for some time arranged all business matters connected with the sale of his work and in every way looked keenly after his interests. But Mr. Graham was ill and away from London; so Edward, who was busy with letters that demanded his own attention, asked me to write at once and tell the difficulty to our friend. In order to recall the exact feeling of the day I quote part of this letter:

"—to speak the truth, it is a great disturbance to him. He recognizes the honour intended and the friendliness, but, in confidence to you we may say that it is outside all his thoughts and aims, and he clings to his freedom. Edward went round to Leighton with so grave a face that he broke out at once on seeing it, 'Don't say you have come to refuse it, Ned!' and was so affectionate and generous in all he added that Ned could only come away as he went—with a grave face and an acknowledgement of the honour."

Later in the day Edward himself wrote to Mr. Graham, ending with "What a little matter it all is—I have no time to think of much else except your being so full of pain."

Meanwhile, before our letters had reached him, Mr. Graham had written to Edward, but his counsel was less clear than usual. "My dear," he said, "on the whole, though with a divided mind, I hope now that it is done you will acquiesce, whilst maintaining your old independence."

To me this watchful friend wrote separately: "He cannot surrender his liberty I know, and that he will ever feel in the humour to sing (but only an odd chirrup now and then!) in a gilded cage in Piccadilly, I don't much credit. All the same I am *very* glad, now it is done, that they have done it."

A note from Morris rings clear as a bell through all these years: "As to the Academy, I don't see why their action should force Ned into doing what he disapproves of, since they did not ask him first." But the way was not so plain to us; and, together, we made what we afterwards knew to be a mistaken decision.

This was Edward's answer to the Academy:

"Gentlemen, accept my thanks and cordial recognition of the unlooked for and great honour you have done me by electing me as a member of your body.

"In respectfully and formally accepting the honour, I may perhaps be excused for reminding you that I do not come among you as a man free from certain engagements already made to others, but—reflecting upon the brotherly welcome you offer me—I ask for, and feel sure of receiving, your sympathy with my fulfilment of all engagements that I feel binding upon me."

I remember the feeling of melancholy that fell upon us both when this letter had been sent: a step had been taken in the dark because we had come to think it ought to be done; but every one knows the difference between the moment of resolution to act and that of reflection which comes afterwards. We paced side by side up and down my sitting-room in silence for a time, and he compared this (with the lightening of a smile that so seldom failed) to the wandering of Jephthah's daughter and her companions upon the hill-tops.

In little more than a month afterwards Mr. Graham died, and no one could supply his place to us. Edward wrote: "I like it that I am always wanting him for little things—it keeps him constantly before me. Fifty times a year I shall be perplexed about matters he would have made smooth for me, and I like it so—to keep thinking how he would have contrived for me."

The invitation to Edward to accept the Presidency of the Society of Artists in Birmingham had been renewed in the spring, and accepted under certain conditions. These were that he should not be expected either to make speeches or give lectures. "But," he wrote, "if it were thought desirable that I should visit the Schools of Design, or meet the artists or pupils in some quiet way, without pomp or circumstance, it would be a delight to me."

So in October he went down and carefully studied the conditions of art in his native town. First, however, he

went to see his father, and also Miss Sampson, who was comfortably lodged in the suburbs: he made her a happy little time, taking her a long drive and listening to all she told him about old friends and acquaintance. Then he left his hotel and went for two or three days to Mr. Kenrick's hospitable house, from which he transacted all his business. One whole day was spent in looking over the work of the more advanced students of the School of Art, and in giving them advice. In the evening he was very tired, and his kind host, with instinctive knowledge of what he would like, chose a volume of poems that he thought sympathetic in tone, and read aloud from them while Edward rested. They were by Dr. Sebastian Evans, an old friend of Mr. Kenrick's, and Edward's curiosity about the writer was immediately aroused. Question and answer only increased interest until when he came home again he felt that he had made a new, though as yet unseen friend.

He was cheered by this journey, and when he wrote to Mr. Kenrick afterwards his letter was as full of hope and enthusiasm as those that he used to send to Cormell Price in the days of his youth:

"Something in my time with you in Birmingham has set fresh hope in my heart. I felt very touched that you made so much of the little I could possibly do in that brief time—the thanks so disproportioned to the deserving, that I have come back with an idea that every one in Birmingham is gracious and sympathetic. Yes, that is so. And I want it to be a famous city, and the beginner of new life to England. The visit made me younger and is like a fresh impulse to me—a delightful memorable time—two days only, according to the material reckoning of the School of Cambridge, but in the School of Oxford, of higher mathematic, to be called rather two months; and I am thinking and devising plans to serve you." Then he turns to other things, but on the last page repeats:

"And Birmingham shall be a famous City, of white stone, full of brave architecture, carved and painted;—politics quite needless since the fight has been won (the

fighters portrayed in marble placidly sleeping), advertisements penal, and the newspapers, if needed at all, in strict rhyme and metre."

An extra day was given to a pilgrimage to the farm at Harris Bridge, where his aunt, Mrs. Choyce, now a vigorous old lady of seventy-five, was still living. He found the house and all around it quite unchanged, except that he said it looked so much smaller than he remembered, and brought away an affectionate memory of the little visit.

Still thinking of all he had seen in Birmingham, he wrote another letter in November to Mr. Kenrick, urging extreme care in the selection of examples of ancient art for the guidance of modern students:

"Jet-black gloom having settled on the world so that I can't see to work, I will scribble a word to you that I want to say.

"Yesterday I met a certain Miss Harrison whose inaugural lecture about Troy myths on Greek pots I heard last week and much admired; and in talking to her on the subject and violently pressing my most extreme views—as is my wont and ever will be till some one knocks me on the head for it—she said incidentally that she had just returned from Birmingham, and that casts from some sculpture I had been much abusing had been, or were to be, ordered for the Schools; and so I thought I would write a letter of private intercession on the subject to you.

"The question of casts is such an important one that I could wish you would take Richmond into consultation—he selected for Oxford, when he was Slade Professor, a most admirable set of perfect examples—and I know he would gladly put at your service his perfect taste and immense knowledge of the subject. I don't know whether I am right in my recollection of what Miss Harrison told me, but I gathered that it had been decided in my beloved Birmingham to have casts of the late vulgar brutal Pergamus sculptures in preference to the Athenian—and so my soul burned within me and I determined to write and ask you. It has been much on my mind since I saw your collection

of casts, how needful was a finely selected set of perfect examples of the great time—and if your Committee would pass a decree and invoke Richmond's help it would be luck, and you would have the best selection that the wit of the world could give you.

"I was greatly struck with Miss Harrison's lecture; admirably illustrated, learned, and without a speck or blemish of pedantry. I know they are lectures you would like—she knows all that the Germans have to tell and still remains human. The Pergamus altar—O heaven and also hell—chiefly hell. Truth is, and it is a scientific induction, a *post factum* and *secundum factum* truth, that, whenever Germans go forth to dig and discover, their special providence provides for them and brings to the surface the most depressing, heavy, conceited, dull products of dead and done-with Greece: and they ought to be thankful, for it is what they like, but we, born under happier circumstances, may turn our commiserating backs upon them."

When speaking about the selection of examples, he once said, "I always judge of a set of school-casts by the absence of Laocoön. If Laocoön 's there, all 's amiss."

Meanwhile Sebastian Evans was not forgotten, and Mr. Kenrick did good service to both his friends by bringing them together. At his instigation Dr. Evans wrote direct to Edward asking where and how they were to meet, and soon the un-strange stranger was sitting at lunch with us, and they were talking together as if they had known each other always. It seemed to be the merest chance that they had not done so really, for it turned out that when Edward used to stay at Harris Bridge Dr. Evans' home was but four miles away, and the two boys, who were much the same age, were at the same time wandering about the same roads and fields. There were strong differences between the new friends, but also points of close sympathy; for instance, deep love of mediaeval and romantic literature, living knowledge of the classics, and humour quick and bright as a flame. Acquaintance, companionship, friendship, and at last warm affection is the history of their relation to each

other; and in the two years after Morris left us, Sebastian came nearer to Edward mentally than any other living man.

In November, Dr. Nevin wrote from Rome saying that the mosaic in the apse of the Church of St. Paul was nearly finished and urging Edward to go out and see it. That was impossible, but his interest in it was unabated, and for years to come he gave much time and thought to a scheme for the decoration of the building; indeed, he once said that he had made plans to cover all the walls from roof to floor with mosaics. "On one wall," he said, "there is a space of forty feet sheer down, where I mean to shoot Lucifer and his knights out of a glittering heaven." These things were not done, for want of funds, but the great arches across the nave were decorated with an Annunciation, a Nativity, and a mystical design which he called the Tree of Forgiveness. Writing of this to a friend, he says:

"I doubt if you will care for it—perhaps you will. It 's one of those things I do outside painting, far away from it. It has more to do with architecture, and isn't a picture a bit. It 's a mystical thing—Christ hanging with outspread arms but not crucified: the cross is turned into a big tree all over leaves, and the stems of the tree are gold. Everything is done to make it not a picture, and the severe limitations of mosaic are all obeyed and observed. I love to work in that fettered way, and am better in a prison than in the open air always. There is a man on one side of him and a woman on the other, and a cornsheaf by the man and two babies and a lily by the woman—that is all. I am doing my best, but it isn't a picture and few will understand it. It is bright colour and will be high up and very big when it is carried out—and it can't be sold and will be in Rome and will last for ever, and that is why I like doing them."

He must have been in the mood to let people find things out for themselves when he thus spoke of "a man" and "a woman" only; another time he described the whole thing more fully, thus:

"I shall make the design I have set my heart on—of a great flowering tree growing all over the space, myriads of

leaves to it—every leaf as big as a man's hand—and in the tree a very pale Christ. On one side of it is Adam and on the other Eve, and two toddles, and these shall stand for mankind." He owned, too, that the lily which grows by Eve prefigured the Annunciation. "There are," he said, "only two sides of Christianity for which I am fitted by the Spirit that designs in me—the carol part and the mystical part. I could not do without mediaeval Christianity. The central idea of it and all it has gathered to itself made the Europe that I exist in. The enthusiasm and devotion, the learning and the art, the humanity and romance, the self-denial and splendid achievement that the human race can never be deprived of, except by a cataclysm that would all but destroy man himself—all belong to it."

Edward's fifty-second birthday was spent at Rottingdean: "On Friday next I reach the unusual age of 109—remember me and drink to me, both you and Leonora," he writes to Mr. Rooke.

The fact returns to my mind that, sick at heart about Irish matters, he took in no English newspaper for part of this year, but subscribed to Galignani instead.

His list of work for 1885 says: "This autumn I began a picture from Margaret, with a round mirror behind her." It was the blue portrait of his daughter which has been often reproduced, and the room reflected in the mirror—recognizable in minute detail to those who knew it—was her own.

The different stages of his children's lives were of profound interest to him, and as they grew up they found in him an elder brother as well as a father. As soon as Margaret was old enough she began to share and then almost entirely to take my post as reader-aloud in the studio. Beside many other books she went through the whole of Thackeray twice in this way; Dickens was my special province. She and Edward had their own world of fun, and for her he invented a "little language," beside the most unheard-of names. I remember hearing him and Millais once talk to each other about their daughters, each boasting that he was the most devoted father. "Ah, but *you* don't take

your daughter's breakfast up to her in bed," said Edward, certain that the prize belonged to him. Millais' triumphant "Yes, I do!" left them only equal.

The Dickens and Thackeray characters lived with us as vividly as they do in thousands of other homes, and to the end of his life Edward never wearied of them.

Old London was always a place he liked to think of: he cherished the idea of the time when the spire of St. Paul's was the highest in the world, and when the city was full of white houses—often chanting to himself from an old ballad, "News was brought to lovely London." About the present Cathedral he felt as he did about St. Peter's, that to him its dulness outweighed any other quality.

Sometimes on a Saturday afternoon he would leave work and carry his daughter with him far into the City to shew

her its old buildings and the houses where celebrated men had lived. One of these jaunts is described in Margaret's journal: "We walked down Holborn, saw Gray's Inn, Staple Inn, Barnard's Inn, Clement's Inn, the Old Bailey, took cab to Christ's Hospital, saw the blue-coats playing, then to St. John's Gate in Smithfield, then to Charterhouse, silent and deserted." But the old men were still there, and for Colonel Newcome's sake, when Founder's Day came, Edward and Margaret went again to Charterhouse and returned thanks in the Chapel, with the "poor Brothers" for whom Thomas Sutton had provided a shelter in their old age. The story of this pilgrimage is also preserved:

"We were rather early for Chapel, and so wandered about the little courts, to see the buildings and to keep warm, for it was bitter chill—how much unlike the burning, still day we were last here. There was cooking going on in one of the quads (in the most beautiful, with little arched entrances at two diagonal corners, and a high-pitched roof round the low buildings). Two huge iron pans were steaming thickly on the top of two bright little fires from which the wind blew showers of sparks—the fires themselves were on a sheet of iron spread on trestles; a man came out of a doorway now and then to stir and superintend. Boys talking and running passed now and then; they had come up from Godalming to keep the day at the old School. We went into the little hall, panelled with dark wood, and saw the long tables spread for dinner to-night: dessert was on them, almonds and raisins and figs and biscuits and every sort of innocence prepared for the young and the aged. We looked in at the door and saw men-cooks rushing about amid steam and smell. Old waiters carried plates and glasses hither and thither. The place was quietly alive, and every now and then, in a dimly lit passage or the cold dark outside, we met old Carthusians or strangers like ourselves. As service drew near we walked up and down in the corridor where tablets to Thackeray and Leech are on the walls—and then entered the little chapel, warm and cosy. About twenty old pensioners with white hair came in, in their black

cloaks, and sat in the body of the chapel. About twenty boys sat on chairs near the altar, with black and yellow heads, looking very young. It was very touching to see those white-headed little old men and those brown-headed little young boys still together—the successors of nearly three hundred years' old men and boys blessed by Thomas Sutton. We looked for Colonel Newcome, but he was not there. As we came out there was a thin new moon in the sky, and her star, both rather yellow from London smoke, and we walked and ran to Blackfriars to keep warm and took train home."

Edward was not often able to take such an excursion as this in December, for as usual, he had to keep the house a great deal during the winter, depending much for amusement upon the letters and visits of friends. An offer from one of these to send him Tolstoi's Anna Karenina to read produced an answer which embodied so much that I have heard from him in a more fragmentary way that I am glad to give it as typical of his constant thought:

"Don't lend me any sad stories—no, not if they are masterpieces. I cannot afford to be made unhappy, and I suspect that book Anna Karenina—I suspect it is Russian, and if it is I know what to expect, and I couldn't bear it. There would be a beautiful woman in it—all that is best in a woman, and she would be miserable and love some trumpery frip (as they do) and die of finding out she had been a fool—and it would be beautifully written and full of nature and just like life, and I couldn't bear it. These books are written for the hard-hearted, to melt them into a softer mood for once before they congeal again—as much music is written—not for poets but for stockjobbers, to wring iron tears from them for once; that is the use of sorrowful art, to penetrate the thick hide of the obtuse, and I have grown to be a coward about pain. I should like that Anna so much and be so sorry for her and wish I had been the man instead of that thing she would have —and it wouldn't be happy. Look! tell me it ends well and that the two lovers marry and are happy ever afterwards, and I'll read it gratefully—and I shall wait your answer.

"I don't mind being harrowed, but then it must be in lofty rhyme or verse heroical—great kings and queens—and then I like it very much; but I can't bear a tale that has in it a woman who is knocked about and made miserable and mad, and thrown away on a wretch, and is altogether heart-breaking. I like such a one, after due troublesomeness and quite bearable anxiety, to marry the hero and be happy ever after—is that very dull or am I very tender-hearted? And I daresay the book is like a Tourgenief book. I love and admire Tourgenief beyond words, but I cannot read him; having read two of him I will read no more. I know how good they are—that the Russians can make splendid women in their books; and I know that ours are but poor things in our books—but I do really suffer when I read them and get demoralized with miserable reflections."

Another reflection of his at another time was: "As a rule I do think men are bricks about women—when they are not stones."

Nothing would induce him to look at Tess of the D'Urbervilles some years later, because of its miserable ending. "I won't have nice girls hanged," he said; "surely such stories are only needed by the hard-hearted. I wish, I wish some one would write a happy tale. I have been reading Rob Roy, and it is perfect, perfect, PERFECT. And I read two or three French tales, but they destroyed me body and soul. How masterly they are no words are good enough to tell, but I hated them."

On February 1st, 1886, writing to Mrs. Wyndham, he says:

"Indeed it does make me happy and comfort and assure me when you like my work—it is trouble enough and sorrow enough to bring forth often—and the only reward I mind is that my friends should care for it.

"The days of last year were so dark towards the end that I could not finish my sleeping princess, and had to set it aside with a reluctant heart, and take up two bits of things to feed the ravening maw of London Exhibitions. This week I have begun a thing for the Academy—and when that is done I shall try to finish a little pretty one

for my old love the Grosvenor—but I want to be painting at my sleeping palace."

"I wonder if you would like my new picture" ("The Depths of the Sea"), he writes a little later to Mrs. Horner; "it will be lost entirely in the Academy—but here it looks like a dream well enough."

Leighton was friendly and happy about "The Depths of the Sea" when he saw it finished; and a trace of his visit remains in the shoal of little fishes that Edward afterwards painted swimming round a pillar of the mermaid's cave. Leighton's note, written on thinking over their talk in the studio, follows:

"Dear Ned, when you shewed me your delightful picture the other day you said you had intended to put fishes along the upper edge of the water, but that you had altered your mind, and you added 'Wasn't I right?' I, not liking, out of shyness, to say 'No,' said 'Yes'"—wherein I spake a foolish thing—after my too frequent habit! On the contrary I like the idea of the fish up there *hugely*—they would emphasize the fanciful character which is the charm of the picture, and would bring home to the vulgar eye (a dull orb and a multitudinous) the *underwateriness* which you have indicated by those delightful green swirls in the background. *Liberavi animam meam*—put them in, Ned, they will be lovely."

This done, and not to the picture's hurt, there followed in due order notifications of "varnishing day" and of the "banquet" at the Royal Academy. But Edward was away to Rottingdean—worn out with work—as soon as he had sent off his pictures for the Grosvenor Gallery. These were three in number: "The Morning of the Resurrection," "The Delphic Sibyl," and "Flamma Vestalis," which only went in on the 27th of April. A letter from Leighton, however, brought him back to town for the banquet on May 1st. The President wrote: "I don't know how to summon up brutal courage to urge you to come up for the dinner (returning to Brighton by the 10.5 train that night). I can't do more than say that this, the first dinner since your

election, seems to me the most important. There is no place in which you have warmer sympathizers than in your own brotherhood, but there are of course men who would say perhaps 'See, even now he won't have anything to say to us—he won't even come to the first banquet.' It would distress me to hear that, but I won't say any more, Ned. You may feel stronger after your first day's breathe—if not—well—alas."

The personal note in this was enough, and Edward made the effort, rather than distress Leighton.

We always associated "The Depths of the Sea" with our dear "Siren," for the face of the mermaid had some likeness to her strange charm of expression. It was this that Edward meant when, soon after beginning the picture, he said: "I am painting a scene in Laura's previous existence." On Easter Eve this much-loved creature died.

"It is the sorrowfullest ending," he wrote, "poor, bright, sweet little thing. I dread knowing any more of people, or watching in a stupid unhelpful way the calamities that rain upon them." And, a few weeks later, "I have no clear idea of a memorial to that little darling, but I should like it. I like praise of the dead, and keeping Saints' days and holy days for them. I did make one very little oblation which I made so obscure that no one has discovered it—it is on the left-hand corner of the Resurrection picture at the Grosvenor—only the words 'In Memoriam L. L. Easter 1886.' I didn't want it to be obtrusive and am glad no one has seen it. And I have schemed a memorial tablet for her if it is ever needed; perhaps I may carry it out and set it up at home, for we all loved her dearly."

He did make a tablet, employing in its execution a kind of material and workmanship quite new to him. It was a bas-relief in gesso: "durable as granite and enduring till the Judgment Day," he described it. "It is eight feet high, and is an effigy of a peacock, which is the symbol of the Resurrection, standing upon a laurel-tree—and the laurel grows out of the tomb and bursts through the sides of the tomb with a determination to go on living, and refusing to be dead."

This was left pure white and put up in a church, but for ourselves a cast was made which Edward painted in full, deep colour, and we kept it in the entrance hall at the Grange. There was much beautiful lettering on it, beginning with the words *Non est hic, sed surrexit*, and below was a Latin inscription made by Dean Church, one of the many who had loved her.

July is marked by this confession:

"I have been in deep blues—no, not blues, for they would be heavenly, but blacks—no reason on earth for it, but deep in melancholy, as sometimes happens to me. Can't help it—it comes down like a blight and lifts and goes away one day all of itself, but while it lasts it is often nigh unto despair."

The high pressure of other work during these years left little time to spare for "Avalon," which remained waiting for him in the Campden Hill studio. An assistant was at times employed on the preparation of certain parts of the picture, but after 1885 it is long before its name reappears in the yearly work list. A day was snatched for it occasionally though, and many a word shews that the subject was never forgotten. To a friend, from whom there came a sorrowful letter, he says:

"Send me a happy letter soon and be not troubled. Nothing matters but Avalon—here are two lines for thee from an ancient poem about it:

> There is a pleasant city on the surface of the sea;
> Joyous its high tide, beautiful its king."

When, after her marriage, Mrs. Horner went to live in Somersetshire, within a possible drive of Glastonbury, he wrote to tell her of the romance that circled round that ancient place: "Every time you write, mention Glastonbury to me," he said, "and one day, if I were to go to you, would you take me there?"

When she told him that she had been there herself, he wrote again. The half-humorous allusions to Mr. Freeman in this letter had their origin partly in Edward's in-

stinctive aversion from the historian's Saxon standpoint, and partly in a pretended grudge that he should live, as he did, in that "magical land" of Celtic romance.

"It is true about Glastonbury then," he begins, "and I didn't make it up: it was years ago when I saw it, and I have a way of seeing what I want into things—I wanted it to be Avalon very much—and indeed I could talk of it with you for a long day, in despite of Freeman and the likes of him. Besides, it 's true, what I would tell you—and it 's the wonderfullest of tales.

"Did you go along the causeway and think of it once as a mere, and the shining island in the middle? It must have shone really—else Freeman's prosy forefathers would never have called it the Glass-thing-town—it must have glittered again for them to have noticed it. I shall wonder till the end what it was that was such a marvel there.

"Did they tell you it was the city of the perpetual choir, so that all day and night without ceasing it went on—to the exceeding disgust of the Saxons or Freemen, who got in at last and smashed it up and put an end to the crystal town and the singing, and settled down and drank ale and ate beef there till now. *Ynisaval*—apple island—is its old name, and *Yniswytren*—glass island—and it must have seemed the very thing that was right to set the Chapel of the San Graal there and the spear that trembled, and the place for Arthur to sleep in. All the way from Amesbury (about which I can tell you marvels) on to Glastonbury is romance land, the most beautiful and sweet that ever was, I think, soaked in wonderful tales. Nothing was ever like Morte d'Arthur—I don't mean any one book or any one poem, something that never can be written I mean, and can never go out of the heart. And Freeman is not so much as to set hoof on it, is he? He shall write about the English—a fine and successful people, whose ways I would study if I had ten lives. However, it 's quite true I am always mooning about it, and it 's pretty that you have gone to live in a magical land that I dream about."

The name of the place where Mr. Rooke went this year to

make a drawing for Mr. Ruskin was Avallon in Burgundy, and that set Edward dreaming of a French Avalon.

"But how is it that you are at Avalon, where I have striven to be with all my might—and how did you get there and how does Arthur the King? And is Morgan le Fay as beautiful as they said, or are these secrets and not to be told? If so don't tell me, for I can't keep secrets."

Then, after speaking of various things he had been working on, he ends: "I have designed many pictures that are to be painted in Avalon—secure me a famous wall, for I have much to say."

On November 2nd Edward received a letter from Mr. Alfred Hunt which was the prelude to his re-entering the Old Water Colour Society—by this time known as the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. Mr. Hunt was evidently informally commissioned to learn Edward's feeling in the matter. He writes: "My dear Mr. Burne-Jones, I hope you will forgive me if I ask you to think over the following suggestion. Would it be possible for you to rejoin the Old Water Colour Society? There is a vacancy among the Members which must be filled up on Nov. 30th. The laws of the Society provide for the re-admission of any former Member to full Membership, and, I venture to think, that if you would allow yourself to be re-elected, you would do a very great service to English art. I wish you would resume your old place among us. In my belief, your leaving us, along with Sir F. Burton, was the most serious blow which that Society has sustained in our time."

For Mr. Hunt Edward always had an affectionate liking, and towards the Society he felt no ill-will, so he replied at once: "I should not like to take any step without consulting Burton—he stood by me and retired with me, and if I returned again I should like it to be in his company. I wish you were here to talk over the matter. It was so contrary to every wish of mine that the Society suffered any inconvenience from me, nor was I at all aware until it was over that Burton ever dreamed of withdrawing: what I did was never meant to vex, trouble, or cast a slight upon any—but

after that experience I never again should have felt free, and freedom is needful for me."

The next day, he wrote again: "I have been thinking over your letter, and considering the matter from many sides, and the more I think the more difficulties present themselves, and I wish we could have a personal talk—for letter-writing is for many reasons unsatisfactory.

"I am, as it is, overworked and overstrained at exhibition time. To send some work to the Grosvenor when I can, I am in all honour bound, for their courtesy has been unfailing,—and to send to the Academy I am in duty bound—and this last spring, between them, they were near killing the goose that lays the—well, pewter eggs let us call them. New responsibility of that kind would be, I am quite certain, mad in me. And then I am useless at all meetings—for they are my despair, and dishearten me for days afterwards. I am not in harmony at all with associations like the Academy and Old Water Colour Society; my real home would be in a society which embraces and covers all art—everything that art enters into—and the disintegration of art and the development and favouring of little portions of it is a sore matter to me. I should like the O. W. C. and the Institute and the Grosvenor Gallery and the R. A. to be gathered into a National Academy, and much else besides gathered with it, and for this Herculean task I am in no wise fitted to labour—only it is what I sorely want. To work incessantly and busily at my pictures is all I am good for, and for this I should like much more silence, retirement and peace than I can get. But postpone matters till you come back and let us talk it over. If it were possible for me to make some sign of friendship and fellowship with my old friends—with whom I never had one moment's pique—I should be glad."

By return of post Mr. Hunt answered:

"I see the full force of your objections; and feel exactly as you do about Exhibitions and (except as useful for certain stages of art) all separate art Societies: and what is worst of all for me as an advocate, I cannot bring myself to

try to persuade you—much. With respect to Sir F. Burton, I hoped to re-unite him as an honorary Member. Once an artist always an artist—but Burton is no longer an artist in the limited professional sense [he was now the Director of the National Gallery], and therefore can be elected as an honorary member." Here Mr. Hunt's difficulty as to using persuasion suddenly disappears, and he continues: "*You must come in.* The time will come when these different Societies will be federated. The time has already come when we, most of us, understand that a true artist will always do his best and can't do more—least of all count on, or make a principal thing of, getting pictures done for this or that exhibition. The O. W. S. wants and deserves your help. It is your influence, your selection of men to be elected, and your vote for the right sort of men which the Society wants. I am certain that you will not find membership irksome."

Edward consulted with Sir Frederick Burton, who advised him to accept the invitation, while he himself was willing to return to the Society as an honorary member. On December 1st came the Secretary's official notice of their re-election. But Edward remained heavy-hearted, and his lasting feeling was: "For myself I should of all things love to keep out of publicity for a while, not exhibiting anywhere, but quietly finishing my work without hurry: so much I hate Exhibitions and look on them as destructive of aim and resolution and the necessary peace of all lasting work."

"Why on earth," he exclaimed another time, "and in the name of what infernal ghoul we fret our hearts yearly over these trumpery exhibitions, I cannot think—it has nothing on earth to do with me really, and is mere weak-minded flabby acquiescence in a system I hate, loathe, and abjure."

All the time given to stained glass from March to November this year was devoted to two large designs of the Nativity and Crucifixion for windows in St. Philip's Church, Birmingham, which Morris carried out in glorious colour. This chapter shall close by our looking over Edward's shoulder when one day in winter he took out the Firm's account-book to enter the item, and filled six pages, as it

were by one stroke of the pen, with the last long outburst of fun that the little book contains:

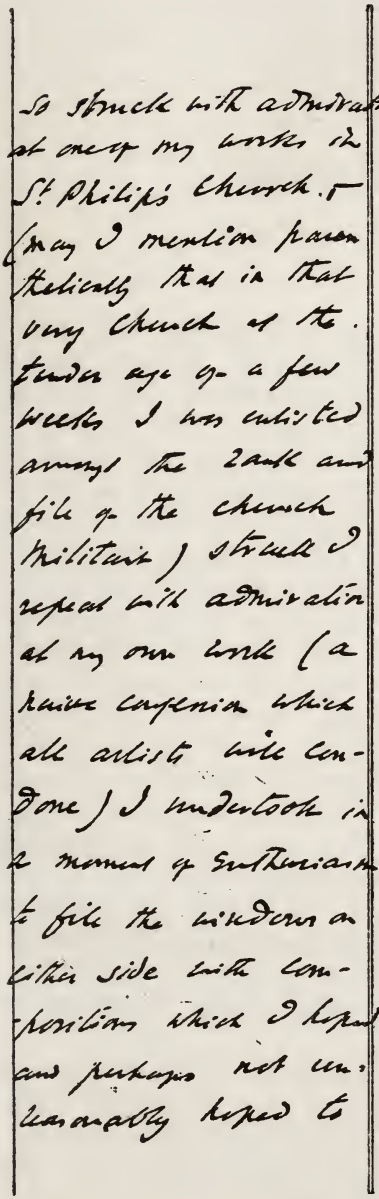
"Two cartoons for St. Philip's, Birmingham. We now come to an event in the history of my connexion with the Firm upon which I would fain have kept silence: as it is I can but implore those who hereafter have curiosity or interest enough to peruse this ledger, to withhold from public notice the disastrous transaction now to be recorded.

"It was in the year (I was about to say of grace) 1885 that, visiting my native city of Birmingham, I was so struck with admiration at one of my works in St. Philip's Church (may I mention parenthetically that in that very Church at the tender age of a few weeks I was enlisted amongst the rank and file of the Church Militant) struck, I repeat, with admiration at my own work (a *naïve* confession which all artists will condone) I undertook in a moment of enthusiasm to fill the windows on either side with compositions which I hoped, and perhaps not unreasonably hoped, to make worthy of my former achievement.

"In the glow of the moment, carried out of myself with a sort of rapture, and as it were defenceless against the shafts of the avaricious and the mercantile, I made no pecuniary stipulation. My thoughts, if not my actual words, were 'I am in Mr. Morris' hands—in the hands, that is, of an old and tried friend; he will see that my wife and children shall not suffer; he will take care that my old age shall not be embarrassed nor my good name tarnished by the offer of any inadequate compensation.'

"In this assurance I toiled—the heat of Summer, the chills of Autumn, the gloom of incipient Winter have seen me still at the work.

"And to what result? To this result, that for the production of two immense designs pronounced by my own family and one or two intimate friends to be masterpieces marking the culmination of my powers, my wages have been assessed at a sum of ——, a pittance so contemptible that the idea for one moment occurred to me to hand over the despicable amount for parochial distribution—an unworthy



So struck with admiration at once my work in St Philip's Church. — (may I mention parenthetically that is that very Church at the tender age of a few weeks I was enlisted among the 2and file of the church Militant) I struck I repeat with admiration at my own work (a house carpenter which all artists will condone) I undertook in a moment of Enthusiasm to fill the windows on either side with compositions which I hoped and perhaps not unreasonably hoped to

thought, wrung out of me by honest indignation, which I immediately discarded.

"I have done my work—I have also learnt a lesson for which I did not stipulate and for which I tender my thanks to the Firm.

"How far art may be purified and exalted by martyrdom is a subject of interesting speculation—but to discuss the temper of those who can derive worldly advantage from the tortures of the oppressed, while it would nauseate the jaded appetite of the cynic and jar upon the nerves of the profligate, can command neither the interest of the intelligent nor the sympathy of the virtuous."

CHAPTER XXII

THINGS NEW AND OLD
1887—1889

IT was not until the stages of designing and making studies for a picture were past that Edward liked to talk as he worked; then a friend who looked in would be welcome, and few subjects came amiss; his "Don't go!" must linger still in many an ear. Sitting or standing at his easel, and not seeing any listener, he would go on talking much longer than when unoccupied—sometimes in a very memorable way. After nearly five and twenty years of this studio-talk had passed unrecorded, it occurred to Mr. Rooke that he would try to perpetuate some of the outpouring, and he then began, unknown to Edward, to make furtive notes on backs of drawings, edges of newspapers, or any available space. These jottings, afterwards filled up and sacredly kept from every other eye, he brought to me when the end came. In them I recognized the mind and even the voice of the speaker, and could only remain astonished at the disciplined memory which thus made the past live again in Edward's own unmistakeable words.

From this storehouse I shall now draw freely for the expression of his thoughts, opinions and beliefs of the widest range: the date at which they were uttered matters little, for they are mature. I shall still, however, follow the sequence of outward things.

"The Garden of Pan," exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1887, is a fulfilment of part of Edward's intention to paint the Beginning of the World. He first called it "The Youth of Pan," but, feeling dissatisfied with that name, asked Mr. Mackail to find another, which he adopted.

Of this picture he said: "The god is mightily satisfied with himself, as an artist commonly is—the picture has no satire in it, but is meant to be a little foolish and to delight in foolishness—and is a reaction from the dazzle of London wit and wisdom."

Another picture that he did this year might be called a reaction from the glamour of all the world's pleasure-seeking. It was a small water-colour touched with gold, of St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, and was designed expressly for Father Damien, the leper-priest of Molokai. To him it was taken by our friend Mr. Clifford (artist and honorary secretary of the Church Army), who was going the long journey in order to carry out a certain oil, thought by some to be a cure for leprosy, and also, as he himself said, that he might shew sympathy and affection to Father Damien. The reverence that Edward felt for this martyr of our own time need not be dwelt upon: he painted the picture and sent it, and it was understood. "It was the most precious of all the presents that I took to Father Damien," writes Mr. Clifford, "and I can see now his face as he first looked at it and studied it." Owing to various causes it did not reach Molokai until December, 1888, and when the devoted priest died four months later, it was given to the lepers' chapel. A little note which came back to Edward from Father Damien was valued greatly. He said: "I shall treasure the brief words all my life—very brief, and in a language he is not used to, but I find them very touching. O, but I couldn't be good like that, and live with lepers."

These were the Father's words:

"Many thanks for your kindness. May the Lord inspire you with holy thoughts and bless with all His Holy Graces."

This note, together with a spray of fern from the island and a photograph from a sketch that Mr. Clifford made of the poor marred face, was framed by Edward and stood always opposite the foot of his bed. The face, he said, was of a type for which he was not prepared, "something between that profile of Michael Angelo we know and a sailor —unless indeed the leprosy has of late changed his face—

for Clifford said he had not seen his image for years (having naturally no looking-glass) and was a good deal pained when he saw the drawing."

A description that Mr. Clifford gave, on his return, of the land and people of Molokai interested Edward extremely, so that he filled a whole letter to his daughter with it:

"There 's a big volcano there, the awfullest in all the world. Clifford went out to see it, and stayed by it five days—he stayed at a little house beside the edge of it. One morning very early, five in the morning, he saw on the crater rim a beautiful tall girl, crowned with jessamine and roses, dancing—that is, Malay dancing, swaying and moving hands and body but only shuffling feet, as we saw them. She danced and never stopt till evening: she was the beautifullest thing he ever saw. From dewy dawn till dewy eve she swayed over the crater edge—AND SHE IS TO BE SENT TO LONDON THIS SUMMER TO BE EDUCATED AT A HIGH SCHOOL LIMITED, OH DAMN!

"He made me laugh, did Clifford, about the Christian names of some boys, who had chosen their own names at baptism. One was Emetic, another Mrs. Hopkins, others First Nose, Fall from a horse, Susan Jane and others—all boys. It struck me in the night time, when I think about this world and the one that has been and the one that is to come, that it may have been gratitude on the boys' part, for kindness received from a Mrs. Hopkins or an emetic, or a horse-fall that hadn't hurt much. But First Nose puzzles me."

A design more widely known than that at Molokai was now to be made—that of the Adoration of the Kings, which Morris wove into a splendid piece of tapestry for the Chapel of Exeter College. "It will be a blaze of colour and look like a carol," Edward wrote. About this subject he recalled a saying of Ruskin's, and I find a letter in which he reminds Ruskin of it: "Do you remember ages ago, in Milan it was, when in the impudence of youth I said I liked the subject of the Shepherds best, and you straight-

St. Francis

design for a picture sent to Father Damien.

way blew me up, and said 'No, Ned, they had everything to gain by coming, and it was greater grace in the kings to leave their kingdoms and come.' At which I was abashed and fell to thinking. So I am taking great pains over the kings, and have repented."

This summer was one of the most beautiful possible, after a cold and wet spring, and our Rottingdean holiday was in glorious weather. We kept his birthday there, and he said of our whole stay: "It was a serene little time and I loved it, for this is a summer after my heart, and all the days of it are precious—never was such a summer since one I remember in Lebanon before the Flood, when I attended divine worship at Astarte's Church. So I have basked and been at peace. It was all like one day, nothing happened, the sun beat upon the hills, and they were covered with wheat-sheaves, making tears gather to the eyes. I had my Book of Flowers with me, and designed five new ones—the Key of Spring I did, and Love in a Tangle, and Witches' Tree and the Grave of the Sea and Black Archangel and Golden Greeting. I wish Golden Greeting were quite true—just as I did it I wish it might really be. Nothing else will ever be what I want but that."

But he had work to do in London, and went back soon after his birthday. A letter to his daughter shews him alone at the Grange:

"It is Wednesday evening. I have had a chop and have read my Bozzy and the fire is lighted and I am writing to my sweet—and have read and re-read her dear letter. I can't face the drawing-room, it is too big and gloomy, but I am writing in the little dining-room, where I shall sit awhile and then go to bed—for I have stood at my work all day, and fain would lie down. And I have ordered niceties and dainties for Frill [Margaret's cat] and that she shall breakfast with me every morning.

"The garden looks lovely still—a little sad, except in the first morning hours when the autumn sun shines upon it and makes it look divine, but in the afternoon it is given over to sadness and at twilight is haunted, by spirits,

not ghosts—wraith and spectre never entered this dear garden, nor ever a ghost I think, but a soft spirit there is I am sure.

"I long for you back, and long to hear the organ. No one person I know is in wide London, but I shall not mind it, for on Saturday Phil will come and it will be happy."

To Mrs. Horner, whose summer holiday had carried her to Iona, he writes at this same time:

"I know Iona, as I know Damascus and Bagdad. When you saw the little grey church by the sea did you know Columba's hymn about it—song, not hymn—they made one hate that word when we were little"—and he writes it out for her before continuing:

"Yes, I've lived a long time in Iona, and love the sea, though you say I don't. But I can't afford to see it much, as I can't afford to read Tolstoi, and there's many another melancholy splendid thing in the world I can't be trusted with. Do you remember that bonny bit when the king's daughters of Ireland, Ethne the fair and Fedelm the ruddy, come on the monks at a well, and ask about their God? 'Who is God, and where is God and of what is God, and where is his dwelling-place? Has your God sons and daughters, gold and silver? Is he everlasting? Is he beautiful? Did many foster his son? Are his daughters dear and beautiful to men of the world? Is he in heaven or on earth or in the sea? in rivers? in the mountains? in the valleys? How shall he be seen? How shall he be loved? How shall he be found? Is it in youth? Is it in old age he shall be found?' Oh dear, what a nice world it is."

But after this respite much business awaited him. The resignation by Mr. C. E. Hallé and Mr. J. Comyns Carr of their places on the Direction of the Grosvenor Gallery was announced in The Times of November 2nd, and with them Edward also withdrew—a sad ending to what had begun so fairly. The history of this change does not belong here, but since Edward lit the match that led to the explosion I shall reproduce some words of his which

explain his position. They were in a letter to Mr. Hallé, dated October 3rd:

"I am troubled and anxious more than I can say by the way in which it seems to me the Gallery has been gradually slipping from its position and from the point to which it was so laboriously worked up, to that of a room which can be hired for evening parties. The Gallery has had some struggles for existence and has had to stand the test of incessant comparison with the Royal Academy, and many used to comfort themselves by thinking it had more directness of aim than the older body had been able to preserve on its enormous scale of exhibition—any way, the place got a character of its own, and its name has been respected, and I do seriously feel that all this is being imperilled by the innovations of this last season, and that steadily and surely the Gallery is losing caste: club rooms, concert rooms, and the rest, were not in the plan, and must and will degrade it. One night we are a background for tobacco and another for flirting—excellent things both, but then not there. So tell as much of this as you like to Sir C. and Carr—and you will I know all hold me excused, since it means that the matter is of serious importance to me, that I am wrapped up in the place, and cannot and would not disentangle—and let me know what they think."

The whole letter was laid before Sir Coutts Lindsay, fully endorsed by Mr. Carr and Mr. Hallé, and the matter once put into words soon resulted in their resignation, followed by Edward's, "miserable at the breakdown of so handsome an undertaking as it was."

In the midst of everything he could still see one good side though: "This is cheerful about it, that it can burst up and end when it is rotten—in which it differs from more established and ancient bodies, that though they be rotten to the marrow of the backbone must pretend to be alive."

"It has been a sickening and discouraging affair," he wrote to Mr. Watts, "and my only delight is that you have been kept well out of it. I couldn't be, alas! as my letter brought about the catastrophe I could not withdraw

publicly from what I had done privately, and many is the insult and annoyance I have had. Sir C. never came again nor answered my letter to him, but as far as I can see the public and society and the press are all with him—so be it."

The extraordinary vigour of Mr. Hallé, however, who decided at once to carry out elsewhere the purpose from which the Grosvenor Gallery had swerved, resulted, to the astonishment of every one, in the building of another gallery, and its completion by the following May. Only affectation could have made Edward pretend not to see in this how strong was the feeling for himself which his friends Carr and Hallé combined with their resolve not to be baffled in carrying out a principle; so once more he put aside his own wish for quiet and seconded their efforts.

A pleasant evening in November spent at the house of his friend Stopford Brooke had pleasant results, for which Edward prepared me by this announcement: "I met a lady last night, Georgie, who has the Equator running through her back-garden." These words gave an impression of warmth and brightness which, as we came to know her well, we found embodied in the owner of the "back-garden," Lady Brooke, Ranee of Sarawak. She and her three boys, for whom she was then making a home in England, were extraordinarily devoted to each other, and it is difficult to think of her without seeing an image of the whole group.

In February, 1888, he writes to an invalid friend:

"The New Gallery is begun, and men are working night and day. There the pictures will be on the ground floor—no steps to mount—and was it not thoughtful of us to make it so much to your liking? You will enter in Regent Street, and at once, in five paces, be in a marvellous place reminding you of Cairo and Damascus, and in another minute, without going up one step, you will be gazing on pictures —such as they happen to be."

He had decided to send three important ones himself: "The Tower of Brass," "The Rock of Doom," and "The Doom fulfilled"; but the effort to finish them was ex-

cessive. In April he says: "I am harried to bits with work, and have no wits left me. This last week I broke down and had to put by everything and deliver myself up to despair." As soon as the task was accomplished he went down to Rottingdean. A letter to a very old friend whilst he was there says:

"I have seen no newspapers, only people tell me the Gallery is successful, and I am pleased. The public who said it couldn't succeed, and the press who said it wouldn't, and society who said it shouldn't, all wrong—all wrong as usual, as they always are—the one infallible law of nature that knows no exception."

To Mr. Watts he spoke of a difficulty that was already looming with regard to the Royal Academy:

"I am so sorry it vexes you that I send nothing to the Academy—unless I had the hands of Briareus I couldn't this year, but I wish it didn't vex you. I wouldn't mind confessing to you privately that I feel a bit offended with the Academy, not much, but enough to make me a bit indifferent to the affair. It 's a rude old habit of theirs, this of offering unsolicited honours to men who can do without them, and then, instead of perfecting their act of grace, waiting till the day of graceful action is past—but it is an infinitely little matter."

Another letter to Mr. Watts, who was at Mentone for the winter, tells of a thing that moved him deeply and filled his heart for months to come—the engagement of our daughter and her marriage to Mr. Mackail:

"I have been long wanting to write to you, but first the Grosvenor quarrel gave me no heart to do it, so sick of it I was, and then dear Aunt Sara's [Mrs. Prinsep's] death was a break in life so serious that again I had no heart to write to you. Now I begin with a bit of news that will touch you both I know—for my little Margaret is engaged.

"I haven't felt very good about it—I have behaved better than I felt. She looks very happy, and before he wanted her, and before I dreamt of any such thing, I thought him

a fine gentleman through and through, and yet, look what he has done to me! I have known him for seven years, and always he seemed a grave learned man who came to talk to me about books—and it wasn't about books he came, and now where am I in the story? Send her a little blessing, for she loves you both—and say nothing consoling to me, for I have in me no bit of wisdom or philosophy, or ever had or shall have."

Parental egotism forgets in this letter even to mention the name of the man who was to marry his daughter; nor is it found in the announcement that he sent to Lady Leighton:

"Events travel very fast and I can't keep up with them. Here is my darling Margaret on whom I depend for everything and without whom I should crumble into senility in an hour—and what has she done? Yes, what indeed, but engaged herself. And I wanted to write cheerfully about it and can't—I lose so much—and for a little while shall feel nasty and spiteful and grudging. But I want to tell you, for you are such a dear friend to me, and I know you will send up a bit of a prayer for her."

He did indeed go through a short torment of jealousy, but within a fortnight could say: "I have grown good again and feel at peace about her, and not jealous any more."

"Yes, I am peaceful in the prospect," he writes to Mrs. Drew, "and all looks happy for them and everybody seems glad. Since some day it had to be, this is the happiest of all ways in which it could be for me. Sometimes I grizzle, but mostly I feel content and happy about it. You are one of his friends—he has very many—who all seem to love him; and I do and have done this many a day."

But he never really was at peace until after the marriage.

At the end of July he writes:

"We all went on Wednesday to the dean of the Rottings, and had a peaceful time. I want to be there with Margaret while I can, and shall go backwards and forwards till the day arrives. I went into the little grey church which is so bonny, to try and feel what it would be like when I have

to take her and hand her over for life to her husband, and I couldn't imagine how it would be. I daresay I shall scarcely feel at all, only be stupid and dazed—so it has been with me always in big troubles. I shall watch mortar lines on the walls or some insignificance or other and be quite stupid."

When it was agreed that the marriage should take place at the beginning of September, he reminded us that it must not be on the 3rd, the day of his mother's death, so it was fixed for the 4th, at Rottingdean, and the wedding party numbered eleven souls only.

On the 5th he wrote of it to Lady Leighton:

"Your letter came to me as we sat at the feast table after the wedding—so timely was it. And now it is over and by and bye I will get hard-hearted.

"But all went very prettily. Though we tried to keep it dark the village got to know—at one o'clock it was—and the way to the church door was thronged with people out of whom came four damsels in white with big baskets of rose-leaves, which they shed over the pathway. It was all like a thing in a dream to me, but I saw that it was a pretty sight.

"Margaret walked between Georgie and me and it seemed to rain rose-leaves—that was the only rain there was, for the sky was bright windy blue—and as they went back, more roses—some kind heart had thought of it and it made the beauty of the day.

"Also the parson kept the service well under control, and though no one loves rude forefathers of the world more than I do or more hates their landmarks removed, I was glad he only said marriage was ordained for mutual help and comfort, all seemed so soon over.

"We hung up curtains of needlework on the walls of the room, and covered the wall above them with branches—all the room was myrtle and roses—and her big bouquet was white roses and jasmine. She looked so bonny. I behaved pretty well—and Margaret herself was quietest of all. I was up betimes, but she was asleep till her accustomed hour,

and went about her wonted ways and quietly dressed herself when the hour came. There was no music, for the organ is only an organ in name, and it were better it were an internal organ in the vicar's body for any music to be got out of it, and there were no bells—but I had the bells of Kensington rung for an hour, so that I hear as many as forty people gathered in the church there and much folk in the street. It would not hurt them to sit and think in a church for a while, so I won't pity them.

"Then the two went their ways into the world. And it is over.

"Whatever rainy days come I will try and remember gratefully that it was fine yesterday, and the sun shone upon the maid. The hills were full of harvest all about—a broad yellow land—the church looked a thousand times older than the hills.

"Oh, there is nothing but gratitude in my heart, my dear—her life has been so happy till now and surely it will be happier than ever. I have gone down to my studio to look at work, and for the first time for many a day I feel as if I could work and the cloud has lifted." But also he wrote: "As for us who are left, we are without doubt many years older."

The Parnell Commission which opened in October was a phase of the Irish Question upon which Edward was not silent:

"And here in London all this waste of time and money over horrid things in Ireland, with Whitechapel two miles off more ghastly in its purposeless crimes than all the story of Ireland put together. Did you see Gordon's letter quoted in Court? I loved it as I love him—it stood outside of politics altogether—it went straight to the heart."

Whilst the Commission was sitting he went once or twice with Sir George Lewis to the Law Courts and closely listened and watched, sitting where he could see the face of Mr. Parnell clearly. "Charles Stewart Parnell," he once said, "God only knows what he really was, but I saw him in court and watched him the day long: he was like Christ."

Of the miserable Pigott, the perjured witness against Parnell, he wrote:

"And I have grown philosophical—it came of seeing Pigott in the witness-box, who looked like half the dreary men one meets, and I don't see why the rest of the Pigotts shouldn't be found out too. So it made me reflect on crime and its connexion with being found out, and made me philosophical and depressed."

But on another day his mind turned to a more cheerful exercise: "Legal testimony doesn't affect me at all and I want people tried for their faces—so I spent the time in court settling things all my own way, and I tried the judges first, and acquitted one, so that he sits in court without a blemish on his character, and one I admitted to mercy, and of the other have postponed the trial for further evidence: and then I tried the counsel on both sides, and one of them I am sorry to say will have to be hanged for his face."

On the publication of Plain Tales from the Hills by Rudyard Kipling this year Edward wrote to their author from a heart full of satisfied hope:

"I want to send you a greeting and tell you with what delight and pride I have read your tale-book—read it this last week, being disabled for work, and it was a mighty comfort and beguilement to me—I don't know when I have so enjoyed a tale-book, and it would be a shame if I didn't write a word of congratulation, though God knows I do hate letter-writing of all mortal things. All the time I kept seeing the little chap—square-built chap—that I was downright fond of fifty years ago, and I don't think you have changed a bit, nor I much.

"I won't write a line of criticism, I do so hate the jargon of it—even in the best hands I dread it and scuttle out of its company—it 's enough to tell you I read every line with deep interest and an admiration I wouldn't qualify, even if I thought it good for your soul, so abundant it is. And I'll look forward to Mother Maturin. But sure nothing is so nice as a book of little tales, when if they are tragical they are not long enough to harrow the heart too much, and if

they are merry, the gods are not likely to envy us ten minutes' fun. Dear Ruddy, this is the truth, your work will be a new pleasure to me in life."

About the first Christmas Day after the marriage of our daughter there is this note made, on December 26th: "Yesterday was pretty because Margaret came and dined here like a good girl, and we had rather a sacred evening."

Early in January news came to Edward that Mr. Jones was ill; so together with Mr. Price, who was staying with us, he went down to Birmingham, and found his father sinking under his eighty-seven years to an apparently painless death. A week afterwards he died.

"On Thursday I bury my father," Edward wrote to Mrs. Horner, "he died on Saturday, and I am living much forty years ago these days." Miss Sampson had died nearly three years before this.

The vault in which his young mother was buried had long been closed, so Edward brought the body of his aged father to London and laid it in the grave which we had bought in Brompton Cemetery when our second child died. There also Mrs. Catherwood was buried.

Nothing I could say would describe Edward more clearly than his demeanour towards his father's widow at this time. The day before the funeral he arranged for her father to bring her up to town, to a lodging prepared for them, where he called on their arrival to assure himself of her health and comfort, and the next morning he led her upon his arm to the graveside. He arranged, too, that unless she married again she should keep in death the place that his father had given her in life, and share the grave with him. She did re-marry, however, and news of her own death reached us before very long.

To the Spring Exhibition of the New Gallery Edward sent no picture, but only a number of drawings and studies. "So this year I rest," he said, "not from work but from advertising my work, and I feel clean and happy and comfortable in consequence."

In March we went to the musical afternoon to which

Leighton of his kindness bade his friends every year. There Joachim and Piatti used to be surrounded by lovers and friends, and to play in the way that artists do when every nerve is laid to rest by sympathy and every note is waited for and listened to. Who that was there can forget the feeling that ran through the room a second before the music began, when Leighton took his seat to the left of the piano and uttered that tremendous "Hush!" which made Sunday scholars of us all? This was the only occasion on which some of us met during the year, and the first glance at each other took in Time's ravages or healing. Thus for long we saw the white head of Leighton's father grow whiter and his form more bent as he passed along the room to reach the chair placed for him, until he ceased to come at all. And who but members the north window always filled by a huge pink azalea behind which sat a favoured group of friends' children so long as they were young enough—and then how, one by one, they came out and joined the older guests?

It is of this party that Edward writes:

"One *festa* I have been to, one only, the annual Leighton concert. No new faces come, and that is kind of him—we get older and older, no new life is asked to take our places—it is really kind. It is like the Waterloo banquet; in a few years we shall be forty, twenty, five, in number—listening to the best music the time can give. It is pitiful to hear the guests say one ever-repeated thing to each other: 'You don't look a bit changed, not a bit.' They do look changed, dreadfully changed—they are fat where they were thin, and thin where they were plump, and dim-eyed and disillusioned all round, but one constant thing they say is that they don't look changed. And what noble fights some wage with Time; of course he has the best of it, but how nobly they give in, after what a fight."

I find in my diary that the Royal Academy banquet was attended again this year.

The doctrine of the excellence of unfinished work was necessarily repugnant to Edward, who at first was incredulous as to its being seriously held by any one; but as what

is called the "Impressionist" school gained ground it became one of the most disheartening thoughts of his life. The words which he had uttered publicly in 1878—"I think that nothing short of perfect finish ought to be allowed by artists"—did not express an opinion of the time merely, but a sure conviction to which the great art of the world bore witness; and the fulfilment of his warning "if unfinished pictures become common we shall arrive at a stage of mere manufacture, and the art of the country will be degraded," seemed at hand.

His reply to the claim made that "breadth" was gained by lack of finish was that breadth could be got "by beautiful finish and bright, clear colour well-matched, rather than by muzzy. They do make atmosphere," he said, "but they don't make anything else: they don't make beauty, they don't make design, they don't make idea, they don't make anything else but atmosphere—and I don't think that 's enough—I don't think it 's very much."

He felt that a great part of the difficulty of painting was evaded by such a lowering of its standard.

"They get breadth and a pleasant sense of flatness, it is true, but that is not by any means a new thing in the world; it has been done before, most distinctly, and of itself is nothing to make a fuss about. Other men are hard at it trying to do their work without a fuss, but they seem to be a lot of young men setting out to take painting from its most agreeable side, to have the least trouble over their work or getting things or ideas together for it."

Another complaint was: "They express the human figure badly—never make a beautiful face or put a desirable sentiment into it."

Whistler, who was quoted to him sometimes, he placed far above any of his followers; his technique he called perfect and his colour always good. "Whistler is another matter—but they are completely in the hands of their models, and there is no class so undesirable to be in the hands of." The paucity of ideas in the pictures of the school troubled him: "I never saw any set of people so destitute

of ideas," he exclaimed, "who are so bent on making painting a stupid art, who constantly justify Byron's cruel saying of it that it is a stupid art." But more than equal to his vexation and impatience at time lost in wandering from the track of the "everlasting art of the world" was his joy in the examples that exist of its faithful following.

"I went into the National Gallery and refreshed myself with a look at the pictures. One impression I had was of how much more importance the tone of them is than the actual tint of any part of them. I looked close into the separate colours and they were all very lovely in their quality—but the whole colour-effect of a picture then is not very great. It is the entire result of the picture that is so wonderful. I pried into the whites to see how they were made, and it is astonishing how little white there would be in a white dress—none at all in fact—and yet it looks white. I went again and looked at the Van Eyck, and saw how clearly the like of it is not to be done by me. But he had many advantages. For one thing, he had all his objects in front of him to paint from. A nice, clean, neat floor of fair boards well scoured, pretty little dogs and everything. Nothing to bother about but making good portraits—dresses and all else of exactly the right colour and shade of colour. But the tone of it is simply marvellous, and the beautiful colour each little object has, and the skill of it all. He permits himself extreme darkness though. It 's all very well to say it 's a purple dress—very dark brown is more the colour of it. And the black, no words can describe the blackness of it. But the like of it is not for me to do—can't be—not to be thought of.

"As I walked about there I thought if I had my life all over again, what would I best like to do in the way of making a new start once more. It would be to try and paint more like the Italian painters. And that 's rather happy for a man to feel in his last days—to find that he is still true to his first impulse and doesn't think he has wasted his life in wrong directions."

But he felt very lonely in work during the last ten years

of his life: "The worst of it is I've no longer Rossetti at my back—he has left me more to do than I've the strength for, the carrying on of his work all by myself."

He was somewhat cheered by the first exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society—"where," he said, "amongst some stuff and nonsense are some beautiful things, delightful to look at, and here for the first time one can measure a bit the change that has happened in the last twenty years. I felt little short of despair when I heard of the project, and now I am a bit elated." His feeling that painting was "only one of the forms of art" made him open to comfort from any other form in which he perceived life to exist.

Although the studio-talks were not about the art of painting only, that was naturally the subject most often started from and returned to: but books, tales of real life, and passing events public or private, all took their turn. Zola's work being mentioned, Edward said: "He doesn't see that it is his choice of material, not his truth to life, that people object to. I've never read him, he makes me miserable, and so does Daudet. The object of art must be either to please or to exalt; I can't see any other reason for it at all. One is a pretty reason, the other a noble one." Balzac's realism he considered to be of a different order from Zola's, and when asked whether there was in Balzac anything exalting, he answered, "I think there is." To a friend who said people were tired of Dickens and Thackeray, having read them too often, the reply was: "No, they haven't read them too much, but they hurry through them and don't see how good they are."

In reading what he liked, he used self-command—never tearing the heart out of a book, but going steadily and slowly through with it: on the other hand, if it seemed worthless to him, a red-hot poker thrust through its pages was not considered too strong a mark of disappointment. Praise we know that he could give. The name of Swinburne's Atalanta mentioned once, produced this comment: "The thought in it is momentous, and the rhythm goes on with such a rush that it 's enough to carry the world away."

When asked to speak upon art in public (and he was once even requested to give a lecture upon his own pictures) he had but one answer, of which I find the substance in an undated draft. It will be recognized by many:

"I decided long ago to refuse all invitations to write or speak upon the subject of Art. The active exercise of one of its forms takes up my whole time, nor have I the inclination to explain and repeat what has been already put into admirable words by others, in books which are within the reach of any one seriously interested in the matter. Indeed I doubt the value of lectures to people who know nothing about art, and for those who are really studying it, a good picture, or statue, or even a photograph of one, is better than many words."

Carefully and deliberately as Edward chose his subjects, he would occasionally seek advice about carrying out a particular one, listening thoughtfully to anything for or against it. "Love's Wayfaring" was an instance of this, which seems curious when one remembers it was a design that came to him suddenly, as a whole, and was never greatly altered. Still, there was some hesitation in his mind as to the subject, and the large scale on which it was planned made it important that he should not be likely for any reason to tire of it—"for the time is shortening and I must do my best now, and waste no days that can be helped." So in 1890 he wrote to Mrs. George Lewis, a friend whose sincerity he trusted:

"I've been wanting to ask you a thing—a piece of advice. I have been wondering whether a certain design I made many years ago and liked then, is really good enough to begin now and carry through. The design of it used to be in my studio, a black rough charcoal thing done in a heat in one evening, very rough and coarse to look at. I have long since put it out of sight—I daresay you never saw it, so I send a little photograph of it.

"It's the old story with me—Love and his overdriven steeds. If you think that there is a little degradation in the driven creatures I won't do it, but if you think it

shews one side of the truth that is right to give I will presently begin it. I know you have my work at heart a little and will tell me the truth to my face just as you would say it to any one else. That 's the sea at the back and there will be a rocky gorge of cliffs to make the road narrow for them —alternate men and women, some laughing and some very much not—and in the picture they would be harnessed together with carefully designed thongs. Sometimes I have thought it would do, and sometimes it has terrified me and seemed a little degraded. I want to use my time very carefully and do only my very best. Will you think it over from many sides and tell me by and bye, and you will find great novelty in a friend who will really follow your advice."

The picture was gone on with and a world of work spent upon it, but it remains unfinished. The background alone was changed, for a steep, narrow street in an ancient city has been substituted for the sea and cliffs. The figure of Love is exactly as he saw it first, expressing might only, and no pity.

When talk fell, as it so often must, upon the "carefully designed thongs" that bind men and women together in real life, his words were often somewhat sad or else impishly amusing. "It is possible, and not seldom happens, that people's lives are quite destroyed by what they began in the hope of helping them. There 's no getting away from it— it 's a constant momentary tax. When one has undertaken to pay house-rent for the remainder of his existence it only comes once a quarter, but in this it 's every instant. If people could only get away for a while and have time to think it over, there might often be a chance of recovering ground." "Of course I don't want all ordered rule to be overstepped in social relations, and there must be limits mutually agreed upon to be kept to, but every pigmy isn't to think he can measure every one else's life with his own little inch rule. It 's the greatest thing when two people are so fortunate as to be quite happy with each other, but they mustn't be down on the unlucky because of their own good fortune. They ought to be all the more sympathetic with

them. There's a self-contradiction in pitying a woman though—the worst of it is that as soon as you've taken pity on her she's no longer to be pitied. You're the one to be pitied then—so beware!"

Under the guise of a story about "a friend," a nice model once seemed to him to speak of herself and her own difficulties. Of her he said when she ceased to come: "I'm afraid she's run off and will never be heard of any more. She used to talk to me about a friend who was in a scrape; in love with a musician who had a bad wife; she said this friend was taken up with him and was afraid she wouldn't be able to help herself from running away with him to the Continent. I believed she meant herself, and used to ask, didn't she tell her friend that it might be very nice for a little while, but in the end would come down to very flat, stale dregs and wretched poverty with mutual recriminations. She said she had, and her friend had answered that she knew all that very well, but still felt she wouldn't be able to keep it off. So no doubt that's how it has happened and that's how it will end."

To me one day he said with an innocent manner: "Georgie, isn't marriage a lottery?"

"Yes" (suspecting the platitude).

"Then," in a still more innocent voice, "as lotteries are illegal, don't you think it ought to be suppressed by law?"

The Sunday breakfasts went on always, except when either we or Morris were out of town or something else distinctly interfered with them, but during the time of Morris' active work as a Socialist he often had to leave in the middle of the morning for his street-preaching. The simplicity with which he did this was fine to see. Consider what it must have meant for him to leave the Grange unsped by sympathy, and to speak, as he frequently did, either at a street corner near his own house—where he was but a prophet in his own country—or perhaps miles away at Ball's Pond, where he was not of as much importance in the neighbourhood as a cheap-jack. A letter from him one time when we were at

Rottingdean says: "It is a beautiful bright autumn morning here, as fresh as daisies: and I am not over inclined for my morning preachment at Walham Green, but go I must, as also to Victoria Park in the afternoon. I had a sort of dastardly hope that it might rain. Mind you, I don't pretend to say I don't like it in some way or other; like it when I am on my legs, if I flow." It was strange that with Morris, who called himself a "word-spinner," ordered speech did not easily "flow": in his early addresses the difficulty was painful, but sheer weight and volume of meaning burst the barriers at last.

During these years he read a great deal to Edward out of Dumas, whom they both knew as well as they did Scott. Monte Cristo Edward also read over and over to himself in turn with Rob Roy and The Antiquary. About the two great writers he says:

"Yes, Scott is now among the assured Immortals and is beyond criticism—*super grammaticam*—and one would as soon take out a magnifying glass to pry into the mountain one climbs. He is a mountain, with a forest up one side and rivers on another side and a quarry here and a shrine there, clouds and wild flowers, and the world below. And so is Dumas, and either of them could roll up the little masters of style just now and lose them in their waistcoat pockets. Scott is the most beautiful, and yet Dumas is more to my heart—only that I love Scott most."

When Alexandre Dumas *fils* died in 1895, Edward was indignant that people spoke of it as "the death of Dumas," and insisted on correcting the phrase if he heard it. "Dumas' *son*, little Rooke," he said—and when Mr. Rooke extenuated his crime by saying he supposed he had fallen into it through having just seen the words printed on the morning's posters, Edward dwelt for a moment on the ways of newspapers:

"Yes, the papers say he's much above his father in talent, only he was hampered by having to grow up among his father's effete ways. Oh I do love it when they say that. They say he was too modest, admit he had no imagination

William Morris
from a photograph made on Jan 19. 1889. by Emery Walker.

but say he was all the better without it, did truer work. There was some imagination in 'Monte Cristo' they say, but not enough to keep it going much longer."

Long before this, on hearing some one quote Carlyle's contempt for invented stories and his saying that facts were better worth writing of, Edward exclaimed: "'Frederick the Great''s a romance; 'Monte Cristo' is real history, and so is 'The Three Musketeers.'" And another time he said: "Ah, the historians are so few. There's Dumas, there's Scott, there's Thackeray, and there's Dickens, and no more —after you have said them, there's an end."

The four "Briar Rose" pictures, as Edward finally called his Sleeping Palace designs, took up the greater part of the year 1889, and he was now eager to finish them. "I don't tire of them one bit," he said, "but I have so much else to do that I want to forget them and send them out of sight and mind." He was often asked why he did not paint the awakening of the Princess, but he never meant to do so. He said: "I want it to stop with the Princess asleep and to tell no more, to leave all the afterwards to the invention and imagination of people, and tell them no more." Also he said that such a final picture must have been a dramatic one, and would not have fitted the lyrical quiet and romance of the other four.

By this time we had been able to buy the little house that stood next to us at Rottingdean, and Mr. Benson joined it on to the first one in the most ingenious way, building also a fresh entrance and above it a modest studio. The house was now large enough for us all to be together in it, and also, as they were born, the grandchildren with whom we were blessed.

Edward's happiness in arranging and furnishing the new part was great. He seized on its little brick-floored kitchen for his own special purposes, chasing out kitchen-range and sink, and putting in a quantity of old oak furniture. On the shelves of a dresser were proudly displayed gay-coloured jugs, bowls, and platters of common German earthenware, treasured all the more by us when we heard that they were

daily displaced in their own country by stronger but quite ugly vessels. He often writes of the little room, which it was his ambition to make as like the snug bar of an old country inn as possible. I made short red curtains for its windows and half-glazed door, and above the fireplace (where only wood was burnt) he put up a painted bas-relief of a mermaid sporting in the waves, from which he called the place "The Merry Mermaid." Lady Leighton found the old oak, and Mrs. George Lewis had the pottery sent over from Mannheim fair, so that the kindness of absent friends was visible on every side. Certain of being understood, Edward wrote to his friend Mrs. Coronio, whose perfect taste had helped him a hundred times by finding fabrics and arranging dresses for models: "The house looks pretty now—and did I tell you of a room that I call the Merry Mermaid, made like a pot-house parlour, where men can drink and smoke and be vulgar? The most delightful room it is, and I have wanted such a one all my life."

Here he wrote letters, smoked, played dominoes, and made merry with his men-friends; the door into the garden stood open, the fire crackled on the hearth, and through the little panes of the west window he looked over and beyond the green garden to a line of the downs behind which the sun set. On his birthday, for which we all came down, bringing Cormell Price with us, he writes to Mrs. Horner:

"This is quite a delightful time here—the place is all changed since you saw it, for the magician's hand (I allude to Mr. Benson) has been upon it and another house has been added and new rooms built, and windows turned south that were east, and there is a garden now and ilexes and bay-trees and fig-trees, and a man's garth where coarse friends may smoke. Also a bower with a bow-window for Margaret (who is here) and a study for Jack (who is here) and a haunted room, and a wide hall and a new dining-room with hangings round it and a still-room for Georgie to make scents and jam, and a studio for me, and a sublime bedroom for Phil—all this since you saw the little place. Altogether it is very pretty and tiny, and to spend a week here, making

Walker & Cockerell Ph.

North End House, Rottingdean.

it bonny for the children before they came, more rested me than I should have thought possible. Suppose I had never tried for big impossible things and been content with little cosy cheerful ones—well, then the elements of a Christian tract would have been missing—it can't be helped now. I had nice presents too: a mug and a map and a pot of scent, very costly, and nectarines and a tobacco-jar. Does the map sound dull? But it is not—it has big sea-monsters ramping and foaming off Rottingdean, and the battle of Hastings in one corner, and the French fleet in Pevensey Bay, and Hurstmonceux is there. So it was a nice birthday."

To Lady Leighton he writes later, from the Grange:

"I am just back from the Merry Mermaid, leaving the rest there—the rest being Georgie and Phil and Margaret and Jack—loth to leave was I, but had to come away. Oh, you can't think what a room is that blessed pot-house room—and all along of you, as I gladly think. Such white walls, such red curtains, such wood fires of logs resting on the handsomest dogs—and the settle is there and the arm-chair and the long table and the new birthday cupboard, and the big dresser full of the madcappest pottery; there I sit grinning, because the floor is brick and the walls white-washed and the oak black and the fire crackling. As to your suggestion that there might be room for another settle, it is so tempting and pleasant a thought that I know not what to say. The Merry Mermaid is about full I think—here is a map of her, but this only shows half its beauties—there is the lovely little settle with its back to us, and the long black table, such a model of proportion that I have had a big dining table made just like it, only ten times as big."

Another time he writes: "It is all so peaceful and pretty and tiny, but do you know that it is very trying to have two houses, and the blessing of heaven does certainly hesitate over such covetousness. I always want things that are in London; books, drawings, even sorry clothes; and if I replenish this place, then when I go back to London I suddenly want everything I have brought here. This comes of wealth, and I see much compensation. To-night, for

THE MERRY MERMAID

instance, when this letter is done, I want a solemn folio to read, such as Plutarch or Froissart or some such handsome ancient. Do fine people have two sets of everything? I am so unused to this splendour."

The memory of the little place clung to him, and in October he says: "I have worked a bit at all my pictures, turn and turn about, and next Tuesday I go back to Rottingdean to cure me of a savage cold. I do think one day I shall live there altogether and come to London only as a happy hunting ground to see friends in—but I pine for rest and quiet, and can't understand it—it is like a caprice, and yet it lasts." A little later: "No, I don't think I shall ever come to live here—but it is rest sometimes, and London is so ugly. And then, all about us the streets have grown so hateful—noisy, rowdy, blackguardly—it is often well-nigh unendurable."

A letter to Mr. Norton, written after long silence, tells of his inward life. It begins by saying "Why am I made like this that I can't, can't write letters," and then goes on for four well-filled sheets. He writes of his daughter's married life, her home, and her husband, very tenderly, but says how much her marriage has changed our life at the Grange, "with no pang in it at all, but still the house is silent or full of echoes, and the change is very great. That seems a heavenly way the French have of living all together in a big house, within reach and within call, and I want it." Of his son too he speaks, and the pleasure it is to watch his work. "I sit and look at it with a bit of pride, and feel helped in my turn and encouraged. Also he is a good and sincere critic, and I find myself always following his advice, to the bettering of my pictures, at which I work so hard, my dear, harder and harder, I think. Georgie has been reading me FitzGerald's letters, and this morning finished the last, so I am feeling down, sorry to part from him, and I wish I had known him. Though what good would it have been? He wouldn't have liked what I do, and if he had liked me by chance I should never have written to him, and then felt remorseful seeing how much he gave to his

friends and how little he got from them. You were good, my dear, as you always are, and wrote and wrote and kept his heart up. And from these letters I have the pleasantest image of him. Pretty where he makes for himself three shrines and tabernacles, Stratford, Abbotsford and Gadshill; then I knew I should have loved him. And he has done one immortal thing and shall have a shrine himself."

"About work," he suddenly says, "I hardly know what to tell you. Daily I go on, with the old schemes, and am fast mending where it used to be amiss. I can't judge of it and suspect all criticism, but I go on, as it has to be done and as I love doing it, but whether it is any good I can never know. Only one thing saddens me, a great sense of loneliness in it, as if no other artist wanted the same things at all, and as if I must be wrong. Now we won't talk of all that—it only means that I miss Gabriel at every turn, and more and more, and that the loss of him cannot be made up."

The heart's division between him and Morris on the subject of Socialism is plainly confessed in the following words: "Every Sunday morning, as of old, Morris to breakfast—and yet not as of old—for we are silent about much now and used to be silent about nothing." And Ruskin of course must be mentioned: "A day or two back I wrote to Brantwood—I think I had not written for a whole year or more and found it so hard to do, not sure of what mood my letter would find him in, or if the nonsense would be all astray, and the bits that I let be serious chafe him. How sad it all is—surely he deserved such a gentle ending—and now—"

His reading he says is but little, for his eyes are not strong, "and so I have to read books that matter, and can seldom play with rubbish, though I should like it well enough for a rest now and then. Doughty's book of Arabia published last year has sufficed and contented me for six months, and always I am as deep as I can be in Celtic things, and find much happiness in the study thereof. And now and then I take a map journey; last year from Gaza

to Aleppo, and the year before from Aleppo to Bostra all through the Hauran: and I sleep often at Bagdad and Damascus and am to be found in Morocco often. How nice it would be to live for five hundred years, taking less and less part in the world but watching it with big eyes."

Constant to his settled joke, and alluding to his birthday in August, he pleads the passage of time as a reason why friends should meet. "I'm a great age, my dear, I'm ninety-seven. I have seen oak forests grow up and decay, and by this time have quite forgotten how roses smell, and I want a crony to chatter and mumble to and compare notes with. Oh, if you lived here—if you could come and stay for a year—long enough to rest in and not fidget about good-bye."

Edward wrote about FitzGerald to Mrs. Horner as well as to Mr. Norton, and rather more in detail:

"I wish he hadn't felt that criticism was his strong point —it wasn't one bit—it never is with any one anything but a fatal weakness—how silly it all sounds when the world has reversed all the fine judgments of wise people. And how proud is FitzGerald about his aphorism that 'Taste is the feminine of Genius.' Did it carry conviction to you? It didn't touch me a bit—all the genius I ever cared for carried its feminine in itself. Wish he had translated only the Mystery plays of Calderon. Ah well, but it's pretty how he loves his friends and all the glimpses of Tennyson are sweet. The beautiful old thing was eighty on Tuesday."

It was with great hesitation that Edward agreed to his picture of "Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" being sent to the Exposition Universelle in Paris this year, for he always dreaded injury happening to works of art when they travelled. No harm happened this time, however, and he received much recognition, private and public, the French Government conferring on him the cross of the Legion of Honour. To M. Jusserand, who wrote on December 2nd, to congratulate him in the kindest terms and saying that he hoped to be the first to tell him of this distinction, Edward answered:

"If the truth must be said, I had a letter last evening from headquarters telling me. But why should the truth be said? What weakness it is—no—your letter which reached me this afternoon was the first announcement, anticipating the one last night by at least twelve hours. But a pretty letter you have sent me—indeed I think we are good friends for always, only I wish we could oftener meet, for I think I should grow younger, as well as wiser and merrier, if it could be.

"But I have not for many a day had such comfort and pleasure, in matters that affect my work, as the sympathy that has been shewn to me in France: I cannot tell you how it has cheered me. Though I qualify the praise they have given me, and try hard to think there may be more graciousness than reality in it, still it has touched me very deeply; and a lover of France I have been for many a day, so it is all the happier for me."

This Christmas our family was divided, father and son staying in London while I went with our daughter and Mr. Mackail to Rottingdean. The men who were left in London enjoyed the strange freedom of Christmas Day; and finding Rudyard Kipling, who was in town, equally at large, carried him off to the Solferino, presenting themselves there for dinner at the usual hour, to the astonishment of the proprietor. Edward wrote of the evening: "We dined at a pot-house. It was funny dining there, as if one had no friends. The Master of the Inn is an Italian and that night expected no guests and was feasting his waiters. So we partly consorted together, and the landlord brought out special drinks which he would not sell, and so made us drink at his expense."

On the last day of the year 1889 Robert Browning was buried in Westminster Abbey. His death had taken place in Venice, who fain would have given him burial there, but England claimed the body of her son. Any fresh interment in the Abbey had, however, come to be dreaded by those who knew the irremediable damage done to the building by funerals and monuments, and nothing but the wish to

pay public respect to Browning's memory took Edward to the ceremony.

"I broke off work and went to Browning's funeral—under protest—for I hate that beautiful heaven to be turned into a stonemason's yard for any one. No one is good enough to spoil that divine citadel, and I am sick of dead bodies and want them burnt and scattered to winds. It wasn't impressive—no, not a bit. People said to me 'How impressive!' and I said 'Yes, indeed,' one has to in the world—but it wasn't, it was stupid. No candles, no incense, no copes, no nothing that was nice. My dear, now they have got these churches they don't know what to do with them—placards all about saying 'Seats for the Press,' 'Mourners'—all about. And the procession so poor and sorry! a Canon 4 feet high next one of 9 feet high—surplice, red hood like trousers down the back—you know them all.

"I would have given something for a banner or two, and much I would have given if a chorister had come out of the triforium and rent the air with a trumpet. How flat these English are—most people are. And when a coffin covered with a pall is carried on the shoulders of six men it looks like a big beetle. And what Paul said was partly so glorious that it is the last word that need be said, and partly so poor and flat that I wondered any one could take the pains to say it. But I spent the time looking at the roof and its groining and the diapered walls and wanted a service one day in praise of the church, and wondered who had built it and why his name was forgotten, and thought how only the church mattered at all, and I wanted to push people, and wasn't in a holy frame of mind I assure you. Why couldn't they leave him in Royal Venice?"

CHAPTER XXIII

WITHOUT HASTE, WITHOUT REST
1890—1891

ON the 6th of April Edward wrote to Mr. Leyland: "Work at Sleeping Beauty coming to an end—within sight now. And such a winter I have had. Come and see them; all four will be here on Saturday. Of course I'm done up as usual—quite at an end of myself for a bit."

For each of this series of pictures, now finally called "The Briar Rose," Morris made a verse of description, which was written beneath it on the frame. These words were afterwards printed in his volume of Poems by the Way, together with another set on the same subject but of profounder meaning, where the Briar is the "tangle of world's wrong and right."

> Here sleeps the world that would not love!
> Let it sleep on, but if He move
> Their hearts in humble wise to wait
> On his new-wakened fair estate.

The last of many kind things done for us by our friend Mr. Graham had been to arrange, shortly before his death, the terms on which Messrs. Agnew and Sons bought "The Briar Rose," and one condition of the agreement was that the firm should exhibit it at their own galleries in Old Bond Street; so Edward shewed nothing anywhere else this spring, except a collection of studies and designs at the New Gallery.

Many artists met the conclusion of his long labour with such generous sympathy and praise that it seemed at first as if none but Edward himself could see any shortcoming

in it. The warm-hearted Boehm said plainly that he preferred seeing the pictures where they were, by themselves, rather than in a "big kaleidoscopic exhibition," and that he was glad they had not been sent "to any of the Shows." One man, for whose work and sympathy Edward very specially cared, gladdened him by unchecked enthusiasm, while another found in the careful finish of the work a hope that it might stem the tide of what he called "an unmanly neglect of labour which is tending to stop the progress of art in England through haste and incomplete realization." The blessing of Watts rested on the painter and the paintings, and Leighton stopped for a minute on his way to a much-needed holiday, in order to send an affectionate word, —not without pathos: "They are a source to me of great artistic delight—and of sad thoughts too!"

The following note from Mr. (now Sir Alexander) Henderson, who already owned "The Days of Creation" and other work by Edward, soon told us where "The Briar Rose" was to go after it had been seen in London: "You will I know be glad to hear that the Legend of the Briar Rose is to find an English home, and I hope before long to see your pictures at Buscot. They will not be hung until you have approved of the position I propose they should occupy." Before he claimed them for his own private enjoyment, however, their new owner lent them for a few days to be shewn in the East End of London, at Toynbee Hall, where many thousand people came to see them without entrance fee. Buscot is on the upper Thames, within a couple of miles of Kelmscott Manor, and after going there to see where Mr. Henderson intended to place "The Briar Rose," Edward painted some narrow panels of flowering branches and other inanimate objects in order to connect the larger figure-pictures, and then the whole series filled the available wall-space of one room as if they had been designed for it.

"I have read nothing about them," he wrote to a friend whilst they were being exhibited in London, "not feeling the faintest curiosity or interest in what newspapers say.

And I strongly suspect their influence is a thing of the past, and that in a funny, dogged kind of way people refuse to be driven or bullied into liking what they don't, or disliking what pleases them."

Another stage of life was reached this year with the birth of our first grandchild. "I look on little newborn things with more wonder than admiration," Edward said, "but by the time the damsel can say silly words and toddle, I daresay I shall be besotted enough to please the most exacting." And such was the case.

We spent as much time as possible at Rottingdean in the summer, and Edward tried to rest. "I came back here a week ago," he writes in May, "and, if I can, shall stay on, doing little or nothing, till the end of June."

Sitting quietly in the Mermaid, he sorted and burned old papers in its wood fire. "All morning I have been destroying letters—such brilliant ones of Swinburne's that I was loth to let them go, but if I didn't his ghost would pursue mine through the next world—pity I couldn't send them on to you to laugh at." To have occasional bonfires of this kind was his system of arranging his correspondence, which otherwise was carried about with him or left on tables. "If you saw my pockets—" he wrote to Lady Leighton, "I keep letters there that I must answer, and every day I put five or six into said pockets, and I bulge like Falstaff."

In London, too, he allowed himself a few holidays after his long tide of work, and one of these is referred to in a note to Miss Eva Muir. They had agreed to go together to the Zoological Gardens, to see a brown bear that had been a pet of hers in her father's house until its claws became dangerous, and Edward pretends that he is too old for her to care for the expedition:

"Dear Bearwarden, I know you have forgotten all about that pretty plan for taking me to see him. So this is to remind you. Isn't it tiresome? And you have made other plans I know for going elsewhere, and this letter will be such a curse to you. But I'll tell you what to do with old

people—it may be a useful guide for life. Never by any chance allow them to interfere with plans, never let them for a moment be in the way. Pacify them, of course, by pretty speeches and gentle deceptions, but never for a moment admit the principle that they are to infest and destroy life because they are old. And they are so soon pacified. For instance, you write in answer to this: 'Dear Mr. Burne-Jones,—My Aunt is unwell, and so on Sunday I shall be unhappily prevented from taking you to the beasts—so sorry. Yours &c:' And I promise to be quite taken in."

Miss Muir's answer must have been skilfully worded, for another note of Edward's, next day, begins:

"Yes, you quite took me in, till I had turned over the page, and I thought you had thrown me over: but I only felt sorry for myself, and not a bit cross. Wasn't that fine of me?"

One of the first things he did on settling to work again was to make the pencil drawing of M. Paderewski which has since been exhibited and reproduced. He and his sitter were much attracted to each other, but the chances of life never allowed of an intimacy. I have heard of the musician speaking warmly of Edward, and this is how Edward wrote of him:

"There's a beautiful fellow in London named Paderewski—and I want to have a face like him and look like him, and I can't—there's trouble. He looks so like Swinburne looked at 20 that I could cry over past things, and has his ways too—the pretty ways of him—courteous little tricks and low bows and a hand that clings in shaking hands, and a face very like Swinburne's, only in better drawing, but the expression the same, and little turns and looks and jerks so like the thing I remember that it makes me fairly jump. I asked to draw from him, and yesterday he came in the morning, and Henschel brought him and played on the organ and sang while I drew—which was good for the emotions but bad for the drawing. And knowing people say he is a great master in his art, which might well be, for he looks glorious. I praised Allah for making him and felt

myself a poor thing for several hours. Have got over it now."

He took up the Perseus series again. "And now I am working at Perseus for the patient and kind Arthur Balfour. Medusa is to be very fine and costs me much trouble." "Ah," he wrote to me, "many a day shall I have of heart-break before it is done."

Not until his fifty-seventh birthday in August had come and gone did he tell any one what he then confessed, that for years he had been filled with premonitions and fore-bodings that he would never live to see it. "I had it strongly as the time drew near, and very potently the night before. And that 's why I hurried so to finish Briar Rose." But when the day was past he revived in spirit and made many designs; "in a fortnight I have had more phantasies than in four months before." While the mood was on him he gave it full way, but presently he said, "now I am stuck fast again and no dreams come."

Amongst the designs of this time were five scenes for tapestry, from the San Graal story. A friend of these later years—Mrs. H. Gaskell—had to pass through the golden gate of his dreams, as all did who came very near him, and to her he wrote a description of the series, which it is well to have in his own words.

"The first subject is Pentecost morning at the Round Table, when the damsel of the San Graal appears and summons all the knights to the adventure, and suddenly writing comes on the empty chair, the Siege Perilous set by Arthur, where no man may sit but the one who can achieve the adventure. Launcelot is opposite the chair, and points to himself as if asking if he is to sit there. Gawain and Lamorak and Percival and Bors are all there. Then, in the second, the knights go forth, and it is good-bye all round. Guenevere is arming Launcelot. In the third and fourth are the subjects called the 'foiling of the knights.' Gawain and Ewain are kept from entering, eaten up by the world were they—handsome gentlemen set on this world's glory. Then comes Launcelot's turn in the fourth—eaten up not by

Edward Burne-Jones in garden studio
aet 57
from a photograph by Miss Barbara Leighton.

coveting of glory but eaten up he was, and his heart set on another matter. So he is foiled—dreams he comes to the chapel and has found it, but not a glorious one as he thought it would be, but a ruined and broken one—and still he cannot enter, for one comes and bars the way. And then comes the ship—which is as much as to say that the scene has shifted, and we have passed from out of Britain and are in the land of Sarras, the land of the soul, that is. And of all the hundred and fifty that went on the Quest, three only are chosen and may set foot on that shore, Bors, Percival, and Galahad. Of these Bors and Percival may see the Graal afar off—three big angels bar their way, and one holds the spear that bleeds; that is the spear that entered Christ's side, and it bleeds always. You know by its appearing that the Graal is near. And then comes Galahad who alone may see it—and to see it is death, for it is seeing the face of God."

He grew quite well and strong for a short time this autumn, and worked hard at his big picture of the Magi for Birmingham. "And a tiring thing it is, physically, to do, up my steps and down, and from right to left. I have journeyed as many miles already as ever the kings travelled. I have had a very happy month of autumn, living mostly in suburbs of Sarras."

To a young girl who, with the boldness of inexperience, asked him as she watched him painting "The Star of Bethlehem," whether he believed in it, he answered: "It is too beautiful not to be true." A serious reply was given also to a lightly asked question as he walked with some friends over the downs in a summer shower. "Let me see!" cried one of them, "I forget what makes a rainbow?" and he said: "The Lord set his bow in the cloud." Then, after a pause: "There are other reasons given in the books."

To a friend, whose question is explained by his answer, he wrote: "I don't quite understand what you want to read along with the Old Testament—do you mean what new book is there to correct its ways and set its history right? or what old books written in ancient times in other countries

that would throw light upon it here and there? Tell me, and I will tell you the little I know. But you don't really need anything to read along with it—it stands alone, and the Renans and people, I wonder what their like a hundred years hence will say of them. They are so cocksure. But tell me more distinctly and I will write all I know."

One day, whilst London was still "empty," there came to the Grange a young Belgian, till then unknown to Edward, but some kind influence of the hour opened both their hearts and made them talk together intimately for a long while. "He was a lawyer of Brussels, who has vowed himself to poverty, all along of Tolstoi, and is off to live in Assisi for love of the Saint there, Saint Francis. He wanted to tell me of it because of my pictures, and a pretty talk he talked to me. The thing that really hurt was that he would have loved most to have lived in London; 'but,' said he, 'in England it is so hard to be poor and be thought of, and abroad it is quite easy, you may be great and live in a workhouse and be honoured, but not in England.'"

An evening in November was made memorable to us by going to see Giulia Ravogli as Orfeo in Gluck's Opera, and it was the only time that I remember to have seen Edward very deeply moved by anything on the stage. He said afterwards: "It was so beautiful, and so was she—beautiful beyond anything I ever saw, as if she were an ancient statue living and moving. Yes, so beautiful to watch that I sometimes scarcely listened, though I knew she sang it finely. I don't know what kind of face she has; it seemed noble and rough, but her actions were so beautiful that at one time I choked and let the tear down fa'—only things beautiful make that happen to me." Another day, when she had been to the Grange, he said: "In the glare of noonday it is hard to think she is Orpheus, and when she is Orpheus it is impossible to think she could ever be any one else." We went again, and he found it as affecting as at the first time.

He wrote many letters this winter when the weather was

too bad for him to get out. In one of these he told Lady Leighton of a book he was reading about the arms borne by the Knights of the Round Table. "I got it from Morris," he says, "who I think knows everything in the whole world." Underneath the tapestry pictures of the San Graal he was designing forest-pieces, with shields of the chief knights hanging from the branches of the trees, and he picks out and describes some of them. Arthur's, of course, comes first: "He beareth azure, thirteen crowns of gold; but," Edward complains, "mostly the noble knights have rather commonplace arms, and the unknown ones have beautiful ones, which is like the way of this worrying world. Galahad, for whom I should have liked to violate heraldry, giving him a gold cup on a silver ground, has to bear a red cross only and it is so dull for him." He was very happy at discovering that Pharamond of Gaul bore three gold frogs on a black field—"don't believe those who say they were toads—we know. Sanados des Sept Fontaines has blue and a shower of silver tears; Mador de la Porte, black with seven apples of silver; Taulas de la Fontaine bears a World of black—that should be the arms of the city of London. Sibyllias aux deures mains, black, and a fire of red; Bedivere, black and a silver chapel. [This Edward coveted for Galahad.] The Knight of Seven Ways beareth red, a bridge of gold masoned with black, and underneath the bridge a river of silver."

But after many pages, he suddenly interrupts himself with:

"I'm not tired, but growing shy—and indeed for one day that is surely enough."

In this same letter he speaks of Newman's death: "He was a great hero to me, and I like to think of his splendid life. People write on the whole prettily about him; somehow he touched them, and I cannot wonder—to make one's life a great poem is the height of Art."

In odd hours that could be spared from more pressing work he went on with his mosaic designs for the American Episcopal Church at Rome. "Only," he said, "when they

are all finished I will influence the mind of Dr. Nevin to give the church to the Pope."

"One thing is luck," he writes to Mrs. Horner in these days, "that I can invent as easily as ever, and could make ten pictures a day if believing was seeing. I do feel very thankful for that, because it is endless pleasure, now and then weighted with a chagrin that no one will believe me."

Another letter contains one of his imaginary journeys:

"I am going to live a wild life, in a tent, travelling between Aleb and Mecca. Once in three years I shall go inside the gate of Jerusalem and look at the abodes of mankind, between sunrise and sunset, and then mount my camel and away. If the desert at last palls on me, which is not likely, I know a city, vast and walled and with splendid masonry to please me, with citadel and aqueducts and gates, and not a soul within it. It is called Anazarba—I daresay your husband knows it and has been there. Everybody built it,—Assyrians, Romans, Justinian (who married Sara Bernhardt), and Haroun al Raschid—all made it more and more wonderful. As you see it from a distance you think it must be Babylon for vastness—not a soul inside the walls. From the top of the castle you can see a little silver thread to the North, that is the infant Euphrates, narrow enough to jump over: and to the South you can see minarets, that is Tarsus, and if you like you can think of St. Paul—or Cleopatra—which brings us back to Sara Bernhardt who is to wear a dress in her new piece so bejewelled that in comparison Theodora would look like poor Mrs. Booth. Eight girdles she is to wear—and I have just maddened myself thinking how eight girdles could be worn. It wouldn't be fair to call a necklace a girdle, or a garter, that wouldn't be fair, no. Eight girdles—and how ever do they come? But I have the greatest confidence in her. ——, who hates her, has made the funniest drawing of her, out of spite—but I dream of the eight girdles round that twig of the oriental willow. Now have I gabbled nonsense enough?"

The imaginary journey lingered in his mind, however,

and before long he writes again pretending that it is all settled and that his friend will join him in the pilgrimage:

"When we betake ourselves to the East I will do all the geography if you will do the cooking—in which matter I am soon pleased—and I have made out a route already. We meet at Constantinople and after that it is one necklace of wonders till we come back to rest finally in Damascus, the abode of peace. Only one point puzzles me: somewhere in some Lycian valley is a mountain carved into a figure of Niobe, and a living stream pours from her eyes and furrows her cheek and has done for more than two thousand years, and I can't find it out exactly and foresee difficulties. After that we mount up through Phrygian highlands till we come to the watershed of the Euphrates, and there we encamp in the walls of Anazarba for months; then we go to Van and Tiflis—oh if you knew what that means for miracles of building—and after that every day a new miracle. And at Damascus is our last stay; we shall have seen no newspapers, the Lord God be praised for his bounteous mercies, for five years about: at Damascus, at the English Consulate, we shall see one for the first time, and have our reflections. Will this be a nice plan?"

Nearer within realization lay a visit to his well-loved Rottingdean, and our children met us there for a few days in November; and the spirit of Walter Scott joined us in the pages of his just-published Diary, which was read aloud most of the time. "A new book by Scott, isn't it wonderful? and incredible. The best of reading it is. Do get it forthwith; you will think it, I know, the best book that has been for many a year. Did you know Scott tried to draw, and did execute some landscapes in oil? he is so funny about it. Bless him all over, inside and out, when was his like ever?"

Before the year was over his little granddaughter, Angela, had become a living soul to him, and a fresh companion in life. In the black winter he writes: "Such horrible days—no work possible, nor going out, nothing left but to gnash the teeth, if one is lucky enough to have them to

gnash with. Phil in bed with cold, Georgie coughing herself to bits: Miss Angela Mackail the principal comfort at present. She is a haughty-looking person, with an expression mostly of indignant surprise. Mistress Angela's mind is also advancing rapidly; when asked where her papa is she points to the canary, and confounds the cat with her mamma when similarly questioned about her. This is comfortable and as it should be—none of your Girton girls for me. What does a little rub me the wrong way is that the nurse will always speak of me as 'paw grandpapa' as if I were the Kensington idiot, yet for the pleasure of being related to this charming woman I must not grumble at the price."

Even when he had to stay indoors so much that he heard little of what was said in the outer world, he refused to draw information from newspapers further than by reading their telegrams. "All these days I read no papers—and not any, and never will—full of lies they are, and every side writes with malignity and spite. If I read the Times I wish I was an Irishman or a Frenchman, anything but a countryman of that dull conceited blockhead, and if I read the Daily Telegraph I want to take orders and intone the service, and if I read the Guardian I want to blaspheme in the open streets, and if I read the Daily News I want to drown myself for dullness. And so you see I know nothing about it all, and don't want to, it's too microscopic, and I should be a bad judge." Another time he complains of all present time being too microscopic in its detail, and adds: "Here we see the advantage of studying the past, where only the essential survives."

The garden-studio now becomes a frequent background against which I see Edward, busy upon work of a larger scale than the Grange painting-room would hold. "The Star of Bethlehem," finished early in 1891, was succeeded by "Avalon" and "The Car of Love." A letter to Mr. Kenrick about "The Star of Bethlehem" contains some practical advice on the framing of pictures: "It isn't a wide frame, for a wide frame would dwarf the picture; I

find little pictures are good in vast frames but big ones frame themselves. About all this I have used my best judgment, but the sooner I order the frame the better, for I want its horrible new glare to tone a little. And glad I shall be," he adds, "for it to be in Birmingham, and gladder if they are content."

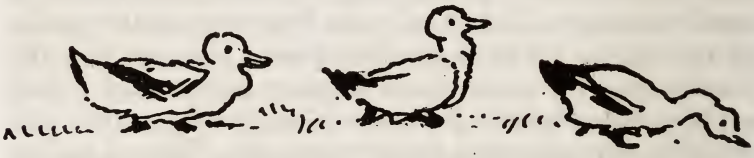
The lease of his studio in Campden Hill Road, where "Avalon" had been for nearly ten years, came to an end this spring, to Edward's satisfaction, for he found going backwards and forwards to it almost intolerable; so he had the big picture home to him in the garden-studio, where for another seven years he poured his heart into it. With "Avalon" filling one side of the long room and "The Car of Love" across the end, the place looked exhilarating.

"The Star of Bethlehem" was taken to the New Gallery on the 20th of April, and the "Sponsa de Libano" followed a few days afterwards. The whole of this picture, a water-colour of more than ten feet by five, had been done since the beginning of the year. In a letter to Lady Rayleigh there is mention of a scene with a model from whom he drew the heads of the Winds who breathe upon the garden of the Bride. "I drew the South wind one day and the North wind the next. Such a queer little model I had, a little Houndsditch Jewess, self-possessed, mature and worldly, and only about twelve years old. When I said to her, 'Think of nothing and feel silly and look wild and blow with your lips,' she threw off Houndsditch in a moment, and thousands of years rolled off her and she might have been born in Lebanon, instead of the Cockney which she was. I will shew you the drawings."

After sending his pictures away we went down as usual to our haven of rest at Rottingdean, but weather was against us and Edward did not return with strength enough to resist the infection of influenza that was in the air everywhere. On May 9th he developed his first attack of the illness, and it is clear now that he never entirely threw off the effects of its poison. We returned to the sea as soon as possible, and twice again he went there in search of

strength before our usual August holiday. A trace of one of these short visits remains in a letter to Mrs. Ady, in which he mentions that the village was disturbed by politics, and says of the cock who disturbed him by crowing, and the ducks who waddled in search of food on the muddy edge of the pond, "Even the creatures on the green are political, I believe—who could doubt the noisome views of this creature

or doubt to which party these belong?"



Morris too had been ill with a severe attack of gout, and it scarcely seemed as if this year would be one in which they were to begin a fresh and important scheme of work together. But so it proved, for the labours of the Kelmscott Press had begun, and the time was come when they were to realize their old dream of making a beautiful book with beautiful pictures in it. Whenever I speak of the Kelmscott Press I think of its crowning glory, the Chaucer, and of the strength which carried the whole thing through—Morris' strength. Listen to Edward about this: "Morris will be here to-morrow, strong, self-contained, master of himself and therefore of the world. Solitude cannot hurt him nor dismay him. Such strength as his I see nowhere."

The friends sat down dutifully to read Chaucer over again before beginning their work, and infinitely funny it was when Morris occasionally professed to be taken prosaic and not to understand what the poet meant. Edward had his own heart-searchings: "I wonder, if Chaucer were alive now, or is aware of what is going on, whether he'd be satisfied with my pictures to his book or whether he'd prefer impressionist ones. I don't trust him. And if he and Morris were to meet in heaven, I wonder if they'd quarrel." Again, with regard to the allegorical figures described in the Romaunt of the Rose: "I wish Chaucer would once for all make up his unrivalled and precious mind whether he is talking of a picture or a statue—I do wish it, for in the book I am putting myself wholly aside, and trying to see things as he saw them; not once have I invaded his kingdom with one hostile thought."

Of this faithful following a proof is given in two of the illustrations to the House of Fame, where he dares to take Chaucer at his word and makes an inside and an outside picture of the House itself, in the form of a huge round basket, "made of twigges" the poet calls it, and nothing but powerful imagination working in perfect obedience to those words could have produced so strange and yet so possible a whirligig home of whisperings.

The Golden Legend was the book that Morris had meant to be the first printed from type of his own designing, but Mr. Cockerell, in his history of the Kelmscott Press, tells how this could not be, owing to the handmade paper in stock being of too small a size; so the Story of the Glittering Plain took its place. The printing of the Golden Legend began very soon, however, and went on steadily. In September Edward says: "I saw some proof sheets last night and went crazy with pleasure." Two designs, of an Earthly and a Heavenly Paradise, were his share in the work.

From another side of the world of art a proposition came to Edward this summer, that he should fill the four semi-domes below the big centre dome of St. Paul's Cathedral

with mosaic. We know his feeling about this building, but for a moment temptation touched him. The architects, Messrs. Bodley and Garner, were authorized by the Dean to learn whether, if the commission were offered, it would be accepted, and Mr. Bodley wrote to suggest an interview, at the same time asking Edward's general idea as to treatment of the spaces; his own thought being that groups of angels might come in well. Edward's answer follows:

"I am sorry not to be able to meet you at St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday, as you suggest, but have not yet sufficiently recovered from my late attack of influenza to go freely about or to take any journey that can be avoided. Perhaps however I can say something by letter which may for the present do instead of a personal interview.

"In the first place, I know the spaces you mean, and in the abstract am very glad to undertake work which, like this, would be for a public building and upon the larger scale to which I find myself more and more inclining in design, whilst the fact of its necessary permanence in the place for which it was designed would be additionally attractive to me. The idea also which you suggest, of filling the spaces with groups of angels, is confessedly a beautiful one, and would no doubt answer the purpose well, but might, it seems to me, become somewhat monotonous and without proper significance unless done with a view to taking its place in due relation to the subject-designs that I presume are arranged for in the scheme which the Committee has for the complete decoration of dome, drum, and spandrils. The congruity of the whole would of course be so important that I cannot help feeling considerable difficulty in working, so to speak, in the dark.

"Whatever subject is decided upon, I think it would be best for me to prepare cartoons for one of the spaces to begin with, which might be set up *in situ* for a few days in order to judge of the effect so far as composition and scale of figures are concerned. I should not attempt colour in this first rough sketch. After that I should propose to

make a small design for each space which could be submitted to the Dean and the Committee, but I would beg to make the stipulation that it should not be in competition with any brother-artist." This he was assured had never been contemplated, but before another meeting could be arranged he had dismissed personal inclination and decided to abide by deliberate judgment. "I couldn't face it," he said afterwards, "and yet I love mosaics better than anything else in the world. It 's nonsense to put mosaic there —nonsense I think to try to do anything with it but let it chill the soul of man and gently prepare him for the next glacial cataclysm. It wants carpets hung about, and big, huge, dark oil pictures, and hangings of rich stuffs, and the windows let alone, no stained glass anywhere, no colour except black and silver, no chilling surplices, Bach always being played, and me miles away. Me miles away, if possible, and I'll be content with it."

A description which reached Edward of St. Paul's as "the central edifice of metropolitan devotion" thoroughly satisfied him, but his own views of its capacity for furthering devotion are found in the following words: "While I worked this morning I thought of your Sunday expedition to St. Paul's, and wondered if the church crushed and depressed you, as it does me, and if you could pray in it, and to whom, and if you had any hope that a prayer could get past the cornices, and if in your heart you said 'O Lord, how great is thy pomp, how crushing thy judgments; mercifully forgive thy servant if she seeks consolation elsewhere than in thy architectural presence, and confesses with thy servant David that one day in thy house is better than a thousand."

A letter to his son also a few years later expatiates on the subject: "I suppose you know the opening form of prayer used there—'We, members of the stock exchange and of several banking companies (limited) gathered together in this handsome building which the city of London erected at a vast outlay, humbly approach thy throne, O God, beseeching thee to turn thy all-seeing eye upon our

present financial difficulties, which threaten to overturn the commercial pre-eminence of our city. It cannot be wholly unknown to thee, O God, that ever since the Argentine bankruptcy our affairs &c.' and so it goes on, rather a long form. Phil, dear, I assure you no other kind of prayer is possible in such a place, and so I was pleased to find that the Book of Common Prayer used there opens with this appeal."

The news of Parnell's death on October 6th moved Edward deeply, and thus he wrote of it: "To-day about noon came as it seemed the world's end. Sudden black, and out of the blackness a flash like the opening of Hell's mouth and after the flash a roar like Domesday, and after the roar a lull, and then a wind before which all things bent and broke, and the garden is full of shattered branches, and a big poplar lies across the garden wall. All these signs are because Parnell is gone, not because Smith has gone, whatever the Times says. Did you ever see Eric's Hell-ride? Such shattering thunders are the salutes the Gods make when a brave man goes out to them, and I think that was a very brave one." Some months before this he had written to Miss Gladstone: "You won't like me for saying that if I were an Irishman I would stand by Parnell through thick and thin; but I would. And a thing to my mind far more calamitous than the loss of Home Rule is the aspect of English hypocrisy right and left, and the tone of English journalism—Ah!"

The Ireland of these days always joined on in Edward's thought to the ancient land whose place in the world's history he knew so well; and he held that the confidence of its people would never be gained until their heart and imagination had been touched. In spite of the defeat of Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill, he had taken fresh courage because he thought the Irish would recognize the sincerity of the effort. "Never mind," he wrote, "really I believe we have won—even if the elections go against us, I am certain we have won. It is a splendid year, the truth has been said, and won't and can't be forgotten again; it

is only a question of quickness and slowness, but it will be done."

The name "Anguish, King of Ireland," given by Malory as that of one of the knights of the Round Table, did not pass unnoticed: "I think he has never failed of his succession in that luckless land," was the comment made on it. And again: "I do like Paddies somehow very much; because they are unlucky, because Anguish is their king, because they made splendid legends—better and more beautiful are not in the world—and they made so many and stuck to them; and I like them because they feel quickly and laugh at the right things." Many a time he wished that a drop of Tipperary blood had been mingled with the sadder strain from Wales which he inherited.

And now, though the years that remain to be written of are nearer to me than the former ones, I find detailed memory of them less clear. In them were no more beginnings of things, which mark time so gloriously, but rather a continuous flow of the stream of life—full to its banks and with little to disturb the swift silence of its current. Edward's desire to finish work that he had in hand grew strong as he realized the mass that was waiting to be gone on with, and he curbed his inclination to begin fresh pictures, though the thought of them accompanied him always. He worked harder than ever and with increasing method and regularity; patience too enlarged her borders in his mind, and scarcely anything seemed to irritate him, but he was much oftener depressed than he used to be. This he attributed to the effects of influenza, and carefully distinguished it from dejection arising from any special reason. Over and over in his letters it is mentioned. To Mrs. Stillman he wrote: "The influenza, when it left, left also a doleful legacy in the way of melancholy, such as I have never known before. For many weeks I was as hopeless about all things as if a great and terrible misfortune had happened, and could see no light or brightness anywhere, and went about like a forlorn spectre; but this is all very slowly mending. People say I ought to be glad to

be forced to rest, but that is a height of philosophy I cannot attain to, any more than a man in Newgate might be glad of seclusion."

A picture of the Sirens that had long been promised to Mr. Leyland was re-designed this autumn, and about it he writes:

"I am making a plan for a picture that will not be very big and will need to be very pretty. It is a sort of Siren-land—I don't know when or where—not Greek Sirens, but any Sirens, anywhere, that lure on men to destruction. There will be a shore full of them, looking out from rocks and crannies in the rocks at a boat full of armed men, and the time will be sunset. The men shall look at the women and the women at the men, but what happens afterwards is more than I care to tell." To Mr. Leyland he sends word: "I want to shew you the design, as far as I have gone, of the Sirens. It is very rough, only a scheme, but you can tell sufficiently, I think. I have made two. One is that little black invention almost literally enlarged, and the other is a variation upon it. As soon as we have settled which it shall be, or what changes would better it, I should begin gathering studies together for it, and meantime I am having a ship made. Lord! how long I have been about it, nearly all the summer, and there is nothing to shew; but I have been unwell and miserable from that vile influenza, and had little heart in me for anything. But I made myself get through with this."

Mr. Leyland came to the Grange and spent a long time in the studio, talking over and comparing the two designs, and leaving Edward happy by his evident care for them and the pleasure he shewed in choosing which he liked best. This was in October, and about a month afterwards they spent an evening together. It was their last meeting, I believe, before Mr. Leyland's death in the following January.

Just as in earlier years Edward had set himself to learn sunflowers and lilies and roses in their very essence, so now he made the closest study of coloured marbles for his picture of "Avalon." Treasures of this kind were thrown open to

him at Messrs. Brindley's works in Westminster Bridge Road, and he used to go and pore over them till he had got them by heart. He said: "That 's another realm in the universe, a kingdom all to itself, and the owner of the wharf can think of nothing else, and can hardly be got to part with any beautiful piece he has: he wouldn't sell me anything, he said he would lend me two or three pieces, but no one should ever have them. So there is hope of England and there are men in it still. He said he had bought a mountain in Mauritania that once was quarried by the Romans. There were lumps of marble that you wanted to eat, and the very names of some of them should be enough to make one happy." And later:

"I have learned all I shall ever know about marble now, and when I shut my eyes last night I could see nothing but the petrified waves and tide-marks and signs of skimming winds on wet surfaces, so that I think I can make marble now without copying it, and it is fascinating work."

These words about learning a thing so thoroughly that he could "make" it for himself recall an answer that he gave to some one who named as a drawback to the work of an artist, that his pictures looked as though he had done them only "out of his head." "The place where I think pictures ought to come from," said Edward.

Precious stones as well as marbles had a fascination for him (but not those of the modern jeweller) and he had his superstitions about them. In a letter to Mrs. Horner he goes into detail as to his feeling about different ones—what he thought about opals has been already mentioned:

"Green isn't a lucky colour for any Celtic creature to wear, for it is the colour of the Tuatha da Danaan and the hill folk wear it sparingly. Sapphire is truth and I am never without it. If I heard a lie, I should know by looking. Ruby is passion and I need it not. Emerald is hope and I need it, but cut emeralds are like glass and no better, and a fat round one is hopeless to try and get. And diamond is strength, and it sparkles and fidgets and is of this world. And amethyst is devotion. I have it. And topaz is jealousy,

and is right nasty. Sapphires I make my totem of. Pras is a wicked little jewel—have none of him. I gave one to Margaret, and it winked and blinked and looked so evil, she put it away. And I got her a moonstone that she might never know love, and stay with me. It did no good but it was wonderful to look at—cold and desolate—and you sighed when you looked at it as when you look at the moon. And a black pearl I got her, because 'Far fetched and dearly bought is good for ladies.' That 's pretty on her hand, but of all things I gave her to wear on her little fingers none looked so sweet as a poor cheap bit of ivory stained so that it looked like a cherry, and it makes you laugh with delight at its funny red splash of colour, and it beats all except the sapphire, that is crown of stones."

In spite of his calling jealousy "right nasty," on another day he said of it more mercifully: "Let us praise jealousy a little. It is of so modest an origin, that knows itself unworthy and fears a better will come and take its place."

Towards the end of the year a message from M. Puvis de Chavannes reached Edward, inviting him to exhibit at the next exhibition of the Champ de Mars, and to this suggestion his love of France rather than any intimate acquaintance with its contemporary art or artists made him consent. As he had not crossed the Channel since 1878, he was necessarily ignorant of the work going on in French studios, though certain reports of it had reached him and some reproductions of pictures. In these he said that he felt a great want. "Over all France and over all where France has influence, there is one unforgiveable crime—they have not the least idea of what a face means, and what a Paradise or Hell it can express." But another thought that he had about French painters was recorded also: "The skill and daring in their work, and singleness of purpose and *esprit de corps*, their indifference to comfort and luxury, and even necessary food, proves them to be a set of splendid gentlemen whom it would be difficult to match in this country, which I do think is spoiled and sullied by wealth. I feel a constant irrepressible hope in the

French—they try the experiments for the smug world outside to profit by. I should like a splendid school of painting yet to come out of France. Most of them, even of the big ones, are quite poor, and the sight of a poor gentleman makes me feel the world is worth redeeming and can be redeemed."

M. Puvis de Chavannes acknowledged with a noble courtesy Edward's promise to send him the picture of "Fortune" if its owner, Mr. Balfour, would consent, and also a selection of pencil drawings. "C'est pour moi une grande et sincère joie que la promesse de votre glorieux concours à notre exposition du Champ de Mars. Je désire ardemment que vous puissiez disposer en notre faveur du tableau qu'un de vos amis a le bonheur de posséder; quant aux dessins ils seront aussi pour nous l'expression de l'art le plus haut, le plus pur, le plus profond." The two artists never met, but all communications between them were of a brotherly nature. With regard to the pencil studies that were sent, Edward received a letter from the Musée du Luxembourg saying that they wished to secure some of them for the National Collection, where at a later time they looked forward to placing an important picture of his in the foreign section then being organized. In reply he allowed himself the pleasure of asking that the examples chosen should be received as a gift from him, and was glad when they were formally accepted. A few months afterwards a large Sèvres vase bearing his monogram arrived from the Government Manufactory, a graceful memorial of the little transaction.

"Fortune" was safely carried to the Champ de Mars and brought back again—and in spite of Edward's deep dislike of sending pictures travelling, there were times when he was not left unmoved by a suggestion that came to him from Paris, that at a fitting season a collection of his works should be exhibited there.

CHAPTER XXIV

THOSE THAT SHALL COME AFTER
1892—1895

AS he grew older Edward looked with increasing interest upon young artists, always hoping to see the beginning of some new, great career. And not in his own country only did he look for this, but, as he said, when strangers from Paris or Brussels came to him and he knew nothing about them, he must receive them readily, for who knew but that they might prove to be Gabriels or Tennysons. His reflections after a visit from an English youth are to be found in a letter to Mrs. Horner:

"Came an anxious enquirer yesterday to know what he should do to be saved. The last new race of youngest artists is a very anxious one. What delight if the priggish and the cynical race are already things of the past—and there are signs of it. I see such young things from time to time, and am very careful to say no disheartening words. He said he meant to go and live away from London, in some cottage, and that if artists could do that everywhere the time would come when the world would want them again and seek them. And to this I said that I thought it would be far away the best thing to be done, especially if those recluses would be content never to be sought for and wanted, for they never would be. And after he had gone I fell thinking about poverty, and how art had always lived with it, grown from it, prospered with it, and perished when it departed. Can you imagine an artist born at Panshanger or Hatfield? I cannot—imagination fails me there; but I do like young things to come to me, and spare no

pains with them: and after all it is for them I paint. If ever they would look at me as I have looked at Mantegna, what a well-rewarded ghost mine would be."

This sympathy on his side produced confidence on that of the young, and a letter which was a signal instance of this touched him so much that it drew from him in reply some lines of ghostly counsel which I am glad to be able to transcribe. The writer of the letter had laid before him an anxiety of which he had full understanding; his own words of long ago to Mr. Watts expressed a self-distrust almost as great. His correspondent wrote that he felt all he had ever done to be vain and speechless, that he had arrived at a point in his work when he must begin again at the beginning, and his only hope was that it might not be too late. The letter ended by saying: "Your advice shall be to me as a guiding star. I know your kindness of heart too well to apologize for writing to you; I know no other physician."

"It touches me very much," Edward answered, "that you should turn to me for help and counsel in your perplexity. I have thought much over what you tell me, and I think it is a happy sign that you feel this disheartenment. The mood of disheartenment will not last, but the pause in your work and the close examining of yourself may have an excellent ending.

"I once had a terrible time of perplexity and self-abasement. I had been working conceitedly and audaciously for a few years and never looked for any discomfiture, but it came, and weeks ran into months and no light seemed ever to come to me. I too looked despairingly at the past as if all had been done and nothing was left to do. I think it was the most wretched time I ever endured. I worked every day through, I let no day pass without some study, drawing incessantly but very doggedly, as one who had little hope of any issue. I went back to Oxford, having a great belief in the effect its ancient peace would bring me, and every day drew in the gardens there—a whole forest of trees, grasses, flowers, ends of streets, anything—but all

my painting I had put aside. I drew beasts too, a little, but no men or women, nothing to remind me of my old moods—and somehow the distressful time ended itself, and I found my road again.

"It is possible you need rest; but rest for an artist is waste unless he is ill; the rest he needs is change of work. It might heal you and bring you back to confidence if you could for a little time change the material of your work—for art is one—and from the side of colour some refreshment might come to you. Books are of little avail, I think; something allied to one's old work and yet different would surely help you more.

"You have worked very hard and unremittingly for some years now, and perhaps have not let yourself enjoy even the innocent pleasures of life, and the strain has never been lifted for you. Come and see me, and let us talk the matter over—in half an hour's talk we should be further on our way than after a hundred letters. Come to lunch on Wednesday, and in the lull of that simple meal we may be able to beat out some plan; and rest assured of my sympathy."

An incidental mention of Mr. John Morley in a letter written towards the end of 1892, at the time when the second Home Rule Bill was being drawn up, gives an idea of the kind of politician with whom Edward could still sympathize. Let it stand by itself. "I am glad he is in politics. I don't think he expects to win, certainly not to steal a victory. A. says he is very discouraging: he is too good for the tricks of the world. I am sure I shall like his way of fighting and being beaten; he would not discourage me a bit—what discourages is a shabby victory."

For all except purely personal correspondence Edward from this time onwards allowed himself the assistance of a secretary. This lady, Miss Sara Anderson, who was a friend of ours, had long been Mr. Ruskin's private secretary, and the skill and tact with which she filled her most unconventional post at the Grange was a great help to us. To begin with, she agreed to come in the evening, as daylight belonged to painting, not writing, and just when her

help was wanted, not at set intervals; nor was she disturbed if on her arrival she found Edward too tired for anything but laughter and talk, in both of which she bore her part most worthily. Even thus softened, however, the time of reckoning with business letters was one from which he shrank. "In about half an hour comes my secretary—the live one, not the mahogany one—and then will set in the evening I dread, but it's a mighty comfort and I am little by little recovering a lost conscience." Occasionally, as a relief from this compulsory work, he would suddenly stop and say "Now let us write to so-and-so," and at once dictate a letter of quips and jests to some intimate friend so swiftly that even the quick pen and quicker wit of Miss Anderson were put to the proof—then back again to business.

The story of Peter Ibbetson, published in 1892, revived in Edward's mind the ancient kindness between himself and Du Maurier, of whom he had seen but little for a long time, checked by resentment at the parodies of Rossetti that appeared in Punch. But now he obeyed an impulse, and wrote to thank him for his book. With no notice taken of the gap in their intimacy, he begins: "I'm reading your story and have nearly finished it. I love you for having written it. Somehow I was trying to make up my mind to be content and not grumble at the ugly, squalid, vicious tales that people like nowadays. I thought the world was going all one way, and that I had better make peace while there is time and reconcile myself to it, and here comes your book like a fresh wind—full of beauty, and beautiful people—so I want to tell you how happy I am about it, and that I don't lightly say I love you for having written it. But if you hate writing letters as I do, you won't answer this—and who should understand if I do not?"

The Little Minister also, which was read aloud to him to beguile convalescence from illness, gave him great pleasure; I shall always remember the way he answered to its beautiful opening and prepared to enjoy himself. Speaking of Mr. Barrie before this, he said, "I like all the books of his I have read; I am glad some one is making

tales for me that I shall read with happiness." When he met the writer, however, the time was not a lucky one; it was an evening of a prepense kind likely to fail, and he regretfully wrote of it, "I dined out to meet Barrie—Barrie of Thrums. He would not talk at all—but nice and thin and pale to look at. Next morning came Rudyard Kipling, and the contrast was great; so that I gave praise to Allah by reason of his power in diversifying his creatures."

In August he saw Tennyson for the last time, going to lunch at Aldworth by invitation and happy in taking his daughter with him. There was talk of her going there again to take her own children for Tennyson's blessing—but it could not be—it was too late.

In October, after the burial of Tennyson in Westminster Abbey, Edward writes to his son: "Did you see that up to the very end of the end all was perfect about that splendid life, and that the city of Mantua sent some bay from Virgil's birthplace to lay in the tomb—and from Delhi too—O dear! Bain's shop showed the only sign of mourning in all London, and had its shutters up, so I went in and bought five books at once."

About the exhibition of his own collected works at the New Gallery this winter he writes: "It is the kind of thing that should never be done till a man is dead. I dreaded it exceedingly. I feel a little as if a line was drawn across my life now and that the future won't be quite the same thing I meant it to be—I can't tell quite what I mean, and it is a sort of superstition, but there it is. It will be like looking in a magic mirror, and seeing myself at 25 and 30, and 35 and 40, and 45 and 50, and so on to the hundred and tenth year I have now, and I don't like it one bit. I try to close my ears, and to forget it all. It was a mistake of Nature that we cannot shut our ears as we can our eyes, with firm lids." But afterwards he said: "Though I was discouraging always when the exhibition was first thought of and was loth to have the pictures tried again by the public, yet now that all is over and many were pleased, I am glad."

A letter from Du Maurier in February, 1893, full of sym-

pathy and remembrance of their youth, was amongst the few papers that Edward preserved. It follows here.

"My dear Burne-Jones, I went yesterday to the New Gallery. It was a peculiar sensation of pleasure—*très doux et un peu triste*—like opening an old diary. I knew all or very nearly all the pictures there, remembering well where and when I had seen them, and with what impressions. It reminded me of Millais' show at the Grosvenor Gallery, where you were so enthusiastic—do you recollect? We went down Bond Street afterwards in a four-wheeler together and you nearly stamped through the floor! Millais' Autumn Leaves, the Vale of Rest,—at Christie's—what a pleasure it was to see them again after so many years! And in just the same way I can't tell you with what pleasure I saw Merlin and Nimue, the Merciful Knight, Circe and her black panther, and others that I had so loved in the happy days of youth; and found that absence had only made the heart grow fonder!

"I think your special glamour (the Burne-Jonesiness of Burne-Jones, if I may coin such a word), the gift you always had among others of so strangely impressing the imagination and ever after haunting the memory, was almost as fully developed then (when I was young and tender!) as in the later work of greater scope where you had reached your full mastery of execution and draughtsmanship and design—which you seem to have reached so soon.

"I suppose it is this very marked and peculiar flavour in your work which has made you such friends among even those who have had no special technical training and can only feel without knowing why—like my wife who was with me and shared in all this delight of walking in a lovely dream-land full of mystery and reminiscence,

> Fair passions and bountiful pities
> And loves without stain!

It is of course a great pity the Briar Rose was absent. But King Cophetua, the Wheel of Fortune, Merlin and Nimue, Laus Veneris, Chant d'Amour, and these later

works (that must be so good to live with) I beheld again with a still keener insight and appreciation than in the old Grosvenor Gallery days.

"But I won't bore you any longer with my own sensations; I will only say that I have always loved your work from the beginning and shall no doubt do so to the end. If you had been a stranger to me I should have felt the same. It is only because on more than one occasion you have been good enough to tell me that you have had pleasure from things I have done (and thereby given me very great pleasure indeed) that I venture to try and express myself thus directly to you."

These words cheered Edward, and he answered at once:

"What a comforting and long letter you have written to me. I shall put it away among my phylacteries. My phylacteries are a few very special happyfying letters, like yours, which I can take out and read when I feel particularly worthless to myself, and they serve to drive away demons and night goblins. One of them is a testimonial from Margaret on the eve of her wedding day, saying in the main that I have been a good father, and there are three or four others, and yours shall be there too."

The day before writing these words to Du Maurier, Edward had, after long thought, sent to the Royal Academy his resignation of the Associateship accepted in 1885. His letter and its official acknowledgement are given in their order.

February 10th, 1893. "To the President and Council of the Royal Academy.

"Gentlemen, it is now nearly eight years since you did me the unlooked for honour of voluntarily electing me an Associate of your body—an honour which I accepted with cordiality as a sign of sympathy from brother artists which it was impossible to reject.

"But you on your part have never asked me to enter further than the threshold which you invited me to cross, and I, on mine, have found that it was too late to change the direction of my life and work, so as to be able to

carry on the traditions of a school in which I did not grow up.

"To-day I am no longer a young man—too old a man certainly to spend time in competition which I neither sought nor desired, and which is deeply distasteful to me; yet for the past eight years I have found myself involuntarily forced into competition at each successive election for the final admission which you have denied me.

"These facts have gradually brought me to the conclusion that it would be a relief to both of us, if without reproach from either side our formal connexion is brought to an end.

"This I beg respectfully to do now by resigning my Associateship, in the hope that some one else may be elected in my place to whom its conditions will be helpful and inspiring."

The Secretary answered: "Sir, I am desired by the President and Council to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst: resigning your associateship of the Royal Academy, and to express to you their regret that you should have thought such a step necessary."

To Leighton, Edward wrote personally by the same post which carried his letter to Burlington House:

"It is the only way out of the difficulty—I have thought and thought and it is the only way, and after it we shall breathe more freely. Next to the delicious position of never making a mistake ought to rank the humbler one of confessing the mistake and repairing it. Please don't try to dissuade me—this time I believe I am right—and by and bye I believe you will think so too. But if you blame me, you must keep your old friendship and affection for me, because it is dear to me, and the years are getting short. We shall all be much happier and more cosy afterwards."

Leighton's reply was an affecting one.

"What pain and distress your yesterday's letter brought with it I need not tell you—you know it. You deprecate any attempt to dissuade you!—is it not late, Ned, to ask me not to dissuade you from an accomplished act? I have

seen only too plainly for a long time, ever since that first year when I was filled with hope, that an unbridgeable difference divides our several views about your attitude towards what was till yesterday your Academy. It has been a constant sorrow and a deep disappointment to me, and the one dark spot in the term of my Presidency, as your election was its brightest. For your kind words to me individually I thank you very sincerely. I am not of those whose attachment to old friends easily fades away."

This could not miss the mark, and Edward took pains during the remainder of Leighton's life to shew him how much he valued his warm-hearted friendship.

A letter to Alma Tadema, although naturally in a lighter key than that to the President, still expresses the truth which was at the root of the whole matter, and may now sum it up:

"Promise me faithfully one thing before I tell you something. Have you promised——?

"Don't turn me out of the house to-morrow evening when I arrive because I have resigned my Associateship at the Academy.

"It was best to do it—we have got stuck fast—and nobody ever was born to whom freedom is more necessary than it is to this friend of yours. I hope you are not vexed —I am not myself one least bit. I think they are quite right, and I think I am quite right, and there it is, and we shall live happy ever afterwards. You see, dear friend, I am particularly made by nature not to like Academies. I went to one when I was a little boy, and didn't like it then, and thought I was free for ever when I grew up, when suddenly one day I had to go to an Academy again—and now I've run away.

"You promised you wouldn't kick me out to-morrow evening, mind, for I shall turn up if it is humanly possible."

An attack of influenza that Edward had in April was so sudden and violent that for some hours the doctor looked for a specific fever to develop, and though he was soon back in his studio it was long before its evil effects passed away.

A visit to Rottingdean as soon as he could travel had its usual good result, and a trace of the time remains in a letter written while there which contains a bright exclamation about the pleasure that the sight of a friend's face always gave to him: "Who should come in suddenly the other day, but Arthur Balfour whom I love—both him and his company." In August again another letter from Rottingdean, to Lady Leighton, says: "I have been very, very unwell—what it was I don't know, and the doctor knew less, but for days I held my head as if the boiling wits of me would burst if I didn't hold it, and when at last I came here to rest, rest wouldn't come at the bidding. I am only now beginning to sleep; the little place has never yet failed to revive me, and to-day I begin to mend." Most of the failures of health from which he now suffered we learned to attribute to influenza. The attacks were something like his old malarial ones, and the sea and the downs always refreshed him afterwards.

One drawback to the pleasure of Rottingdean was that occasionally the cold sea-winds would bring on a fit of toothache. By the advice of a friend he put himself under the care of an excellent American dentist, and a professional visit to him is recognizable under the following slight disguise: "This afternoon I am looking forward to a most delightful hour with ——, perhaps two hours." Then next day: "So I went to play with ——, who made me very welcome and put me into his best easy chair and turned his lamps full upon me: he was glad to see me and anxious not to lose the least passing expression in my face. He pressed me so to stay that I sat in that chair from half past three till close on five, and then he said he looked on it as only half a visit, and would I promise to go again, say Wednesday next, and he would look forward to it with such delight. What a warm-hearted cordial fellow he is to welcome one so gladly—and yet I have only seen him twice in all my life."

The work-list for 1893 includes mention of four portraits in hand—an unusual thing. One of them was that

of the little daughter of his friend Mrs. Drew (Miss Gladstone), who was so eager to have it to give to her father that Edward could not refuse her wish. After the mother had brought the little one to be looked at, he writes: "It 's a darling baby, that 's the truth—and with a little help from her, if she is just short of being a whirlwind or a windmill, I may make shift to get some resemblance. How easy it would be for some men, not to me, but expect little and that will help me. At any rate I'll try."

Then, after a sitting: "What a day!!! What a morning —and you left me to it, and neither came to help nor to sympathize. [A drawing here in the letter of a child who is both whirlwind and windmill.] And that 's all I've done to-day: ask the nurse. In the main I must do it from memory—a sort of impressionist work—and you will be horribly disappointed, and I shall suffer exceedingly; but that is the only way."

The pressure of the London season told very heavily on Edward, and his determination to carry on work through

it all often resulted in illness, for it was not possible for him to go out more than two or three evenings in a week and yet keep well, nor was it in his nature to deny himself to friends who sought him at his own house. Year after year he vowed that he would not face it again, would go down to Rottingdean when the rush began, and not return till it was over. But to cut off any kind of life, especially one of work, at a given moment is almost impossible; there was always something to be done which overlapped another thing just begun, and that too must be finished; or the very crush of people in London included friends not to be met with at other times or in other ways: some reason always kept us at the Grange until the day came when he was so exhausted that a knife had to be drawn across all engagements. Of such a crisis his own words tell:

"I stayed in that Thursday and rested and went to bed at nine, and slept, and I haven't been out since, and every night quiet at home, and am better. Indeed the gad-about life suited me never, and as time goes by it fits me less and less, and people won't believe—believe only that I am making excuses and won't play with them."

June brought M. Paderewski to London again, of which Edward says: "Paderewski on Thursday, and a delightful and most happy two hours I had with him, and I love him."

It was in August, 1893, just after he had recovered from the fit of exhaustion described in his letter to Lady Leighton, that a grievous misfortune befell us in the destruction of his picture of "Love in the Ruins." It had been sent to be reproduced by photogravure in Paris, where, in spite of a printed warning on the back that it was painted in water-colour and would be injured by the slightest moisture, it had been washed over with white of egg or some such substance, and every part of the surface so touched was destroyed. Our friend Luke Ionides was with Edward at Rottingdean, but I was away when our son came down to tell his father the evil news, and to carry him back to London. Edward wrote to me the same evening:

"I have come back and seen Love in Ruins indeed—all gone. P. is an angel of sympathy and goodness. I shall pick up and work very soon. I will go to Lancaster [to pay a promised visit] on Tuesday—they will all be kind, and new, and that is refreshing under the circumstances—and I'll stay till Saturday and then come back to be at Rottingdean on my birthday. It is a wretched accident: no one could have foreseen it or fenced themselves against it; we won't talk of it, for no words can avail, and to say it's a pity seems as well as to say any other word. How Luke and I had been enjoying ourselves. I never will again; that comes of resting—a very bad thing for me. I had rested more this week than any week for twenty years—thirty years I think—such rest for three days and a half."

"I shall be glad when the next days are over," he wrote again, "so glad—but all things pass, the evil times and the good ones, and that is life, my dear. After all, this isn't to be named by illness of loved ones. It is quite irreparable, but it is life, and all in the bargain—I don't know who made the bargain. And I know I have been spoiled in this life—it is quite fair." But in the train, as he travelled up to Lancaster, he wrote: "I try to forget work, I try to forget disaster, only now and then it bursts upon me horribly."

By the end of the week his resolution was made—to repaint the picture as closely as possible to the original, but in oils, so that it would be proof against any repetition of such an accident as had ruined the water-colour. No trace of the pain and labour this meant is visible in the last entry of his work-list for 1893, which repeats on a larger scale the story of his struggle with the picture of "Merlin and Nimuë" twenty years before.

"In the autumn the water-colour 'Love in the Ruins' was destroyed and I began it afresh in oil, working on it all the rest of the year."

But first he came back to Rottingdean, where he and I and our son kept his birthday. Mr. Price joined us next day and the friends had a short time of quiet together be-

fore our party increased. One day we went over to the little church and watched the workmen putting in the last light of the window that he had given as a record of our daughter's marriage there—*Pro unica filia Margareta in hac S. Margaretae aede feliciter nupta Edwardus Burne Jones pictor dedicavit* says the inscription—and indoors he read to himself from a book that he always kept in his own room, Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici and other writings. Of this author he wrote: "His grand pomp pleases me: this morning he said to me, 'Whatever influences, impulsions or inclinations there be from the Lights above, it were a piece of wisdom to make one of those wise men who over-rule their stars, and with their own militia contend with the host of heaven.' And that is handsome astrology. He says a nice thing too about another life. 'It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man to tell him that he is at the end of his nature—or that there is no further state to come, unto which this seems progressional and otherwise made in vain.'"

Robert Louis Stevenson's Catriona pleased him too in another way these days and even excited him. "Have you read Catriona?" he exclaims, in a letter of this time: "you didn't tell me, and if you had you must have talked of it, for it is a wonder, and every page glitters, and I can't make out why the Speaker doesn't read it to the House of an evening—much better for them to listen to it than to each other's nonsense. I am right glad he has made a woman at last, and why did he delay? this one is so beautifully made. Oh, he's a miracle of a lad, that boy out there in the Cannibal Islands; I wish he would come back and write only about the Borderland."

The death of Madox Brown this October brought unforgotten kindness to mind more than ever. I was able to join the friends who stood round his grave. Edward could not be there visibly, but a letter written the same day shews how he was thinking of his old friend: "And to-day they bury Madox Brown—I can't go, but I ought to be there. Little was his luck in this world—less wonderful men have

even been famous. At first he was very kind to me, then he wasn't. I know no more why than you do—perhaps chatterers came between. He knew no middle way between loving and hating, and I ought to understand that—a turbulent head, impetuous, unjust—always interesting; but it was more fun for those he liked than those he hated—and to-day they put him out of sight. For the first three or four years he was a great part of my life; and I could have done very well for that mood never to have passed away. He died quite young for an artist. Our first fifty years pass in mighty mistakes: after that we grow timid, and can scarce put the right foot in front of the left, for self-conscious shame. Then another twenty years of halting, and we get new courage and know what to do, and what must be left undone: and then comes a gleam of hope and a trumpet call—and off we have to go."

Later on, the winter's labour was cheered by the appearance of a small volume of poems by an author whose name (Francis Thompson) was till then unknown to us. The little book moved him to admiration and hope; and, speaking of the poem that he liked best in it, he said: "Since Gabriel's 'Blessed Damozel' no mystical words have so touched me as 'The Hound of Heaven.' Shall I ever forget how I undressed and dressed again, and had to undress again—a thing I most hate—because I could think of nothing else?"

On January 27th, 1894, came the following letter from Mr. Gladstone at Biarritz:

"Dear Mr. Burne-Jones,

"With the sanction of Her Majesty, I have to propose to you that you should accept the honour of a Baronetcy, in recognition of the high position which you have obtained by your achievement in your noble art.

"Perhaps I give more pleasure to myself in writing this letter, than I shall give to you on your receiving it. But I hope that it may be agreeable to you to fall in with my views; for, setting aside private satisfaction, their aim is to promote

a due distribution of public honour in a great profession, which has not always received in this respect anything approaching to liberal treatment.

"Believe me most faithfully yours

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

The honour was accepted, but I have no copy of Edward's answer to Mr. Gladstone. There is, however, a letter on the subject to Mrs. Drew, a few days later, in which he says: "For me to sit down and write a semi-official letter is well nigh impossible, and I posted the stiffest little note that ever was penned, all the time wanting to say what is easier to say to you. I want you to assure your father from me, more fully than I could in the pompous little note I sent him, how comfortable his words were to me, and how I shall cherish them."

To another friend he speaks of the kind letters he had received when the distinction was publicly announced, and then continues: "Why on earth we should wait for something to happen before we say nice things to each other, I can't see. Mayn't I, one day, write and congratulate you about nothing in particular, and say all the comforting warm things in my heart about you and to you, without any special reason? I am sure we might support each other through life if we did. In January, for instance, all the month through; day after day it rained troubles and maladies and heartbreakings on my friends—then would have been the time for delicious letters. A lady has written to me beseeching me not to think too much of earthly things, or of perishable beauty, but to remember my soul. I gave it to Georgie to answer."

Then followed what were called "the necessary heraldic arrangements" on the occasion — the question of arms and a motto. About the former, "I don't suppose I have any," said Edward, "I should think not"—and so he chose for himself, and obtained permission to bear, Wings and Stars, with the motto *Sequar et attingam* (I will follow and attain). Also he took the practical step of obtaining

the Royal licence for the surname of Burne-Jones, his, till now, by custom only and not by law—and thus he became Edward Coley Burne Burne-Jones; but I doubt if he ever used the full signature except under his petition for the licence.

One of the "kind letters" about the baronetcy was from Du Maurier, and part of it is given here because of the beauty of its expression. After saying how pleased he was that "this compliment should have been paid," he continues: "Let me add however that your name has for so many years been so extremely pleasant in mine ear when spoken, to mine eye when written or printed, and above all to my heart when inwardly sounded by myself (as it so often is) that I cannot help grudging any change—I remember feeling just the same about my dear old friend J. E. M."

Swiftly came Edward's answer:

"My dear Du Maurier,—Some people can write nice letters, my word! and I am a wretch at answering, but don't say you didn't look for it. Oh let me be E. B. J. to you always—these changes are nothing, are no changes at all: E. B. J. I shall be to the end I hope, to you and all who like me. Meantime a far more important matter is this: are you going to kill Trilby, or be kind to her? I cannot have her killed. You may polish off as many men as you like in the process of her career, and they must endure their fate with courage, proud to be crushed by such feet, but no harm beyond a heart-ache or so to Trilby, as you love me. And still I'm sorry we don't meet—soon we shall be such dodders, and have only internal disorders to talk about to each other; already I cough myself to bits if I laugh, and wear goloshes (at least I ought to); what will it be in a year or two? Love to you all. Your affec^te^ E. B. J."

As soon as he saw the beginning of Trilby Edward had called attention to it in a letter to a friend, saying "I have read the first number of Du Maurier's story in Harper's with his skilful pretty drawings. I am always in the

mood for him, and no one pleases me so well as he does when he talks of music, also his artists are like artists and his studios are real studios. Terrible stuff even the best novelists make of studios, and the strange life of them, with its innocent lawlessness. There is a most loveable melancholy in what he writes, to my thinking, and he would not one half have expressed himself in his satirical drawing. I have so little mind for satirists that I avoid them, and never opened Juvenal after school days."

On April 22nd my diary says that he put the last touches to the new oil-colour "Love in the Ruins," and we were thankful that he had had strength to accomplish his purpose. "And now," he said. "I feel OH——and don't want to speak of it or think of it again, but after a little rest begin some fresh life."

In the midst of his engrossing days had come a message from far-away Harris Bridge, saying that Edward's aunt, Mrs. Choyce, now a very old lady, was so feeble in health that it was thought best to let her family know. The tidings roused many memories. "I never forget old times and all your ancient kindness," he wrote to her, "never forget it one bit, and I send you my dear love." He said to us that he kept an image of her vividly from the time when he was only three or four years old—"of her gentleness and affectionate ways and ceaseless busy care for the wants of all near her." She revived, however, and lived for some years longer, while another sister of his mother reached the age of eighty-six. We rejoiced to think that he came of a long-lived family. For himself he dreaded the feebleness of age far more than death; would have liked to live and work for ever, he said, if power did not fail him, but not a day after it went. Of his state of health in the beginning of 1894 he said: "I am stronger than I used to be, far stronger than in early manhood when bogies were ever beckoning me to join their society." This was in a letter to Miss Olive Maxse, for whom, as well as for her sister, he had much affection. Of course they came to drink at the well of his knowledge—as we all did—and the following words

evidently refer to some question asked about the Parcae by her. "Yes, they were three, the Parcae: there was Clotho who span and Lachesis who measured and Atropos who snipped." And then, under a figure of speech, a word about himself: "Atropos is just outside the door now, and I don't know her ways, whether she will rap at the door or come in without knocking. Anyhow I shall treat her as a fine lady. She has let me see splendid things and the world is more beautiful to me now than it was at first, and it shone and sparkled then."

A meeting with Millais in Kensington High Street this spring touched Edward very much, for he thought him looking broken in health. They stopped and chatted together, and Millais enquired about our daughter, and, as they were near her house, suggested that Edward should take him there to see her and her children. She remembers how big he looked as he stood before the fireplace in her low drawing-room, and how he went up to the nursery and saw the children, who thought he was a new cheery doctor. The Mackails were in Young Street then, just opposite the house where Thackeray lived for years, and Millais looked out from the nursery window and recognized it. He told Edward of a day when Thackeray had asked him to dinner there. "I remember all that dinner," he said, "and they are all dead, all but me. And afterwards we went into Thackeray's room and he read us the last thing he had written—it was a chapter in Esmond."

The retirement of Mr. Gladstone from public life this year could not but interest Edward, though he had long ceased to hope anything from politics. "Yes," he said, "the going-out of Gladstone is very strange—how dull it will be. Who cares who is made chief Minister or who not? Nobody else for many a day will fill the stage as he has. It is better to go out so than to go out because a general election will force it. Since the most dramatic things so seldom happen, this must serve us. He has been a mighty part of his country—now let us see how they like it when the big one has gone. They always quarrel with

their big ones, always; hate them really and pretend they wish them back. It will never be a really happy world till the last big one is gone and the flat ones can have a fool's paradise, and all things their own way. It is coming; presently there will be no more big ones at all, on any side of human life, and everything will be smug and comfortable." He spoke of the newspapers which had never been on Gladstone's side when he was in office, but as soon as he was gone cried, What would happen to the country now the hand of the Master was lifted! "I thought that would have been in six months' time," he said, "but it began last evening with indecent haste, and it amuses me."

In August we all went down to Rottingdean for his birthday, and another letter to Miss Maxse written on the 28th shows him in merry mood:

"This is said to be my birthday—so Margaret and Georgie say, and they ought to know. I am to have a seed cake and one tallow candle burning—only one, for the room itself will not hold candles enough if there was one for every year. My dear, there would be, if you will believe me, 485 candles, and Georgie says we must economize. And sometimes I say what a pity I was born and sometimes I don't say it so much, and I don't this morning. All I can say is I hope every blessing will attend me: I hope sincerely I shall have many many happy returns and that all I wish (if my wishes are virtuous of course) may come to pass, and that I shall live long, honoured and respected, to fulfil the expectations my indulgent friends have formed of me. May every——oh dear, I forget what I was going to say, but if you won't say these things I must—you would not have them unsaid, I hope."

Our Rottingdean visitors' book contains many emblematical drawings in illustration of names and events connected with the little place: singing birds and soft cats for the young and gentle, with strange animals for friends of a rougher cast. This birthday of Edward's is not marked by a picture of the seed-cake and the tallow candles, but by one of a vast plum-pudding. In the spring he drew lambs

leaping in the grass upon which his daughter stands. But perhaps the prettiest tribute in the book is one to our friend Mrs. Sellar of Edinburgh, where the impression she made on him is presented in the form of a nymph, who walks light-footed among trees and birds and sunshine, with the grace of immortal youth.

In October we both of us took a holiday and went north from a Monday till a Saturday, first to see Mrs. Gaskell in a beautiful little old house near Lancaster, and then to Hawarden. We thought Mr. Gladstone much aged in appearance, but he was full of life and fire. Politics were not so much as once named, and Edward had a delightful walk and talk with his host which was the heart of the time. We admired and liked Mrs. Gladstone extremely, feeling the sympathy of her nature at every turn.

Design for Seal for the University of Wales.

Amongst other work this autumn he made the design that he gave to the University of Wales for its Seal (here reproduced), and also arranged many of the scenes and dresses for Mr. Comyns Carr's play of King Arthur then being prepared at the Lyceum Theatre. For the whole of the armour he was also responsible. His indifference to the theatre in the abstract was shewn by the fact of his feeling more interest in the studio of the scene-painter than in anything else connected with the play. One day he took his daughter with him when he went there, and an extract from her diary of October 31st brings the visit before us: "We went by train to Charing Cross and walked along the Strand to the Lyceum, entering by the stage door, and we climbed up and up to Mr. Hawes Craven's studio where he was working on the scenes which Father has designed for 'King Arthur.' He was very cordial, and shewed us the working of the scenery from high up over the stage, whence it is managed by innumerable ropes. We looked down sheer depths to the stage, and upwards to more platforms and more ropes and an indefinite roof—it all looked vast and impressive. Then we watched him paint"—and from memory she now adds: "Father seemed to have nothing to suggest or criticize, only to wish to be shewn things, and they talked like brother artists."

I remember myself that he came away envious of the vast scale on which the work was being done, and I believe it was in emulation of Mr. Hawes Craven's brushes that he had a number of huge ones made for "Love's Wayfaring."

After the play had been produced he said very little about it, and when taxed with this, in a letter from a friend, he answered: "No—I didn't say a word about the King Arthur, not quite knowing what to say, for friends are involved in it: Irving is loveable, and Carr is an old friend now. And I can't expect people to feel about the subject as I do, and have always. It is such a sacred land to me that nothing in the world touches it in comparison. If people wanted to act Calvary I couldn't help it. Somebody

was bound to do it I suppose. I don't like plays—don't like the theatre at all. I see that people like the pageant in it and are civil to me about that—it only shews how useless it is to make pictures for them; they need to be roared at or they can't hear; sickening thoughts be these. The pageant looks rather bonny now and then; when the knights gather for the San Graal there is a moment of beauty—of real beauty. It is gone before you can measure it.

"Irving is a dear fellow, and I have an affection for him. He thinks it is better for people to see an Arthurian play than not—that there are enough people who like romance and they might be fed—and perhaps he is right: also I know it is a matter of mood with me how I feel about that. In the main I should like to keep all the highest things secret and remote from people; if they wanted to look they should go a hard journey to see. Yes, that is what I mostly feel, but now and then in weak moments I give way: weak moments come to me through friendship. I should be colossally strong if it wasn't for friends, who weaken one at every turn. So when Irving came softly and waylaid me I relented. Some things they have done well and some they have spoiled; and they behaved badly about Merlin and dress him not as I designed him, so I have made a row and now they are going to alter it. They hurried the thing so that I saw nothing till it was on the stage—so all might have been much worse."

"I did not go to the first night," he says in another letter; "the morning papers say I was there, constantly leaving my box to superintend. I was here all evening playing dominoes—but I should hate it if papers were ever right."

The play was performed a hundred times in London and then taken to America, whence all its scenery returned safely across the water, only to be destroyed by fire in a place where it was stored for safety—fortunately not at the Lyceum.

The drawings that Edward made for the scenes were but slight, with a rough suggestion of colour, and were actually painted by the artists of the theatre, in consultation with

was bound to be [illegible] I don't like plays—don't like [illegible] people like the pageant in it and [illegible]—it only shews how useless it is [illegible] they need to be exerted at [illegible] thoughts be these. The [illegible] when the knights [illegible] of beauty—of [illegible] beauty. It is gone before you can [illegible] it.

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The Passing of Arthur

Mr. Comyns Carr. Four points in the play were taken: the Magic Mere, the Hall of Camelot, the May Scene, and the Scene in the Turret.

Whilst this work was going on I found upon the studio floor, thrown down as uncared for, a small sketch of Arthur in the barge, watched over by three vast forms of Queens robed in a cloudy blue, and the proportion which leaves the figure of Arthur undwarfed while they so greatly surpass him in size is a mystery.

CHAPTER XXV

1893—1895

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the world grows older!
Help lies in nought but thee and me.

THE acquaintance with Dr. Sebastian Evans, which had begun in 1885 and steadily grown into serious friendship, differed from that which bound Edward to the men whom he had known from his youth up. With these he shared a world of thoughts and principles long since agreed upon and now seldom put into words, but intercourse with a new friend could not have the same quality; it had to be interrupted by explanation or argument, or even by profession of faith. Some of their conversation as related by Dr. Evans gives proof of this, and bears traces also, in a human and unpedantic way, of Edward's old love for logic and philosophy. There grew up between them a sort of accepted formula which they called "talking after the manner of the ancients"—meaning that they would speak to each other as clearly as possible on things close to their hearts. Forms more or less reminiscent of Socratic dialogue were generally used at such moments, the slight disguise helping open speech and producing a kind of humorous incongruity that gave still further freedom. Otherwise, Dr. Evans says, Edward very seldom talked seriously to him about the religion of art, though at times, when provoked by something which he felt to be a blasphemy against it, he would flare up into an indignant vindication of the principles by which he lived. Such a provocation reached him during the exhibition of his collected work at the New Gallery. Some lady—I know

not who—wrote to the effect that she had been deeply impressed by the contrast between the crowds of ignoble faces she had encountered in Regent Street and the "divine hush" of the New Gallery. The substance of her letter was, how delightful it must be for great artists to be able to detach themselves at will from the passions and sorrows of this wretched world, and, like Tennyson's gods, to

> . . . lie beside their nectar while the bolts are hurled
> Far below them in the valley, and the clouds are lightly curled
> Round their golden houses girdled with the gleaming world.

Dr. Evans chanced to come in while Edward was reading this, and finding him evidently disturbed, asked what was the matter.

"There!" said Edward, trying to hide the seriousness of his mood under the cloak of a flat cockney dialect, "Read that!" and as Sebastian finished it, "There!" he exclaimed again. "What has a poor old 'ard-workin' feller like me done, as he 's to be called a Tennyson's gods and the Lord knows what by the likes of she? I arst you as a man? *You* don't think I'm a Tennyson's gods nor nothin' o' the sort, do you? It ain't fair, it ain't! A man as has always worked 'ard for a livin' and liked to see things decent and comfortable about him, and is a growin' old—very old, my dear, very old. Tell me I'm not a gibbering idiot—tell me I haven't wasted my whole life in running after things that no man will ever be the better for!"

"In spite of the way in which he spoke of himself," says Dr. Evans, "he was very much in earnest, and I did all I could think of at the moment to soothe him. After a time he said, 'Let us talk after the manner of the ancients.'" What follows is the part of their conversation that concerns us now.

E. "It wasn't the multiplicity of life that I was thinking about, it was the duality, which lies further back. I suppose all these antitheses, material and immaterial and so on, really mean ultimately just this, that consciousness itself necessarily implies a duality. There is something, call it what you

please, which is conscious, and something, call it also what you please, of which it is conscious."

S. "Suppose we call one the microcosm and the other the macrocosm."

E. "It is a free country, my good person. It is allowed us so to do if we be so minded. Only, when you have safely 'posited' (the correct word, I hope) your microcosm and macrocosm, the one meaning you who are conscious, and the other the things of which you are conscious, you have to remember that there is no real antithesis between them, sometimes not even a seeming one. As a matter of fact, one is a part of the other, an infinitesimally small part. Speaking after the manner of the ancients, you and I don't constitute any considerable item in an order of things which includes, for instance, such entities as Orion and the Pleiades." And he repeated to himself slowly: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season or guide Arcturus with his sons?"

S. "And now, O beautiful, let us get back to the two lives in one that we have to live and the two worlds in one in which we have to live it. Is it not somewhere about here that one of the two interlocutors says 'morality and religion,' and the angels take up the cue accordingly and enter on the stage?"

E. "Yes—they are coming directly. Who was it that said 'Know thyself' came down from heaven? It is quite true—true as Gospel. It came quite straight to whoever said it first."

S. "I don't see it. There's more in Sartor Resartus' emendation of the saw into 'Know what thou canst work at!'"

E. "It was Sartor Resartus who first made me think about it. But I soon found that he wanted patching again himself—or rather, that he wanted a new suit altogether, for Sunday best, at all events. He says: 'Work at what lies nearest thee, it doesn't matter what, only work at it in earnest like a nigger'—or words to that effect. Which is, or may be, sheer atheism. It is neither morality nor religion."

S. "Well, you have given the cue, but I don't hear the rustle of any wings."

E. "Don't you? I do. You are a little deaf of one ear, my dear."

S. "I don't confess it. People who confess never mend. But how do you evolve your morality and religion out of your blessed *Gnothi seauton*?"

E. "I don't 'evolve'—never did such a thing in my life; it is your scientific people who demean themselves that way. 'Know thyself,' my beautiful and good, and know that you are really beautiful and good. That is the whole duty of man."

S. "There's a solution of continuity somewhere. I fail to connect."

E. "No. There's no solution of continuity. The connexion is inevitable. Follow it out for yourself. Long before you can speak, your first consciousnesses are that one thing is more beautiful than another—more 'grateful and comforting'—more good in some way. And contemporary with these first consciousnesses,—a part of them, indeed, inseparably, inevitably a part of them, is the consciousness that of these things pleasant and unpleasant, ugly and beautiful, good and bad, some are outside you and some inside you. Then comes, much earlier than people think, the 'be good!' 'be a good boy!' stage, and the converse, 'don't be naughty!' 'you are a very naughty boy,' and so on. All this, whether or not you, the microcosm, agree or disagree as to this, that, or the other being really 'good' or 'naughty,' takes it for granted, and quite rightly, that you already know long before you can speak what is meant by being good and being naughty. And not only this, but a great deal more; that however naughty other people may be, (you can call them the macrocosm if it any way soothes you to do so) you, at least, ought to be good. It is, in fact, your duty—the one object you are alive for—to be as 'good' as you know how. However young you may be, and however naughty you may choose to be, you know that you ought to be good. Of course I'm speaking of children who

know anything at all. If they know anything, they know that, and there's no getting behind it. Well, and when you grow up, it is just the same."

S. "But are not we drifting in the direction of the double-damned old fallacy—making the individual conscience or consciousness the everlasting standard of things right and wrong, beautiful and unbeautiful? Where is to be the 'ultimate sanction'?"

E. "We don't want any external 'ultimate sanction.' We have our own. And we are not drifting on to any old fallacy. Take this woman for instance [one who was on trial for the murder of her husband]: you would hang her and I wouldn't—I am glad you are not Home Secretary—but how does that affect the question? What we both want is that justice should be done, and justice tempered with mercy. I think more about mercy towards the woman and you more about mercy to foolish persons who run the risk of being poisoned by their wives. But both of us want the same thing—so does everybody else worth counting. That's good enough 'ultimate sanction,' isn't it? The application of any principle in any particular case of the kind is a matter for the macrocosm, not the microcosm, to settle as best it may—a muddling, makeshift way generally, but the poor thing has to get along somehow. The notion that justice ought to be done is primary and instinctive; *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.* How it ought to be done is a matter on which we may all disagree. Next Friday, or Friday week, I may think quite differently from what I think to-day about it."

S. "But doesn't your *Gnothi seauton* mean among other things, Know your own mind?"

E. "Not a bit of it! Nothing to do with it! *Perperam de hoc sentit Sebastianus noster.* Nothing of the kind, I repeat. *Gnothi seauton* means this: Here's this rickety old macrocosm of a world, my dear, full of maladies and evil humours, purblind, decrepit, paralytic, stumbling and staggering along through a welter of thick mud where she can only just see to take her next step towards nowhere by the

'wan water' in the puddles. Poor old thing! What does she know of beauty, or truth, or love, or God? She has heard tell of such things, but where are they, for her?—If she did but know! If she did but know!—Listen, you can hear her: 'Who will show us any good? Who will show us any good?'"

S. "And then?"

E. "Why then, your little, tiny, insignificant whipper-snapper of a microcosm, he ups and he says, says he: '*I* will! Mother! It's little enough as I or any man can do for you, but what I can do, by the Splendour of God, I will!' That came to me early, as soon as I could think consecutively. It doesn't come to everybody. But it's just here that 'Know thyself' comes in. How are you going to help the poor old world to any advantage, if you don't know how to make the most of any help you have in you to give? And this is why I say that Carlyle's 'Work at the task that lies nearest' may be atheism. If I had followed that, I should have been a parson, and what I mean when I say 'atheist'—that is, a man who, having it in him to do something to help the world, deliberately does less than he might by choosing an uncongenial medium in which to work. If God says 'You can do this better than that,' and you choose to do that rather than this, you are an atheist—you don't believe in the voice of God."

S. "Suppose we call him a fool instead of an atheist? It comes to the same thing. It is the fool who saith in his heart, There is no God."

E. "Right. Fool he is and fool he shall be. There are lots of people who have no 'call' at all. They don't count—they are no more fools than they are wise for not having it. The real fool is the man who hears the call and doesn't obey it. To do any real good, you must work to the best advantage. What you have to do is to express yourself—utter yourself, turn out what is in you—on the side of beauty and right and truth, and of course you can't turn out your best unless you know what your best is. You, for instance, start a rag of a newspaper—I cover an acre of

canvas with a dream of the deathbed of a king who you tell me was never alive—why? Simply because for the life of us we can't hit on any more healing ointment for the maladies of this poor old woman, the world at large. Our religion is the same. There is only one religion. 'Make the most of your best' is common sense and morals. 'Make the most of your best for the sake of others' is the Catholic Faith, which except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved. Athanasius did not know the real strength of his position: all these things are automatic. You are a true believer—you enter the Kingdom of Heaven. You are a heretic—you are damned. It has nothing to do with happiness or unhappiness. People who are damned, as far as I can make out, are generally happier than we poor devils who humbly enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Day of Judgment? It is a synonym for the present moment—it is eternally going on. It is not so much as a moment—it is just the line that has no breadth between past and future. There is not—cannot be, if you think it out—any other Day of Judgment. It is not in the 'nature of things.' The *Dies irae dies illa* is everlastingly dissolving the ages into ashes everywhere. It is Nature herself, *natura*, not past or future, but the eternal being born, the sum of things as they are, not as they have been or will be. What I am driving at is this: We are a living part, however small, of things as they are. If we believe that things as they are can be made better than they are, and in that faith set to work to help the betterment to the best of our ability however limited, we are, and cannot help being, children of the Kingdom. If we disbelieve in the possibility of betterment, or don't try to help it forward, we are and cannot help being damned. It is the 'things as they are' that is the touchstone—the trial—the Day of Judgment. 'How do things as they are strike you?' The question is as bald as an egg, but it is the egg out of which blessedness or unblessedness is everlastingly being hatched for every living soul. Of course you can translate it into any religious language you please; Christian, Buddhist, Mahometan, or what not. 'Have you faith?'

I suppose means the same thing. Faith, not amount of achievement—which, at best, must be infinitesimally small —that is the great thing. Have *you* faith, my dear? Do you ever think of this poor old woman, our Mother, trudging on and on towards nothing and nowhere, and swear by all your gods that she shall yet go gloriously some day, with sunshine and flowers and chanting of her children that love her and she loves? I can never think of collective humanity as brethren and sisters; they seem to me 'Mother' —more nearly Mother than Mother Nature herself. To me, this weary, toiling, groaning world of men and women is none other than Our Lady of the Sorrows. It lies on you and me and all the faithful to make her Our Lady of the Glories. Will she ever be so? Will she? Will she? She shall be, if your toil and mine, and the toil of a thousand ages of them that come after us can make her so!"

Afterwards he said: "That was an awful thought of Ruskin's, that artists paint God for the world. There 's a lump of greasy pigment at the end of Michael Angelo's hog-bristle brush, and by the time it has been laid on the stucco, there is something there that all men with eyes recognize as divine. Think of what it means. It is the power of bringing God into the world—making God manifest. It is giving back her Child that was crucified to Our Lady of the Sorrows."

Outbursts of this kind were of the rarest, but they were connected by hidden fire with those of his youth, whose flames still glow in the memory of the only surviving member of the Oxford Set.

Four pictures were finished for the New Gallery exhibition of 1895, and amongst them was "The Fall of Lucifer," which gave Edward much trouble: "Never was such an unruly crowd: but they are tamed at last and the doors shut tight and fast behind them." He pacified himself by painting this subject instead of making the mosaic of it that he longed to do, for the design was one he specially cared about; but he said when it was done that people did not know how to take it because it was different from his usual work, and they could not tell whether to praise or deplore this.

When the picture came back to him after exhibition and was hung in the garden-studio, mention is made of it in a letter to Mrs. Gaskell, followed by his own version of one of the legends that swarm round the name of Lucifer:

"The other day in Avignon a priest was confessing sinners, and saw in the congregation a splendid-looking youth, broad-shouldered, stout-necked, gold-haired, and fierce—very tall—whose turn came at last to confess. He confessed so many things that the priest's hair stood on end, and he said, 'But have you lived hundreds of years to have done so much evil?'

"'I have lived thousands of years,' said the youth; 'I fell from heaven at the beginning of the world, I want to get back there.'

"The priest, who belonged to a glorious, ample, wide-eyed, wide-hearted religion, said it could be done. He didn't even ask him to be sorry, being wise and knowing the story. He said: 'Say after me these words: *God only is great and perfect*.' The curly-headed splendour of a man strode away desolate and still damned—that was only the other day it happened."

And elsewhere he asks: "Did you know that the darkness of night is caused by his hosts still falling?"

"The Dream of Launcelot" was another of his own favourites, and he used to be a little jealous when friends turned from it to the brighter "Aurora" that was in the studio at the same time. The figure of the knight sleeping beside a well recalls that in Rossetti's picture of the same subject, long since faded from the walls of the Union at Oxford: indeed I think the whole design may have been commemorative, for the lines of the two compositions have much in common.

One day this spring the post brought an anonymously published book called As Others saw Him, the spirit of which Edward was at first inclined to suspect, but on reading further he was both touched and roused to admiration. It purported to be a retrospect of the ministry of Christ in Jerusalem, written A.D. 54 and sent by a Jewish scribe at

Alexandria to a learned Greek at Corinth. The writer speaks of himself as having been amongst "those who voted for his death in the Council of Twenty-three." The learning of the book, combined with its ardour, simplicity, reverence, and imagination, made Edward curious as to the author, but he failed to recognize in it the hand of his friend Mr. Joseph Jacobs, which was afterwards confessed. The world-wide spell cast by the world-wide thought of an incarnate God had led the modern Jewish scholar and critic far beyond his accustomed path of knowledge, so that he had lost himself in the desire of all the nations and spoke with longing instead of certainty.

In the early summer Edward took a week away from everything else and gave it to Avalon. "If only I could paint at that now, when I am in the mood," he said, "but I stole this week, and next I must get to other work."

The Chaucer designs are mentioned in various letters. To Lady Leighton he says:

"Yesterday I began the last ten that will decorate the last poem, Troilus and Cressida. Seventy I have done—ten more to do—and in three or four weeks I can breathe and look back on a longish task; and I shall be glad and sorry. But," he adds, "while I have been busy with this no more Flower pictures have been done, which is a great pity."

To Mrs. Horner at an earlier stage of the work he wrote: "And I have been calculating that the time I have given to the Chaucer work in the last two years and a half is exactly to an hour the time I should have spent in visits from Saturday to Monday at 'houses,' if I had been amiable and sociable—for I haven't let it invade the week's work, but have designed only on Sunday with very little exception. Now to think of that! And yet I know quite well not ten people in the land will care twopence about it. Yet it will be a very nice book. But I think about the year two thousand one hundred and thirty-three, there will be a passing craze for it, and it will be the fashion in London to talk of it during the Easter recess of that year. I have fourteen more designs to make and then my share is done,

and I may permit myself the luxury of one smile. I have been happy over it; it has never tired me but refreshed me always."

Yet there were days of discouragement as well as refreshing, as when he says: "I want to show Morris the new Chaucer designs: he tells the truth always, and I shall know if he likes them. If he likes them, they are very good—but I doubt. It is so hard to tell at once, and until time has gone by I can never judge of my own or other work, of my own especially. To-day I feel disappointed as I look at them, but I shall know when he has seen them. Inexorable judges, both of us—no appeal when we condemn."

Any condemned design was done over again, and again after that if necessary. Mr. Catterson-Smith, who was translating the pencil drawings into ink for the engraver, noticed this while he was working in the studio, and remarked one day: "You don't do everything right off at once then?" "No," said Edward, turning to Mr. Rooke, "we'll leave that to geniuses, we're only plodding coves, we're hard-working chaps, we are, aren't we?" There were eighty-seven pictures in the Chaucer when it was finished.

He trusted none but an artist's opinion about a work of art. "People don't know anything about our work, and don't really care. I am more ashamed than pleased with the best part of the praise I ever get."

The name of the picture called "The Chariot of Love" was changed as he worked at it and became "Love's Wayfaring." It was very laborious to paint, for its height obliged him to mount a scaffold of two stories, going up and down by a ladder—"and I never, no never, remember the bottom step." His thought about it as he looked at it one day was uttered aloud to Mr. Rooke: "I have a hope there will be no part shirked in it. I don't like parts of pictures looking as if no trouble had been taken over them. Even Michael Angelo shirks sometimes, but Botticelli never; he thinks well about it before he begins, and does what is beautiful always." He complained that as a rule

William Harris

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William Morris
from a photograph made at the Kelmscott Press
on September 13th 1895

men do not give themselves enough time or take enough trouble over beginning a picture—"and that is strange, because a picture is such a serious labour. How happy it is to begin a new picture, but how arduous to carry it past the middle stage, and what a worry to finish it!"

"Realism" in painting was a question on which he spoke as clearly as he did about "expression." Here are some of his words on the subject:

"One of the hardest things in the world is to determine how much realism is allowable in any particular picture. It is of so many different kinds, too. For instance, I want a shield or a crown or a pair of wings or what not, to look real. Well, I make what I want, or a model of it, and then make studies from that. So that what eventually gets on to the canvas is a reflection of a reflection of something purely imaginary. The three Magi never had crowns like that, supposing them to have had crowns at all, but the effect is realistic because the crown from which the studies were made is real—and so on."

Another time: "Realism? Direct transcript from Nature? I suppose by the time the 'photographic artist' can give us all the colours as correctly as the shapes, people will begin to find out that the realism they talk about isn't art at all but science; interesting, no doubt, as a scientific achievement but nothing more. Some one will have succeeded in making a reflection in a looking-glass permanent under certain conditions. What has that to do with art?"

"Transcripts from Nature," he repeated, "what do I want with transcripts? I prefer her own signature; I don't want forgeries more or less skilful." And to a friend who urged some piece of realism in his work, he answered: "I don't want to pretend that this isn't a picture."

"It is the message, the 'burden' of a picture that makes its real value," he said one day to Dr. Evans—and then, before following the thought more gravely, went off by a whimsical and characteristic turn to a memory that it aroused. "There 's an eminent artist who has a gallery of his own works generally on show in one or other of the

paved courts near the Army and Navy Stores, at Kensington Gore, or wherever he finds the flagstones favourable for treatment in pastel. He 's the only one I know who writes the message of his picture quite plainly, and even then it's a lie—'I am starving.' I'm told he is a fraud, that he goes round in a morning and scrabbles his things in ten or a dozen different places and farms out these stations to the highest bidder, who makes a good thing of sitting on the pavement all day. But the great man insists on the pictures being obliterated every night under severe penalties. How wise and right! The producer requires a middleman, but the middleman must not unduly impoverish the producer. The 'unearned increment' &c. &c.—I may not be an artist myself, my dear, but at least my political economy is above reproach. They don't write the message up at the Academy or other exhibitions; there 's no occasion. The burden is generally obvious enough: every 'pot-boiler' says 'Please, sir, master's pot doesn't boil; buy me like a gentleman, and make it boil.' A most legitimate message, an entirely laudable one. 'Keep the pot boiling' is, as we political economists are aware, the fundamental principle of our science. Still, regarded as a message from the artist to the outer world, 'Buy my pictures because I have to boil my pot,' seems to deflect a little, if I may be allowed the expression, from the strictly logical sequence desirable in dealing with economic problems. On the whole it is uninspiring—it is not 'a thought that shakes mankind.'

"After all, it is the general burden of an artist's work that is of importance, and the greater the artist the simpler his message. Intellectually, I suppose, nothing grander has ever been done than Michael Angelo's Prophets and Sibyls and Angels in the Sistine Chapel. What is the burden of them? The burden of Michael Angelo that he wrote very large upon the walls of the temple of God: 'Of all earthly things those that are nighest to God are Beauty and Strength and Majesty and the Thought of a wise man, and all these things are a Mystery.' I suppose Phidias and Myron and

a lot of the other old Greeks got as far, possibly farther, in everything bar the mystery—bar the mystery. They give you the godlike beauty, strength, majesty. They suggest that wisdom is godlike. They nowhere suggest the mystery of life. That is later."

"And earlier," objected his friend. "How about the Nile Valley?" Edward's answer came instantly, and Dr. Evans says that its swiftness even more than its subtle accuracy of analysis impressed it upon his memory. "Yes, Egypt itself is mystery. And in certain qualities Egyptian art is unsurpassable, at all events unsurpassed. And it did know how to symbolize mystery. The burden of the Sphinx and the burden of Michael Angelo's Jeremiah are mystery. Both belong to grand art. But the difference one feels between them is one of kind, though I don't quite see where it comes in. Perhaps it is this. The Sphinx and all the beast and bird-headed things are symbols of certain mysteries of *religion*. The Jeremiah and the rest are symbols of the mystery of *existence*. Get up the Book of the Dead, and your Egyptian mysteries cease to be mysteries. They are just metaphors or allegories. Jeremiah remains a mystery. He is inscrutable. 'The solemn thought of the prophet is the inspiration of God.' That is his burden. There is no allegory about that."

His certainty of the limitations of what is called perfection in art was often expressed.

"Aeschylus had his Sophocles, just as Michael Angelo had his Raphael. And in both cases, the knowing ones think the 'perfect artist' the bigger of the two. But of course, it is God that creates, and the more that man can create, the more God he has in him. That's the right way to measure Michael Angelo, and then you find he's immeasurable. You can tell how high Raphael is to an inch."

He often referred to the likeness between Aeschylus and Michael Angelo: "'A mere difference of time and *milieu*,' —see the Reviews, *passim*—'the one manifesting his intellectual activity in Literature and the other in Art'—capital letters of course, to mark the antithesis. What rot

it all is! As if literature was not art! Why literature is only literature because it is art, and for no other reason. It is art that makes paintings pictures, and it is art that makes verses poems; literature cannot do it any more than printing can."

Take another day in the studio, when work was going quietly, and younger men were with him who saw that he was in the mood to talk. Rossetti's name was sure to be in the conversation sooner or later, and of his double artistic gift Edward said that no man ever did two arts at once so perfectly as he. "Painters, for instance, have written poetry before, and it was always interesting because of the greatness of the writer, but no one has ever done the two as well as he did." Asked if a poet had never taken to painting: "Oh no, why should he? There is no object in trying to learn a new and difficult art if he has the means of expression ready to hand. He is born into the language, has nothing to acquire, has simply to pour out, if it's in him." Returning to Rossetti: "Like many people he could not bear the length and quietness of an epic. He wanted to keep a poem at boiling point all the way through, and he did it to that degree that it went into ether with fervent glowing heat before he had done with it. The short form of his poems helped him to this. As soon as the pot went off the boil he'd take it from the fire." Then as to epic: "Those who love architecture know how delightful the long, splendidly built straight wall is, and how precious it makes a piece of rich ornament when you come to it. If a building is all crockets you go mad. But people don't want epics; they find them too long and wearisome, and would rather read a story straight off in prose if they want a story."

He himself could only say that he "a little bit cared for epics, but grudged the drowsy sleepy parts that have to be." "What I most love are little things, not many lines long, that make me tingle every time I say them—whereof the crown and ensample are those piercing ones,

> Magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

As to Morris' poetry he said: "His line is so simple, unencumbered and straightforward, it endures for ever, conveys its meaning and makes its mark at once. But you cannot find short quotations in him, he must be taken in great gulps. Chaucer is very much the same sort of person as Morris; unless he can begin his tale at the beginning and go on steadily to the end, he 's bothered. There is no ingenuity in either of them, the value of their work comes from the extreme simplicity and beautiful directness of their natures. They are neither of them typical artists —typical poets but not typical artists."

Edward often mourned that he could not remember the exact form of words used by Morris in talking. "There 's Morris: the larger half of that wonderful personality will perish when he dies. I've tried to put down or repeat some of his rare sayings, but somehow it always seemed flattish the day after, with all the savour gone out. There is no giving the singularity and the independence of his remarks from anything that went before. What never can be put down are his actions and ways—perpetually walking about a room while he is talking, and his manner of putting his fist out to explain the thing to you. When I first knew him at college it was just what it is now."

But if Edward lamented his own want of verbal memory he insisted on Mr. Rooke's cultivating the quality, with a view to remembering what he read and repeating it afterwards as they sat at work. Mr. Rooke declares that to begin with he had no power of this kind, and that it only came gradually by incessant practice. "I was made," he says, "to tell as much as I could give account of from what used to be read to me at home, however lamely I did it." This tale-telling used to begin after they had got well to work, and all had been said that might occur to either of them about passing events public or private. In this way most of Boswell's Johnson, Carlyle's French Revolution, Frederick, and Cromwell, Dickens, Thackeray, Dumas and Scott, and some of their books twice over, were gone through in the course of years. When The Newcomes

was being told and the tale came to where Clive and Ethel meet at Bonn, Edward interrupted it by praise of its illustrations: "Ethel beautifully riding on a donkey as Dicky Doyle drew her. He did it so well. To read The Newcomes with Doyle's pictures is the only way—Ethel, Colonel Newcome, Clive, and all of them done beautifully. It 's a treasure of a book."

At one time Edward read many detective stories—Gaboriau especially—the bookstall at Victoria Station being ransacked for them whenever he went down to Rottingdean. But he wanted to hear them also. "Rookie, you must read a Gaboriau and tell it to me. He 's the most wonderful inventor of detective business that has ever been. Do you remember that wonderful chase through Paris that lasts a whole day—by the police, a detective and a woman?"

"Didn't Dickens do good detectives?" asked Mr. Rooke.

E. "Yes, but it 's quite a different kind of invention that I am thinking of: the clever tracking out of intricate mysteries. Edgar Poe began it, I believe, in the three stories of the Gold Bug, the Mystery of Marie Roget, and the Purloined Letter—but I should very much like to know whether he was first or Dumas with his half-burnt paper of the Abbé in the Château d'If. I wish I could find out."

Lefanu's tales interested him much, and are mentioned in a letter: "They are full of gift and genius, but never very shapely or satisfactory—yet I like them. Bits may amuse, and bits will surprise and delight, and a good deal you will be vexed with—that with such genius he could not bring more to pass. But often there is deep poetry in him, and after many a sentence I have thought long."

One day, when Mr. Rooke was telling Middlemarch to Edward, he came to the Captive King design mentioned by Ladislaw, and asked if it was a new subject. "No," Edward said, "it wasn't new—hardly any subjects are new. That" turning to "Love's Wayfaring" "isn't a new subject. It has been done before, but not as I like. If I had

seen it nicely done already I wouldn't have done it again, you know."

A letter written in the autumn of 1895 refers to a symptom which he spoke of from time to time, though his doctors never seemed to treat it as significant. He says: "I worked away till very late, lying down often because of heart-thumpings." For years he had been used to say of anything that at all agitated him, "It makes my heart beat": but he did not suffer from breathlessness, nor did he mention pain in association with the feeling, and the quickened pulsation appeared due to mental rather than physical causes. For instance, if any one read aloud too quickly, he would say, "Don't read so fast, it makes my heart beat"; and one learned to avoid talk on all emotional subjects, for fear of causing this, but no warning about it was ever given to us, or, so far as I know, to himself, by any doctor. A second time in the same letter this feeling is recognized: "To-day I worked too, lying down often," but no comment is added; indeed he speaks of getting up and going out. "And then I went to the Indian Show to watch the Elephants—a thing I love to do—watch them long, and with unfailing wonder, and gratitude that they have survived the waste of time and are here still, to be looked at by enchanted me."

The entrance to this show was only about five minutes' walk from the Grange, and, truly, wonders were brought to our door in these days, with Olympia on one side of us and the Wild West on the other. Little did we dream when we first came to live in an obscure part of Fulham, that we should ever see a troupe of tall, white-cloaked Arabs flit soft-footed down North End in the twilight, chattering their own tongue as they spread over horse-road and foot-path, or that Red Indians and Zulus would be our near neighbours—yet so it was. Gladly as Edward welcomed the elephants of the Indian Show, it must be said that with regard to animals generally he cared rather to look at them than for any closer dealings. Bears he delighted in; dogs he hated, because of their barking, which seemed to torment his nerves more than any other sound, and made him ex-

press a fervent wish that they were really what they were called, dumb animals. "Horses I respect and dread," he said. "Do you know what a horse is? It is a dreadful beast, and when you are on its back it is like being on the top of Salisbury spire, moving—and the beast looks back at you with eyes, wicked ones, full of mockery and conspiracy." Cows he reproached with being "clumsy." Donkeys he loved, and pigs he drew by the hundred, but a cat was the only four-footed creature with whom he was on intimate terms.

Some words spoken by Morris towards the end of the year found an echo in Edward's mind, and he repeated them to Mr. Rooke as they stood before his picture of "The Pilgrim of Love" begun so long ago. "It is nice to finish an old thing. What Mr. Morris said the other day was very true; he said, 'The best way of lengthening out the rest of our days now, old chap, is to finish off our old things.'"

So the friends had recognized to each other that the days which remained must be numbered.

Over Morris a change had for some time been coming, which we tried to think was nothing beyond the usual effect of time. "Sad," said Edward, "to see even *his* enormous vitality diminishing."

After "The Fall of Lucifer" was finished, "Venus Concordia," long patiently waiting its turn, was taken up again. With the three Graces who stand together at the right hand of the Goddess Edward took endless pains, to make them beautiful in themselves, yet subordinate to the beauty of Venus. And again, the beauty of each one of them must be measured, none transcending the other. As he stood altering the outermost of the Graces one morning, he said: "In my anxiety to make it a good figure in itself, I've made it too independent of the others, and it 's become an isolated figure instead of part of the group, and that won't do, we mustn't indulge in favourite passages in a work." In the pencil design for this picture he had filled the background with happy lovers, a scheme which when he came to paint it he decided to alter. As he rearranged the figures he said:

"They must be quieter than the people in the drawing are, and we cannot have so many of them. I mustn't make them too amorous either: Love's asleep you see [he lies as a sleeping infant at his mother's feet], and only Beauty is going on till he wakes up. They are waiting for him to wake up and then they can begin." "Oh," said Mr. Rooke, "that's what I had not noticed; did you always intend that?" E. "From the very first."

He called this his "panic picture," for he said he had suddenly waked up one night and thought what a bore it would be to Phil and Georgie to be left with such a lot of pictures that weren't finished! "Indeed I am thronged with things to do at present, having determined to make a great clearance of ancient impediments. Some things I have destroyed and got rid of altogether, but I have a plan to carry up to a presentable point some of my ancient work, that would be of no value now if it had suddenly to be sold, and I want to make it more promising and serviceable if I had to leave it all; which must be one day, mustn't it? and it won't be hurried by taking it into account."

The thought of "Venus Concordia" with her attendant Graces recalls a saying of Edward's about pictorial treatment of the human form: "A woman's shape is best in repose, but the fine thing about a man is that he is such a splendid machine, so you can put him in motion, and make as many knobs and joints and muscles about him as you please."

There was a piece of work talked of now which I believe was the only one Edward ever undertook with Morris without his heart being in it. This was the illustration of Sigurd the Volsung, and, deeply as he felt the grandeur of the poem, he found the task quite distasteful. "Terrible the tragedy of it is—and the fine things in it are so much fitter for literature than for my art." And about the subjects it suggests he said: "Even there I am not as well off as I might be, because of the rule that Morris and I have made for ourselves, that in illustrating a story we must always choose the essential incidents." He carried the book down with

him to Rottingdean, to look carefully into the story and see what he could do. The first step he describes: "I have got to make up my mind what each chap is to be like before I begin—must make a kind of ground plan first of all. There are five or six important subjects that are very well, but some are quite impossible." The terrible battle in the hall of Atli he instanced: "Imagine getting that fighting, struggling mass of men into the space of a few inches." "But Mr. Morris very much wants you to do it, doesn't he?" E. "Of course he does, and I'll have to."

"Will there be many horses to do in Sigurd?" some one enquired; and Edward's answer to this question forestalls what another might say: "Not many, but they will come into some of the subjects. A horse is such a fine ornament in a picture, when a knight and his horse look like one animal. I won't seek horses to do, but I won't shirk them when they come in. I can't do them anything like as well as some chaps, but I'll get through them somehow."

When Sigurd was finally published by the Kelmscott Press, in 1898, it had but two pictures: one, at the beginning, of the hall of the Volsungs in the days of their renown, with the tables and the high seat and the Branstock, a mighty tree that sprang from the middle of the floor and in whose branches the wild hawks nested; the other, at the end, is Atli's hall in flames and Gudrun rushing through it with her dreadful torch.

Dr. Evans was making his translation of the High History of the Holy Graal and used to bring it to the studio to read aloud. "I am pining for more San Graal," Edward writes, when something had interfered with the reading; and again: "is there no sacred evening when we can dine and talk of that most holy subject?" Or later in the year: "If you came on Sunday to lunch at 1½ and we talked of S. Graal, would it be nice or would it not?" Dr. Evans did not publish his theory of the historical meaning of the legend for some years after this, and the question was impossible to discuss with Edward, to whom it was a living

power. But the two men had endless subjects of conversation without this. Sometimes as they sat together they compared notes about their childhood, and one day they reckoned how narrowly they had missed meeting each other then. Both of them as boys had shivered with fear at a gibbet with clanking chains that stood not far from Harris Bridge, and both had forced themselves to pass by it after dark in order to see if the horror could be borne. Dr. Evans says that Edward was greatly interested in hearing all that he could remember concerning John Flower of Leicester, his first drawing master, who used to encourage his pupils to go on with their work or to carry it to a good end, by saying: "Make it sing to you, sir! Make it sing to you!" Edward adopted the phrase, and often repeated it about his own pictures: "I haven't made it sing yet—It is beginning to sing," and so on. He was excited by learning that Mr. Flower had known Blake, and possessed a copy of the Book of Job which Blake himself had given to him and which he used to shew to the young Sebastian.

"Think of it!" Edward exclaimed. "There were you learning to draw from possibly the only man in England who cared about Blake in that age of darkness, and there was I, already beginning to eat my heart up among the dear kind people great and small at Harris Bridge, within an hour's walk of you. Think of it, and of what it would have been for me in those days to have been shown Behemoth as he was revealed to Blake."

"My dear," said Sebastian, "you would have been carried off in convulsions. I'm coarser stuff than you, but that design 'With dreams upon my bed,' of Blake's, scared me out of my wits."

"I believe you are right," Edward agreed; "did you ever notice too that along with the awfulness of the picture it gives you a feeling of sea-sickness? I suppose it is the terrible floating figure. But the most dreadful of all is the messengers coming to Job. Calamity! Calamity! Calamity! in every line of them. You are right, it would have been dangerous. But the Songs of Innocence, they would

have been good for me. 'Tiger, tiger, burning bright . . . What dread hand formed thy dread feet?' Why couldn't he have shewn that to poor little Ned instead of going out of his way to waste it on a great hulking schoolboy like you? I know you 'hulked,' my dear."

S. "No, I don't remember that I ever 'hulked.' I was much too fond of them all, the old man, his old wife, and his widowed daughter."

E. "And what did the old man say to you?"

S. "He used to tell me every time I went to see him that I should never be a happy man till I was an artist."

E. "A prophet of God! But why couldn't he say the same to poor little Ned, not four miles away, who was left to find it out for himself years later and through manifold tribulations?"

A particular kind of humour belonged also to this late but well-found friendship. An instance of it exists in a memorandum which Dr. Evans has given me of a visit they paid together to the American Tattooed Lady when she was being exhibited at the Westminster Aquarium. Edward had been there before, and was as eager as a schoolboy to take his playfellow to the incredibly queer entertainment; so one afternoon when he had done work, they went to it. The lady, whose photographs reveal indescribable wonders, was tattooed across her spacious back from shoulder to shoulder with an amazing reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." Upon her right arm were the Stars and Stripes, and the Union Jack was emblazoned on her left. A brightly coloured necklace of elaborate pattern encircled her throat, and not a hand's breadth of her visible person was undisfigured by devices more or less grotesque and incongruous. Whilst they took in this wonderful sight, an American gentleman delivered a short lecture to them upon religion, art, female beauty, and tattooing, not a word of which escaped their ears, and when their last bows and compliments had been made to the lady, they left in silence. "Both of us felt," says Dr. Evans, "that the occasion was not one for many words, and

it was not till we were in St. James' Park that Edward got beyond an occasional exclamation." Then the gates of speech were opened, and he began: "I wanted you to see it. Nobody could believe in the beauty and grandeur of such an apocalypse without seeing it with his own very eyes. How unerring is the artistic insight of commercial speculation! 'It was reflected'—I trust I may never forget these precious words—'it was reflected that a really artistic representation of Leonardo da Vinci's magnificent shaydoover on the undulating contours of the beautiful female form, could not fail any way to be equally attractive on both sides of the Atlantic.' Ah! 'Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-age!' Think of them—'Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new; That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.' We have not lived in vain! We have hailed the dawn of the new epoch." Then, after a pause: "One direction in which the new departure seems fullest of promise is the impulse it must inevitably give to the table-talk of the future. Conversation will be no longer a lost art. Conscious of the masterly representation of the Beasts entering the Ark that adorns your own manly bosom, so absurdly concealed at present by the colourless and unmeaning shirt-front, you will turn with unabashed rapture to scrutinize the richly embroidered expanse of your fair and ample hostess' bust and back. 'Ah, Duchess,' you will murmur, 'I see you have been under the President's hands again! Nobody but Sir Frederic knows the secret of that adorable forget-me-not blue! Upon my word, I took them for real turquoises at the first glance. I can't conceive how he contrives so completely to obliterate the marks of the puncture. Now, may I ask you in confidence? I was thinking of having some of my old beasts retouched—a spot or two of vermilion and blue, don't you know, just to freshen them up a little for next season. Does this new red ink of Church's hurt one more, or the patent indigo that Lord Kelvin is prepared to distribute gratis? I only ask for my own private information.

The last time he operated on me, Nettleship insisted on my taking an anaesthetic before he put in the spots on my giraffe.—Hi, Cabby!—Good-bye, my dear, we won't talk any more about it. It is unspeakable!" This, writes Dr. Evans, "was all reeled off almost without a break as we walked through St. James' Park by the pond, coming out at Buckingham Palace Gate. I spoke never a word."

A letter to Mrs. Horner, who was yachting among the Greek Islands in October, refers again to the colossal figure of Niobe which haunted his imagination. "Where are you, I wonder? not at Stamboul, I hope, where is rioting and wild work. So true that you are in heartbreaking lands. I wouldn't go for worlds; if ever I travel it shall be to Chicago. You must stay at Athos Mount—must—in and out of the crannies and sea-bights are seven and twenty fenced monasteries, and they hold the secret of a thousand things dear to us, about which I will tell you one day soon. I dare say all the monasteries are beautiful, and old isn't the word for them. No, don't go to look at Troy: but if you can find Niobe on Mount Sipylos, with her jar of tears, cut out of the mountain-side, in a spirit of 'wild enormity,' you could tell me about it and fire my heart and make me young. There was a sculptor in the days of Alexander the Great who offered to carve Mount Athos into a statue that should hold a city of a thousand people in his right hand, and pour cascades from a jar in his left hand, and that mean-minded monarch, bent on vulgar conquest, refused the money."

A request that he would give a lecture at the Royal Institution during the winter session of 1895-1896 put to the proof Edward's old resolution against lecturing at all, for in these days, when he saw the shadows beginning to lengthen, there was pleasure in the thought of speaking face to face with such an audience as was promised him in Albemarle Street. A few days' consideration settled the matter, however. His words vary a little, with the occasion, from the formula that we have seen, and also contain a retrospect after trial of the principle.

"I cannot rest contented by merely declining such a distinction with thanks, but must, without troubling you with all my reasons, tell you that my refusal is the result of a decision made long ago. I then, when the idea of lecturing or writing about art was first presented to me, thought over the subject carefully, and came to the conclusion that, for me, it would be best to give my whole time to designing and painting. Nor can I say that I regret the choice as I grow older and find that even now I have not expressed a tithe of what I wish to do in my own special medium."

He often put into daily conversation the conclusions that must have made the substance of any more formal discourse upon art that he might have given; and the familiarity of his words never seemed to lessen their weight.

In the same way, too, he would talk very minutely about processes of work, as for instance the difference between the use of pencil and charcoal—of which last he said: "You can't draw, you paint with it." He did not use pencil to sketch with, but as a finishing instrument. "And it is always touch-and-go whether I can manage it even now. Sometimes knots will come in it, and I never can get them out—I mean little black specks. If I have once india-rubbered it, it doesn't make a good drawing. I look on a perfectly successful drawing as one built upon a groundwork of clear lines till it is finished. It 's the same kind of thing with red chalk—it mustn't be taken out: rubbing with the finger is all right. In fact you don't succeed with any process until you find out how you may knock it about and in what you must be careful. Slowly built-up texture in oil painting gives you the best chance of changing without damage when it is necessary."

"But," it was answered, "those who paint at once in oil have to be as careful with it as with work in any other medium, and take anything right out that doesn't do."

E. B.-J. "That kind of work has its charm too—all kinds have. Certainly a picture that looks as if it had been painfully struggled with looks rather dreadful, but a picture with no workmanship in it is a very tiresome thing too.

Indeed it 's very hard to do anything at all, isn't it? Oh, desperately hard it is." Workmanship by itself, however, he regarded little, and, referring to Rossetti's estimate of it, said that "unthoughtful, absolutely unmeaning skill filled him with fury."

We went down to Rottingdean for Christmas with our son, and there the weather closed in cold, grey and wet, but at the end of the week Edward wrote: "Though it has rained and sleeted every day we have liked our quiet time here." He also reported in a letter: "I have finished my Chaucer designs, and wish they were better." Finishing the drawings did not mean that anxiety about his share in the book was over, for many of them had still to be engraved, and till that was done he never felt safe about them. "The heads, above all, are such touch-and-go—so easy to spoil them. But they are going on better and better; we've got into the way of it by this time; that is the best of a big piece of work."

Before returning to London he wrote to Lady Leighton, and in his letter just touches upon a hope he had of doing a piece of work which lay even nearer to his heart than the Chaucer. He said: "To pacify and please Morris, I will do what I can to adorn the Volsung Tale, and then begin on my last work belike in this world—my beloved and peerless Morte d'Arthur—and that shall close the tale of me." He looks back also, and reckons up the past twelve months: "I have done very much this year—worked really hard—but it has in some ways laid its hand heavily upon us and upon you. God send you a loving Christmas, and a year to follow it that shall have no great pain in it." But the sum of all is: "For many a thing my heart is grateful."

CHAPTER XXVI

1896

Franklin, my loyal friend, Ohone, Ohone!

WITH the beginning of 1896 came a menace of change. Hear it in this whisper of dismay: "Last Sunday, in the very middle of breakfast, Morris began leaning his forehead on his hand, as he does so often now. It is a thing I have never seen him do before in all the years I have known him." And from this time Edward knew that the force which had directed his friend's life was failing.

The day had been when this would have overwhelmed him, but now he was himself a traveller that hasted to his rest, and his first thought was of completing their work. "I am getting very anxious about Morris and about the Chaucer," he said. "He has not done the title-page yet, which will be such a rich page of ornament with all the large lettering. I wish he would not leave it any longer." By the end of February it was splendidly finished, but on the 23rd of that month I find in my diary, "No Morris to breakfast"—nor did he ever come again in the old way. Before long Edward wrote: "Morris has been ill again—I am very frightened—better now, but the ground beneath one is shifting, and I travel amongst quicksands."

There was the yearly pressure of work for exhibition this spring, and "Launcelot's Dream" and "Aurora" were finished for the New Gallery. About a week before they went in Edward made an alteration to the background of "Aurora," by widening a waterside pathway along which the figure comes forward. The reason he gave for this was that, though he did not himself feel it to be too narrow,

yet, as several other people had mentioned it, there must be something about it that took their attention. "If there is anything that interferes with people's thoughts of it as they look at a picture I would always like to do something to prevent that, and when the alteration does not interfere with my idea and will pacify them, I do it directly; if it did interfere, I would not give it a moment's consideration."

A letter to Mr. Ellis, in reply to one about the completion of the Chaucer, belongs to April 24th:

"What a nice letter to have brought one at breakfast time—the first restful breakfast for months, for work is finished and I am off to the sea. So it came well-timed and gave me real happiness, that you should feel so strongly about my share of the Chaucer. I have worked at it with love, and was almost as sorry as glad when the work was done; but, as you say, what praise shall be given to Morris, and who else could have carried it through, and who else have designed it as he has? A few more weeks now and it will be out, and I almost believe—so childishly hopeful am I—that as many as seven people will be delighted with it. I put it at a high number, but then I feel exhilarated."

To another friend he said later on: "When Morris and I were little chaps at Oxford, if such a book had come out then we should have just gone off our heads, but we have made at the end of our days the very thing we would have made then if we could. It does look Beautiful, and why should I deceive you? and I may say it, for my share in it is that of the carver of the images in Amiens, and Morris's that of the Architect and Magister Lapicida. We have given one to Swinburne, between us, and writ his name in it, from us both, and I expect he will be pleased." He spoke of the book altogether as being a type of the life he should most love, "a centre of Beauty so surrounded with Beauty that you scarcely notice it—scarcely notice it, take it for granted—where the lowest is as worthy as the highest, and yet the King is there."

Though the Chaucer was not issued to the public be-

fore June 26th, Edward procured a copy, bound in the white pig-skin cover designed by Morris, in time to give it to our daughter upon her birthday, which was the 3rd of the month. The joke of a surprise present was repeated by his packing up the big volume in a parcel of shape so disguised that no one could guess at its contents, and then he carried it triumphantly to her house before breakfast. The anniversary was a double one, our little grandson having been born on the same day as his mother, and we always made some celebration of it at the Grange. This year we had Punch and Judy in the garden, and none of the children who came to see it enjoyed the performance more than did the master of the house. "I really do think," he said, "Punch is the noblest play in the whole world. He 's such a fine character, so cheerful, he 's such a poet, he chirrups and sings whole operas that are not yet written down, till the world breaks in upon him in the shape of domestic life and the neighbours. And then his poor little legs, how pathetic they are, and his ways with his wife, and his dying shudder." To Morris, coming in the day afterwards, he spoke of this treat: "I say, old boy, I saw a play yesterday you would have liked—Punch!" "Yes," said Morris, "I like Punch."

The last time the friends went anywhere together was to the Society of Antiquaries, of which Morris was a member, their errand being to look at painted manuscripts. "We made our little pious pilgrimage together," said Edward, "and saw the beautiful books: but though he was full of interest and enthusiasm about them, he could not look at them for more than five minutes together without being so fatigued that he had to take a rest." Edward's love for illuminated manuscripts never flagged; in quite late years he said: "To this day if I want a change happier, brighter, more in tune with my heart's desire than any other, I go to the British Museum and send for a book that took a lifetime to make, and then forget the world and live in that book for days. I don't care for personal property, but if I did I think it would be for painted books, so that really when the word

treasure is said, I think of a fat little thing that opens to a hundred persons." No one, he said, better deserved to possess such treasures than Morris, because he knew so much about them. "I wish he had time and length of life to write it all down; the collector is not much more than a sort of dilettante who fusses over guessing at dating them; though that is useful." He himself thought much about the subject, and of the men who had made the books.

"So earnest and serious the early MSS. are, and the further they go back the more earnest they are, the eleventh century ones even more than the twelfth, only in the twelfth the illuminators got to be such splendid artists and found out how to do it so well. How I wish the history of it all could be found out, but nothing is known of it. In the twelfth century they suddenly dropped the imitation of the Greek style of drapery, fine as that is, and invented one of their own —I can't in the least tell how. It was exceedingly beautiful, and quite original of them, what had never before been seen in the world, with such lovely folds as can hardly be imagined. How on earth could they do it? If I try and get coats made just like them, nothing happens with it but a lot of meaningless rubbish and nonsense, pull it about as I will, no matter how, for a whole morning. My belief is, that it was some particular man of very great genius, and there is no finding out now who he could have been. I wonder if it will ever be possible to unearth him? And when it had once been invented, the artists of those days could not ever forget it, played about with it, gloated over it, and varied it in every possible way, and were never tired of repeating it over and over again. You see it in sculpture first, as at Wells, and Chartres, and Paris (sculpture is always first, I don't know why), and then afterwards in painting. I so wonder who he was. He can't have been an Englishman. I'm sure he wasn't a German. Nor could he have been an Italian, for it's easy to see, as in the case of Giotto, how entirely he takes it from the side of painting. He paints a coat that in the whole looks just a coat as painting represents it, but not in the least like one in sculpture does. The folds are

not real folds as they would be in sculpture. No, it must have been a Frenchman. But the best colour even so far back as that is English. That has always been their gift."

An exhibition in April, at the Fine Art Society, of some of Edward's studies and drawings, gave him much extra work in looking them out, touching, arranging, naming, and dating. "I'm very tired of working at them," he said. "I've been from seven o'clock in the morning till ten and eleven in the evening. The day before yesterday there were a hundred and twenty to go over, and yesterday more than eighty. And when one took four hours I began to say it was no use keeping on, it would be impossible to get them all done by this afternoon. But then I remembered about Broadbent, the doctor I went to with Mr. Morris, how that whatever number of patients there may be waiting to be seen he never hurries over one single case, but just gives his whole attention to the one he has in hand, and so works through the whole of them. I went on, and now there are not many left, and they'll all be done by four o'clock to-day. But in future I'll sign every single drawing as I do it and put all the writing on it that it will ever need at once, and never have such a business as this over again. I am so dazed and tired as to have forgotten how to spell—how do you spell *resurrection*?"

Tissot's designs from the life of Christ, exhibited in the Doré Gallery at this time, interested Edward greatly, though conceived from a point of view so opposite to his own. He said that in some of them he felt the subject to be quite obscured by the local colouring. For instance: "There was the Annunciation: I want to see the Virgin's face and her little expression, I'm not to be put off with turban and burnous instead. That won't do—it is not enough. It was only the view of an Arab woman's dress as she sits on the ground. I have no dislike to Arab dress in itself, and it is probably not unlike what was worn at the time—things change so little in the East—but it is no use trying to put me off with it in place of the subject." The pictures had a fascination for him, however, and he went often to see them,

sometimes with friends and sometimes by himself. Whilst talking of them one day, he suddenly asked: "What has become of the Doré pictures that they've turned out to make way for these? Poor Doré, he was really an imaginative man. Out of the 15,000 designs that he did, a hundred of them are wonderful—which is saying a very great deal."

When it was too late to ask Edward any questions, it occurred to me as possible that he might have told M. Tissot of the pleasure he had found in the series; so I wrote to the artist himself, asking if they had ever met or if there had ever been any correspondence between them. This was in November, 1898, and in the following January came a beautiful answer to these questions:

"Je reviens d'Amérique et à mon retour je trouve votre lettre à laquelle je m'empresse de répondre. J'ai très peu connu votre mari. Je me rappelle seulement que vers 1875 j'allais le voir; il me reçut avec beaucoup de simplicité et je jugeais l'homme d'après ce que je vis dans son atelier—c'est à dire de grandes choses sur le chevalet rendues avec une simplicité touchante de primitif. Je sentais les hauteurs où il planait et la matérialité où je luttais alors de plus en plus; tout cela m'intimida tellement que je n'allais plus le voir. Il grandit alors beaucoup et je quittais l'Angleterre. Depuis j'ai fait cette Vie du Christ, il a été la voir je le sais. J'ai su qu'elle lui plaisait, et je me faisais une vraie fête d'aller le voir à un de mes voyages à Londres quand j'appris sa mort. Il ne m'a jamais écrit, sans cela je mettrais à votre disposition ce qui me resterait de ce grand artiste, une des gloires les plus pures de votre pays."

Before going to Rottingdean, Edward went to see how his work was placed in the New Gallery, and there found fresh proof of Mr. Hallé's judgment in hanging pictures. "Launcelot," he said looked all right in the Gallery. "It 's next to a very white one by Mr. Richmond and, though it is so dark, neither hurts the other, though it might have been expected they would. But there is never any telling what they will be like, until they are actually put side by side. Aurora doesn't stand it so well, and looked more like a pale

water-colour among the rest; it most certainly cannot scream, its voice was like the faint sound of a flute that can hardly be heard amongst the cornets-à-piston."

Of these two pictures he wrote: "I find that all men prefer Launcelot's Dream—all; and all women—all—won't so much as look at it, but prefer Aurora; and I wonder why, for I am a very ignorant person."

And now that they were done, instead of wanting rest, he said: "I feel that I would like to go at another picture straight away, but I can't, not because of myself, but because of other people. They won't let me. Never mind, when I come back, after next week, we'll begin a new campaign."

By the time named he was back again, face to face with the work he had decided to finish next, the large oil picture of "Love and the Pilgrim." Looking at it, he said: "These days are very disappointing: the work done and gone leaves one stranded. I thought of beginning a fresh lot of work with such vigour, and now don't feel the energy to tackle anything. The fact is I am still very tired. And the death of poor Alfred Hunt too is quite upsetting. It seems as though nothing had been happening but deaths of artists. Such a lot of them have been going. Such a lot! Poor Millais is ill again, I hear." A little later he wrote: "I grizzle a good deal over Millais. He was such a hero to me when I was young—seemed like one of the celestials—and I did not want to be reminded that he is mortal." For Lady Millais he tried to make a drawing of her husband, but it was little more than shadowed forth when the end came. Leighton had gone already and Edward mourned him.

Public affairs were also troublous. The first news of the English raid on the Transvaal filled him with foreboding. "The year begins pretty badly," he said; "we are likely to be in for it all round." He declared that ours was only a material empire and therefore could not last for ever; that formerly the destruction of great empires used to take long years, but now things moved so quickly that one might go in fifty years or even half that time. The glory of a country

did not depend upon its possessions: and when it was said that England would be ruined if she lost India, he answered that England was not ruined when she lost America, nor when she lost France, nor—further back—"when she lost herself." He held that it would not be in the least for the good of the world to have another great Anglo-Saxon Empire in South Africa. "Let's have no more dominant races, we don't want them—they only turn men into insolent brutes. If the English were wise, they would not be led away by the bombast of the newspapers, and would see that the opposition to us by other peoples is not all jealousy—that there is really some reason for it. Things never will be right at all until the same rule that governs individuals in a society in their behaviour to each other is applied to nations." As he began the design of Sigurd killing the Dragon who brooded over the Niblung hoard, he said: "The story of the Gold-wallower is very applicable to the present moment—the English are after gold everywhere." His conviction was that the future parcelling out of the world should be "an affair of the comity of nations, not the grabbing of one race." And after the Boer victory over the raiders, he observed: "Really the newspapers did almost as much as say 'Glorious defeat of the English'—but when this has blown over, no doubt they will do all they can to rob the Boers of the results."

The expression of such thoughts as these sprang from no new convictions, and the tone of his words grew more solemn in these later years. The thing he had played with to amuse himself and others ceased to amuse. "Do you know, I don't think I can ever again go to a dinner-party," he breaks out in a letter. "Why do I say this suddenly? I don't know, but I have been brooding over it for hours, and feel tired as I remember them. Now, isn't that funny of me, for I have not been to one lately—but I cannot stand another, I know." Again, when working under the cold, trying gleams of early spring, he complained that of all the times in the year to be finishing pictures, then was the worst light, and followed up the subject with vehemence:

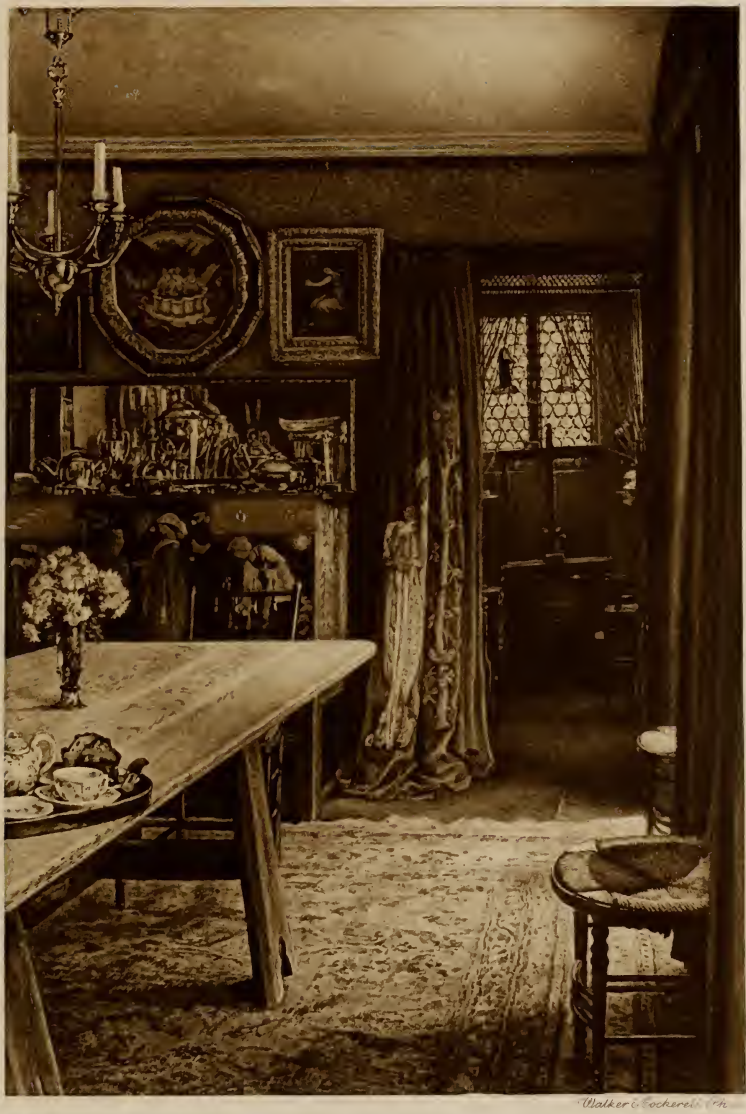
"Do you know why it is we don't finish in autumn and summer? I will tell you how the world is fashioned. Exhibitions (and be damned to them) open in summer because it is the SEASON—and it is the SEASON because Parliament is sitting. Parliament sits in the summer because they want the autumn for shooting and the winter for hunting—and as I live that is the cause. And I ask you if this is a silly world or not?"

At the beginning of the Season one year he writes to Mrs. Horner: "I get no time to myself—not five minutes ever in the day—and I am growing angry. If I were alone I would be off to some peaceful place out of the reach of men and women, and pick my life together and do some work yet. Even to watch the world, to see it, is getting hateful. I cannot influence it one tiny little bit, so omnipotent it is, can only break myself to bits struggling against it, and now I'm downright tired and want to be off. Shall I go to you at Mells? And in all that pretty company for two days to pretend life was fine and lovely, and then all go to our different ways, all unhelped really—two days stolen out of time, that's all, but not one speck or tittle of good done. How I want to be out of it; and more and more my heart is pining for that monastery in Charnwood Forest. Why there? I don't know, only that I saw it when I was little and have hankered after it ever since. Do you know again, how grimy-souled people get in London, how sodden and sickening? To listen and to see it is a kind of contamination. If I never see it I can pretend it does not exist and get on, and smile when I see people, but if I get drawn into it, merely dipping one's foot into it, I get sickened—and what would you do if you was me?"

A touch of description in another letter brings one near to seeing the very dinner of which he speaks, this time more lightly than in the words just quoted. "And A. B. and I talked of the young lady who has 'married Art' without asking him if he would have her, and of C. we talked, and I love A. B. and she talks lovelily. And to D.

I talked of you, and sundry subjects I have forgotten. And when the ladies went the men drew nearer together, outwardly, as far as chairs could bring them, but their hearts were far from each other."

Curiously enough, in spite of his disinclination for dinner parties, even in the house of a friend, he never ceased to enjoy dining at what he called a "pot-house"—which meant a foreign restaurant of a moderate kind. It was the first "treat" we allowed ourselves in our early days, and remained one to the end. For years we went to the Solferino in Rupert Street, Leicester Square. These evenings were a pleasure that we shared with very few of our friends, and often we went alone, but it was always a treat. Never a long or a large meal; good wine, the best cigar possible, *café noir* for him and an ice for me afterwards—the waiter smiling, the master and mistress of the place courteous on our leaving—the other visitors sometimes interesting to see, sometimes not, but a slight air of adventure in the proceeding, with a sense of detachment from ordinary life. Only in late years did we leave this scene in a cab; when we were young we liked best to walk out into the gaslit streets and afterwards to get into the familiar red Hammersmith omnibus. When the Solferino changed hands we tried various other places, sometimes the Aquarium, where, if the evening entertainment afterwards happened to be at all amusing, we looked at it for a while. One night I remember we were fortunate in seeing a wonderful clown, who, in a brief scene, sang and acted as an operatic singer both beautifully and tragically. Also we saw "Zazel" shot out of her cannon. A smaller place, De Maria's in Knightsbridge, for a time had good Italian cooking; or, if he were in town on business, we would arrange to meet at the Cavour in Leicester Square, but that was too crowded for our liking. His punctuality, cultivated and not inborn, was noticeable in all such appointments, when he was certain to be if anything a minute or two before time. At the grill-room of the South Kensington Museum we dined also—never, that I remember, in its dining-room. These were our



Dining-room, The Grange

from a water colour drawing by L. M. Rooke R.W.S.

dissipations. At home dominoes and draughts succeeded backgammon, and, when alone, we played dominoes during dinner, to prevent hurrying too much over the meal.

The idea of leaving London often occurred to him, but as no more than an aspiration. "Many a time," he wrote, "I plan flight and escape—only the work I do is so unportable, it holds me to it and I cannot carry it with me." Of those born to and living in the fashionable world, he said mournfully: "They are wasters of life if ever any were, and are the saddest and unluckiest people on earth, and none can help them nor for very long amuse them." To a friend who asked his advice about the education of her children, he began gently by telling her that the desirable thing was for them to feel hungry for big things, and not to be fed before they were hungry. "It is easy enough to learn all about the mighty subject, or any other mighty matter, the hard and rare thing is to find any appetite or desire for it; and there, as in all things, love only is a cause, and that only can find out." But abruptly his tone changes, and he exclaims: "My dear, in London life, to which I suppose your children are condemned, it does not matter one least bit—it could not influence or help the life—it could not rescue or save, to have any wisdom put into them! The contamination of the worthless life would sweep it away, and that thou knowest. 'Come out of her, O my people.' Oh, I could testify and not a scrap of good would it do, and a bitter thing would it make of me—so I'll go to my work."

Speaking to another friend, he said: "I would live a very different life if it were to be had over again, wouldn't I? not go into society or know anybody, but live for nothing but work." Then, after a moment: "You think perhaps that I wouldn't do anything different from what I have done—well, perhaps I shouldn't!"

Other ways he had also of expressing opinion about things public and private—for his humour never failed. When the lives of Jameson and other leaders of the raid waited upon the clemency of the Boers, he professed to

have borrowed an idea from the German Emperor's celebrated telegram to the President of the Transvaal, and to have sent over a message to Mrs. Kruger. "I telegraphed to Frau Kruger, to ask her to intercede with her husband for those scoundrels—urging that their money-tainted blood would serve no good cause, and that the bitterest vengeance would be to let them live out their contemptible lives. And I am in a way glad to say my intervention has been successful. 'If you could hang the whole Chartered Company,' my telegram ran (and it has drained me of all my pocket-money, that telegram), 'well and good, and every true Englishman would be glad of it—but only four! It would give a false appearance of having exhausted the scoundrelism of this country.' Mrs. Kruger's reply was very simple: 'Thanks for telegram—will do what can—will write.'"

Morris having been sent away on a sea-voyage which the doctors had prescribed for him, we went down to Rottingdean in August. "We all met on my birthday," Edward writes; "the house was full of us. Phil too came from abroad, and for once more we were all together, and grateful for that I felt." With regard to the birthday he said: "Those people who say the Bible exaggerated the age of Patriarchs are ignorant as well as blasphemous, for I have proved how vast a man's age can be."

Soon afterwards he returned to London, though, and a letter to a friend says: "I am back for a few days to see Mr. Morris. I daresay you have heard how ill he has returned from that voyage, and I don't like to be long away from him. I have not once looked at Avalon; a few little drawings in tints of gold on coloured grounds is all I have done, and my heart is about as heavy as it can be."

On October 3rd Morris died—as gently, as quietly as a babe who is satisfied drops from its mother's breast. A letter of mine, written in these days, tells something of how Edward passed through them. "It is no shock—for we have watched it drawing near for a long time—but we know that the conditions of life are changed for us now. We are

not broken, either in body or spirit, by the death of our beloved friend. Edward is slowly but steadily gaining ground, and goes out every day; I need not say that he works through everything. It almost frightened me at first to see how he flew at his work, but now he does it less feverishly. I scarce know how to write of it all, but so far Morris' own vitality seems as if it encompassed us, and added energy instead of any prostration has been the effect of his going. We said to each other directly that it was no weeping matter. The beauty of his funeral nothing can express. The rain ceased for the few minutes we stood by his grave, and there was silence that could be heard, when the last words ceased to break it. I am taking all the care I can of Edward—feeding as far as he will let me—companioning as far as may be." But his cry was: "I am quite alone now, quite, quite." Whilst his friend still lived he said: "The things that in thought are most of me, most dear and necessary, are dear and necessary to no one except Morris only."

The first work he turned to was the old familiar designing of cartoons for glass, and amongst those awaiting him were two subjects from the life of David, which he silently set about. "Come and look at them," he said when they were done. "This is David grieving for the illness of his kid; I did all that in the morning: and here he is making up his mind to it and pulling himself together; that I did in the afternoon." "How strange," some one remarked, "that there should have been those to do now." "I picked them out," he said.

Another cartoon done at this time was one of the Last Judgment, which he gave for the great west window of St. Philip's Church, Birmingham. Mr. Rooke found him at this, and he talked as he worked:

"I'm finishing off all these outstanding cartoons and then think to do no more; I don't see why I should, do you? It is sad to think of anything ever coming to an end, but everything has to finish up some day or other, and I don't think any time can be more appropriate than now. I was

to have gone down to Rottingdean to-day, but it 's much better to be hard at work here than hanging sadly about there, with nothing to preoccupy my mind. I can't paint as yet. It 's strange why there is such a difference between painting and drawing. I suppose it 's the intricacy of the process, and the materials that have to be thought about, the paints and the brushes and the varnishes."

A book that we chose by instinct at this time, for reading aloud in the studio, was Gilchrist's Life of Blake, and again Edward said what he had said before about Chaucer and Morris: "There is so much that is alike in all those great creatures. Blake and Morris resemble each other in so many things—in their splendid simplicity above all."

One of many plans now ended had been to publish an illustrated book of The Hill of Venus. It was to have been rewritten and have had ornamental borders made for it by Morris; the pictures, redrawn, were those designed by Edward long ago for The Earthly Paradise. The question as to whether the story should be written in verse or prose was settled by Morris saying, "Well, you know, old chap, prose looks blacker in the page and fills up better —so it 's to be prose."

Amongst other words which reached Edward from those who realized what the death of Morris must mean to him were some that struck a specially sympathetic note by their full-voiced recognition of the value of Morris' life. They were from Alma Tadema, who wrote with the tenderness of strength: "When a friend loses half his soul, indeed one weeps with him. When a country loses his finest and with Swinburne his only poet, one sits in sackcloth and ashes. When the art world in which one has grown up and for which one lives loses one of its first prophets and supporters, one feels as if it was all over. Therefore I must tell you how dejected I feel and how sore at heart I am on hearing of the death of William Morris. The country is the poorer, and the century finishes with a great anguish."

The list of friends lost this year closes with the name of George Du Maurier, who died only five days after Morris;

but each one of them had filled his days with the work that his hand found to do, and we dwelt on the best they had done and took heart. A friend arriving one of these mornings was met in the hall by Edward with, "Come along, I'll be upstairs directly, but we won't talk sadly to-day—it can do no good and I've been doing nothing but that lately. I am slowly gathering my life together again and picking up the threads of it, but I'm frightfully tired." Two or three weeks later he said, "Sunday is always a hard day," but refused a suggestion for making any new arrangement for the hours that had so long been dedicated to Morris—"No, I won't do that"—and then, with determined effort to change the subject, he began in his ordinary manner, "I have been so pleased with something." Immediate enquiry being made as to the source of the pleasure, it proved to be an account he had read of the choice of a Bishop. "I was much struck with the extremely earnest prayer of a Bishop that God would be pleased to direct Her Majesty's advisers for the good of His Church in England in the choice of a pastor of clean life and holy mind; but it was so interesting to me to observe that his prayer had been heard. He has been chosen himself. I'm sure both you and I are glad that the choice has fallen on a godly man of clean life who will sustain the godliness of the nation. Why don't they have prayers for the election of a good President of the Royal Academy? So wicked of me to grin, isn't it? But I must laugh—if I didn't what would become of me—what could I do?" This reminds me of his saying once that his father was ambitious about him, wanting him to gain distinction in the Church; and then he added: "If I had been Archbishop of Canterbury I would have made people jump. The Archbishop of Canterbury ought to go about in corduroys."

Maeterlinck's plays, in spite of all their sadness, did not come amiss to him at this time; they were sad, he said, but so beautiful that they became splendid poetry. "I'll take as much tragedy from him as he likes to give me—he can do it." He had believed for some time that the sense

of beauty was steadily diminishing in the world, both amongst artists and the ordinary public. A name being mentioned to him as that of a man whose sense of beauty was so great that it ought to be put to some service, he answered: "He will find it of less service in life every day"; and to the remark that the man must keep it then for his own private enjoyment, the sad retort came: "Yes, and his private torment."

Signs of general indifference to the quality of beauty itself, combined with a fashion of transitory enthusiasm about some special form of art, he regarded very gravely, as, for instance, the sudden craze for work by Romney, whilst at the same time a collection of fine old Florentine pictures remained neglected. Of this neglect he wrote sadly in 1894, that "no one would go to see the heaven-things at the New Gallery this winter." And with regard to the failure of the Netherland Singers who came over that same spring, to let London hear, if it liked, their beautiful old music sung to perfection, he was equally depressed. "I went on Tuesday," he said, "and thought it was the divinest singing I had ever heard in my life. It was ancient sacred music, and I do think I never heard singing so much to my heart. There was no one there—not fifty people in a great hall—and now they have gone back to Amsterdam in a huff. Indeed London ways are hard to understand. A city full of people with endless time on their hands—what is the matter with them? To hear those voices was to have the doors of Heaven opened for a moment."

Yet hope still prevailed. After lamenting a want of singleness of purpose in the lives of English artists at the present day, he says: "But the new set, the young ones I have seen or heard of lately, seem bent on a new order of things, and one day it may happen that they will do all we want to be done." Again, falling back on the spirit within him, he checks complaint with: "This is rather sad talk, and sounds as if I had an impossible ideal—and I have, and a bit of it shall come." And elsewhere: "Time has miracles, as we know, and some day this land might be yet

the island of refuge for all the poetry in the world. I don't want it to be, though, it is so nice for it to be everywhere." And once he said: "We can all of us have beauty if we make up our minds to. Be determined on that point and it follows." Every sign of promise in the work of beginners made him happy, and over any good actually accomplished he was excited. Mr. Rooke found him one morning at work painting the birds round the head of Love in his big picture, and really inspirited by a visit he had received the day before from two young men.

"A very happy thing happened to me yesterday. That nice chap, ——, from Birmingham came, bringing me some of his work to see, and brought with him a friend who had done some really fine things—quite like ancient painting they were for beauty of workmanship, only of course with modern details which made them all right and original and contemporary. One was a portrait of himself beautifully done, another was a figure picture. The painting was lovely, but the heads were not good enough, so he 's not able to shew it yet—will have to have another try at them. Birmingham is looking up; very cheering it was to see, it made one feel cosy and comfortable. I didn't know which most to admire, the beautiful work of one artist or the boundless gratification of his friend in the fact that I liked it so much." Another day he said: "I am always having young chaps on my mind now." His suggestion as to what might be done by one who, without very special gifts, had yet a wish to follow art in some form, was practical. "There is a friend's son who likes drawing and does not take to what is called learning, and I have suggested his going into an architect's office. I think it would be so good for him. The regular discipline of going to work every day would prevent his getting into habits of loafing about. You can't tell whether a lad works at painting or not. You can see after six months or twelve months whether he keeps steadily to work. You have to trust to an artist's honour. But the regular hours at an architect's office would do him good. The boy in question does not seem to like the idea

of an architect's office, and has certainly shewn talent at painting. I don't know what to say about his having lessons; it is so very easy to be untaught what one has been naturally gifted with." As to his own experience of a life-school, he said that it did him absolutely no good. "I went to Lee's for a very short time, but did nothing at all. I went home and made a school of practice for myself out of the studies for my designs; I drew a very great many as well as I could"—and this was the course he recommended to any one who was strong enough to carry it out. Noticing the conceit sometimes visible in young men at drawing and painting schools, he asked: "Why are they so set up with themselves?" and of some life studies that were shewn to him he said: "They were the usual things that are brought to me now from drawing-schools: the heads were bestial, the bodies were repulsive, the knees and feet loathsome."

On its being suggested that pupils were told to make their drawings exactly like the subject because learners often hide bad work under an attempt to make a thing look well, he answered: "No doubt there 's nothing more hopeless than empty prettiness, but if the drawings are like, why don't they get better models? These seem to be the ugliest they can pitch on. It is just the important time of a lad's life for receiving impressions of beauty. I asked this boy if it didn't seem to him a very hideous thing, and he said it did, but whether it was only to please me or not I couldn't tell. I wonder whether there isn't something half-way between the slow stippling of the Royal Academy and this horrid sloppy way of making hideous things, done at such a rate as though in fear of their lives." One day I asked him whether he thought it worth while for people without any imagination to be taught to draw and paint, and he answered that every one should be taught to draw, and to paint if possible; it was a part of necessary education: that the number of people with imagination worth anything to the world generally was so small that the art would perish out of existence if its practice were restricted to them only. "You wouldn't prevent every musician

from playing who could not invent his own pieces?" he asked.

The next book read in the studio after Gilchrist's Blake was the Life of Napoleon by Professor W. M. Sloane. In one of the volumes was a photograph from a cast of the Emperor's face, taken after death, which struck Edward very much by its beauty. "Now what 's your sentiment about that mouth—did you ever see a finer? If any gentleman thinks he has a finer let him shew it." He was pleased at the book coming from America, as he thought in that country the subject might be treated fairly. The English, he said, still felt so much terror of Napoleon that they could not mention him with justice, while to the French he was such a hero that it would perhaps be difficult for them not to romance about him. "What a game he played! How I wish he had not lost it. I mean that I seriously think it would have been very greatly for the world's good if he hadn't—if he had been able to carry his plans through. I don't in the least believe that war was his object. There never would have been any war at all if the sovereigns of Europe hadn't determined to stamp out the French Republic—and have they?" The captivity in St. Helena angered him. "So needlessly cruel it was to leave Napoleon alone on that island so far away from every one and from all society. He was bound to eat his heart out there. They might have given him a house where he could have lived happily and seen people, and yet been quite safe. Somewhere in Warwickshire, in the centre of England, they might have put him where he couldn't get away. But the tragedy of his death was a fitting end to his life."

Amongst the cartoons for windows that Edward was now doing were two designs which he gave to the church at Rottingdean, in memory of the late Vicar. The lights were narrow ones, and he chose for them the subjects of a Jesse Tree and Jacob's Ladder. He went over to Merton Abbey himself to keep an eye on the execution of them as well as of the great Birmingham window—for he dreaded the decadence of colour which must follow the loss of the

Master there. With regard to the Jesse Tree design he said: "I should like more space for that; it is the kind of thing that would look glorious spread over an acre of glass." On one of the branches he put Hezekiah, holding a sun-dial in his hand. Some one asked: "Has that ever been done before?" "Not that I know of, but I thought I might do it. And that is Josiah with the Law, and Solomon with his Temple, and David with his harp. Tiresome people are, to be worrying so much at finding out things. There 's no telling whether they really can know, but they begin to say that David isn't the author of even a single one of the psalms, that if he made anything it was only war-songs. Dreadful they are, those chaps; for the very little they gain they don't know how much they lose."

The pictures that he was working at were an oil replica of "Hope," a "St. George" with a great banner, and "Love and the Pilgrim." On this last design he spent a world of thought, and the following scene is typical of others during its progress.

E. B.-J. (to Mr. Rooke). "Now look at it well and tell me what you think it is that makes it a bad picture. So take a chair and sit down and consider it thoroughly, and tell me when I come in again. [Re-entering] Have you thought about it?"

T. M. R. "It seems a very good picture to me."

E. B.-J. "Well, what keeps worrying me is the shape between the Pilgrim's sleeve and his knee—and that doesn't look to be at all a good shape. Perhaps if some thorns were put there they might remedy it, if they were rightly designed. It 's an occasion when one must be bold, only I don't feel bold just at this moment. Like that, they might do. It will be best not to paint them in to-day, but to let them soak into one's mind for a few days, and then we'll see."

Of another picture he said, in one of its stages: "It wants wisdom most of all now: you know that point when a picture doesn't want work but wisdom."

Throughout this year he went on with the large pictures of "Avalon" and "Love's Wayfaring" as well as "Love

and the Pilgrim." "It is all very well for me to try and finish a big picture," he observed, "but it isn't to be expected there will always be some one ready to buy it. My chances of selling the Pilgrim are not improving—they are on the contrary rather lessened. Some one was interested in it, but he has suddenly become less interested. Well, I must look on the big pictures as a sacrifice, not expect to sell them, and live by the little ones." "Avalon" he never really expected to sell. "I don't know," he said, "what put it into my head that I ought to try and make a splendid picture; it reminds me of that beautiful saying, 'What hath the Lord required of thee, O man, but to do justly and to walk humbly with thy God?'—as though to say no more than to be happy and make jokes." Didactic pictures were unsympathetic to him; he thought words the most fitting medium for pointing any special moral. "Dickens could do it," he said; "he had the proper art to do it in. He could make a rich dinner party and show how dull it all was. A dinner party at the Merdles' was exactly like a society dinner, a dinner party at the Veneerings' was exactly like a society dinner, not exaggerated in the least. No, I think those things are best left to the art that can do them best." "And how," he asked, "could you depict the disgracefulness of lust, so as to make men stagger and pause before rushing into it? Some French pictures would be more likely to do it—a picture such as I saw once, of a couple of lovers who had quarrelled and killed themselves. There was a beastly mess of a bed touselled and chairs knocked over, and every sign of a row, done with great ability, so that it sticks in my memory to this day though I wish it wouldn't. But for the sake of this very doubtful gain, a man gives up his proper *métier* of creating beauty."

And not only to create but to preserve beauty already existing in the world was with him a sacred trust. A rumour this autumn, that old Chelsea Hospital was threatened with destruction, roused him to immediate protest. "There are scores of streets," he wrote to the editor of the newspaper in which he saw the report, "that it would be a gain and

delight to pull down if space is needed for any public purpose, but no one ever proposes that—the thing that usually suggests destruction is some beautiful or dignified building that has by chance survived and can never be replaced. Therefore, before it is too late, I wish to add my strong protest against the idea of pulling down Chelsea Hospital and throwing away its two hundred years of national history. And if, by continued iteration of this cry, we can but worry the destroyers out of their complacency in havoc, perhaps we may hope in time to rouse in its stead a sense of public responsibility for the great legacy of good work that our fathers have left to us and which we are bound in honour to preserve and hand down to our children."

The friend whose companionship most lightened these days was Sebastian Evans. There is a letter to him from Edward written in the early days of loneliness: "Still I cannot write about it, the blow is so heavy and the loss so dreadful to endure; but your letter was very welcome and like all soft words said at such a time, very comforting. When are you coming back? Glad shall I be to have a talk with you. Write to me again, dear fellow, and tell me when you are coming." Cormell Price was within reach again now, but intercourse with him was steeped in personal memories from which both needed a respite, so that the wide field in which Edward wandered with his newer friend was the greatest help possible. There was another man also, whom he would gladly have seen oftener than fate permitted, and that was Stopford Brooke, for true sympathy and affection existed between them. All our friends, even if they had not known Morris personally, seemed to make our loss of him their own. To Mrs. Horner Edward wrote, looking back on the years when he first knew Morris: "It was so long a time, wasn't it? and meant youth and growth and wonder, and a world to conquer; and as time goes on we shall see what a world he conquered. I must confess death makes the glorious more glorious, and already I feel him far removed, and cling in my memory most to the days when we seemed equal and

began the tale." Another time he spoke of death as "a magnificent peerage."

Meanwhile outward life went on as usual. The hour of lunch—from one to two o'clock—though Edward grudged the break it made in his work, was generally a bright one. We were seldom alone then, for intimate friends knew that they would find Edward disengaged and would be sure of a welcome; and as the grandchildren grew old enough they were often sent, or brought by their mother, for his pleasure. The talk between him and the eldest of them was sometimes pretty and funny to hear.

Angela (aged six). "Bapapa, tell me where 's the furthest place you've ever been to."

E. "I've been to Camberwell and the City Road."

A. "Is Camberwell very far off? and have you really been to the City of Rhodes?—what 's it like?"

E. "Well, dear, it 's got houses all built on little hills all round the harbour."

A. "And tell me, wasn't there something particular about the harbour?"

E. "A great figure of a man, dear, with his legs stretched out, that the ships sailed under."

A. "Why was it called the Colossus—what did its name come from?"

E. "From nothing, dear: it was his name."

There were days, also, when he and all the grown-up people at table became children again, and laughter was heard in the old way. A little scene, half earnest and half jest, is recalled by a friend—how Edward told a tale at table of some mistake he had made, and was harder upon himself than necessary, ending with: "Well, I won't manage my own affairs any more. I'll be like King Lear —give me my fool and my knights and let me go where I please." "Who'll be your fool?" asked one of us; and each of the rest cried out in a breath: "I'll be your fool!"

In November he was following the Transvaal story so far as it had then gone. "What a fuss they are making about getting Jameson let out of prison. It must look very

queer to foreigners, the hurry we are in to set these first-class misdemeanants at large. Of course they feel the confinement—they are meant to: even their condition is not meant to be one of pure enjoyment. And if they're ill there is such a fuss made over them, and all the doctors in the world are had in to see them, but when a poor devil's ill in prison he has to put up with it and make the best he can of it. That there *is* one law for the rich and another for the poor, there cannot be the least doubt."

He felt the humiliation of this too, when practised on a larger scale. "What is always said against us and what is quite true, is that we have a different way of behaving to little states and big ones. With big ones it is arbitration, but with little ones it is ultimatum. Ultimatum to Burmah, ultimatum to the Afghans, ultimatum to Chitral, ultimatum to Ashantee, ultimatum to Transvaal, ultimatum to Venezuela, but with America arbitration, and with the European powers arbitration. It is so dreadful that the national conscience should only be roused when it begins to be frightened. By this time people ought to be ashamed of these quarrels between civilized nations; they are in essence nothing more than mean little parish squabbles about boundary stones."

A material empire made no appeal to his mind. "The English achievements that I am proud of are of a very different sort. I love the immaterial. You see it is these things of the soul that are real—the only real things in the universe." Of one whose life had wandered, but whose ideal of better things had never been lost, he said: "And that was really his life, since it was what he would have liked it to be."

We spent Christmas very quietly in London, and the level of health at the Grange was not a high one.

CHAPTER XXVII

MEMORABILIA
1897

A LONGING to see the churches of North France again often came upon Edward: "I wish I could go into a real church this morning—could go into the vast Beauvais Church and lose myself in its beauty—in its holy beauty." He had never been there since the journey with Morris and Fulford in 1855, and now proposed that, as soon as he had finished "Love and the Pilgrim," we and our son should go together to Abbeville, Beauvais, Amiens and Chartres.

The directors of the New Gallery, Mr. Carr and Mr. Hallé, used always to call at the Grange when making their round of studios in the spring, and the visit was generally a merry one. I was from home when it happened this year, but laughed as I read an account of it in Edward's next letter. The tale ended with: "The boys said they were afraid it would be a very poor show this year, which I do not wonder at, [he had said elsewhere how much the dark winter had been against painters] and mighty pleased they seemed to be that my picture is big and will take up space. 'Seemed to be' I say advisedly, for what they said to each other when they went away and how much they ran it down I shall not know till the Day of Judgment—then I shall know and not care."

He was cheered one day early in the year with the sight of some drawings done by Maurice and Edward Detmold, then boys of but fourteen years of age. Their grand-uncle, Dr. Shuldham, who was a Birmingham schoolfellow of Edward's, brought a portfolio of their work to the Grange.

Edward was greatly struck by what he saw, and said afterwards: "Of course there is no knowing whether anything may come of it, but those boys might be a great comfort in the future. One of them has painted a stag-beetle quite perfectly; every hair is done, and the light upon it and the shadows cast by it, and all the flatnesses and every kind of shape of it." His interest was still further aroused when the boys themselves came to see him, bringing more of their work, and he said that they seemed to him to have every equipment for being great artists. After they were gone he spoke about the evidence of artistic gift at an early age. "You can never tell whether precocity will lead to anything or not. Young —— was a great caution on that point. He could colour well at 14, and at 16 he took to drawing; and I said it was all right; for him to colour as a child and begin to draw as he is getting on to manhood, all that is just as it should be. But at 17 he didn't do any better, and at 18 not so well, and at 20 he could neither colour nor draw, and is no more heard of."

Whilst thus leaning in hope on the young, Edward also joined in the congratulations offered to Mr. Watts by a great part of the western world upon his eightieth birthday, and upon the splendid collection of his pictures which formed the Winter Exhibition of the New Gallery. An address was prepared and signed by hosts of friends, for presentation to Mr. Watts on his actual birthday, February 23rd, and more would have been done to mark it had not he himself protested against the idea. Shortly afterwards, however, a private celebration of the anniversary was held at the New Gallery, where a party was given by Miss Eleanor Hallé and Miss G. Liddell in honour of Mr. Watts and of Herr Joachim, who were both present. An orchestra of about a dozen old pupils of Joachim had been got together, and with the help of a piano and two harpsichords most beautiful music was made, by the old pupils for the pleasure of the master, and by himself in return. The musician and the painter sat side by side and looked happy.

An evening at Holman Hunt's house, where we dined

in April, stirred up many memories. Speaking of it, Edward said: "Last night we were at Holman Hunt's. He looked such a dear, fine old thing, so unworldly and strange. And, would you believe it, he took in my wife to dinner as his oldest friend there. Only think! I didn't know we had got on nearly so far in life. Arthur Hughes was there too, and he reminded me of our first meeting which I had forgotten. It was when I took him Morris' cheque for his 'April Love.'" The result of this meeting with Arthur Hughes, whom we had not seen for a long time, was that he came to the Grange, and we spent an evening together recalling the things that belonged to our youth.

After the loss of Morris, and indeed from the time he first realized the separation that was before them, Edward said that he could scarcely bear to look at the things that were most closely associated with their friendship, and sought to distract his thoughts by dwelling on subjects of which they had never talked much together: "So I've had to take to my astronomy again." What he read concerning this science was distilled to his friends in less technical language than that of the books in which he found it. For instance: "Once Arcturus was coming on us at a frightful pace, and I used to be very frightened, though it would take thousands of years for him to reach us. Now he is going the other way again. Do you remember what fusses there used to be about collision with a comet? How angry astronomers used to be with each other: they took sides about it as though it were politics. One astronomer said the crash would be so frightful the whole earth would be turned into fine dust, and another astronomer was exceedingly cross with him and contradicted him and said that the largest comet could be condensed and put into his watch-pocket without causing him the least inconvenience." He looked with some wistfulness, however, upon the work done by astronomers, saying: "They have a fine time of it; they can hand on their processes so that the science goes steadily forward for hundreds of years as though it were being done by one man, but we poor artists are not nearly so lucky, we can hand on next to nothing."

Rashly enough, he kept astronomical books by his bedside, and often turned to them when unable to sleep. "I terrified myself in the night," he says, "with more astronomy." And terrible were the dreams that this sometimes produced. Of them he writes: "What appalling things they can be—as real as life itself, with an added horror and terror not of this life even at its worst, but of the abysses of space and chaos. A worse than I had last night man never had."

The idea of wireless telegraphy, then scarcely more than rumoured in public, attracted him also, and was described in his own way:

"Last night I was reading about electricity. You will naturally ask, why should I? but I did. There is a clever young chap at Bologna University—I'm glad to see that ancient seat of learning distinguishing itself once more. He is half English and half Italian, which is a promising thing in itself: his name is Marconi. He is only twenty-two and has been at electricity about five years, and he has made a little machine about the size of a sewing-machine, by which he says people can communicate with any one having a similar machine—without wires. He has been interviewed and asked questions that of course he is cautious in replying to, but he believes he is on the point of discovering what electricity really is: that it is the element which pervades all space and unites all the atoms of it, that the suns and planets are placed in it as cherries are in jelly, and that it is the source of all life perhaps."

The evil star which had so long overhung the East of Europe was one which many even in the West regarded anxiously this spring. A miserable repetition of the horrors of 1876 had been going on for more than a year—only that Armenians instead of Bulgarians were now being massacred by their rulers—and the English nation, which had twenty years before denounced the same iniquity, was again pricked in its conscience. The Cretan insurrection against Turkey, and the despatch of Turkish troops to the island, led to further horrors, which a jealous rivalry amongst themselves prevented the great European Powers from stopping, and

thoughtful men outside the circle of diplomacy were sick at heart. To Edward, in spite of his deep distrust of war as a means of peace, the news that Prince George of Greece had actually taken command of an expedition to prevent the further landing of Turkish troops in Crete, was good. "Have you seen how the little Greek chaps have taken matters into their own hands and thrown the fat into the fire? Oh, I'm so sick of diplomacy I don't want to think any more about it, and it is like waking up from a ghastly nightmare after months and years of arguing and duplicity to see these little fellows so bravely starting out to war. I'm sorry to say that I am delighted—though whether that ought to be is another matter."

The announcement of Sir Alfred Milner's appointment to South Africa was noted and commented on: "I see Alfred Milner is made Governor of the Cape, and I am glad for his sake—for he is a dear, clever, admirable fellow. But I fear me he is a Jingo—a little bit I think it." And again: "He is a nice, dear fellow, but I am afraid he will do what I hate, and I should like to forget the world and be inside a picture."

From every circle of other interests he returned to the day's work. Painting on the distant mountains in "The Pilgrim of Love" in these days, he said: "If this picture doesn't shew signs by the end of a fortnight of letting itself be finished, I shall have to put it by for this year." And at the fortnight's end: "I begin to want to take a great bottle of benzine and go over it all and wash it all away. That shews I'm tired, I suppose. If it wasn't for the Exhibition I should put it away for a time. In days gone by that is what I should have done with it, but now I don't feel that I have the time before me that I used to, and it won't do to put by anything I am about for fear I shouldn't have the chance of taking it up again. Not that I ever expected to live long, but I didn't mind then about leaving a quantity of unfinished work." Some one present asked: "And now that you have finished a great deal more, you do mind?" "Well," he said, "I never look forward now. There is never any looking

forward again. Morris really closed the chapter of my life. All I'm anxious about now is not to disgrace myself and to let nothing go out unfinished."

The oil replica of "Hope" went to America, and mention of its arrival there led to the expression of Edward's opinion about a matter often discussed, namely, the glazing of pictures. "Did I tell you that 'Hope' had got safely to America? For a long time I didn't know a word about it, and thought that as it had been bought without having been seen by the purchasers they were disappointed with it, and was going to write to them to ask them to send it back. But they are very pleased with it. They say, however, they have hung it up without a glass, to see it better, because of reflections in it. They could manage that by sloping it or in some way. I like a picture so much better under glass, it is like a kind of aethereal varnish. It is wonderful to me how people don't see that a picture under glass is so much more beautiful than without it—they are so insensitive. But they must do as they like with it. They can hang it upside down if they will."

About this time he took up again the designs made in 1872 for "The Masque of Cupid," but on looking freshly at the poem he found it had become quite unreadable to him, and the names in it, as in the Pilgrim's Progress, actually repellent. "How good it is when quoted and how weary to plod through," he exclaimed, and recalled a saying by Morris about Spenser, that he ought really to have been a painter instead of a poet.

There was also a panel picture on which he worked at intervals—a magician and a girl looking into a magic mirror—which he meant to finish very highly. "I have always longed in my life," he said, "to do a picture like a Van Eyck, and I've never, never done it, and never shall. As a young man I have stood before that picture of the man and his wife, and made up my mind to try and do something as deep and rich in colour and as beautifully finished in painting, and I have gone away and never done it, and now the time is gone by."

A question was asked in these days, whether he would like to have a red-haired model to sit to him. "Well, I don't often paint red-haired women somehow: I like gold-coloured and oat-coloured hair most. Rossetti used to persuade me to paint from red-haired women and I did some without anything particular happening. It doesn't quite go with my kind of sentiment. Not that I've any theory about it. When I see red hair I like it—Rossetti's pictures of red-haired women I liked exceedingly—but I don't think it does well with my own work." Lady Lewis has a pretty story which illustrates his feeling about the "oat-coloured hair" type. She says: "Whilst he was painting the Mermaid in 1886, he was staying with us at Walton, and we once went for a walk through the woods of Fox Warren. As we passed one of the keepers' cottages we saw, seated on the rim of a well, a girl of about twelve, a lovely creature with fair hair and grey eyes, slim and long-limbed, dressed in a scarlet gown, with bare feet and legs. She greatly struck his fancy, so we went near to get speech of her; but answer made she none and only looked up at him with a merry smile—not too shy to meet his eye, but too much so to speak. He was as under a spell, and when we came home at once made a drawing of her from memory, just like her too; he never altered it, but used it for the head of the mermaid. Often he spoke of her—said he was sure she was a nixie and had come up from the well." Years afterwards, when some one was lauding dark eyes, he referred to this fair memory, saying: "Pale eyes can be enchanting as well as dark ones. I saw a wench once in the wild woods, and she was passing pale, but her hair was paler than her face, and her eyes paler than her hair, and it was an unearthly sight, but very beautiful."

After finishing "Love and the Pilgrim" Edward was so tired that, though there were no definite symptoms of illness, we gave up all idea of the journey to France. One day he ran up the flag of distress by returning to his bed soon after he had left it, and the doctor was sent for. There seemed to be nothing new, however, in his condition, and the next day he was about again, but he believed it had been

another blow from his enemy influenza. He struggled on for a week or two before giving in, and then said he should like a fresh opinion as to the state of his health, and would carry out any plan the doctor might suggest. What he always dreaded was being sent away for "change," saying that he wanted none except a change of work. "What do we want to be wrenched away from our work for, and our nice homes and everything that we like, and taken to perfectly filthy places? I should like to stop in this room for 439 years and never be taken out of it." But now he was ready to try anything, and, the bracing air of Malvern being recommended, to Malvern he went for a week and a day. Of course the weather turned cold, and we heard the usual tale of its being quite unusual to have such a May there. Hotel life was almost intolerable to Edward, but we had a large sitting-room looking out over a wide prospect and he tried with all his might to be content. I do not think he had ever before been in a house where there was literally no picture or substitute for one on any wall, and he sighed for "Coming of Age in the Olden Time" or "The Rabbit on the Wall," but had finally to be thankful for a framed notice to visitors about some rule of the hotel, which hung on the staircase and looked like a picture from a distance.

Whilst at Malvern he wrote to Mrs. Horner: "Many things here bring back early days to me. A certain kind of red-brick, blue-slated house makes me wince as I remember, but then again, a bonny apple orchard softens my heart with recollection. And so my drives go in alternate smiles and frowns. It must have been a lovely land before the houses were built. They are hopeless. As I look out of the window now, the sun really lights up distance on distance that would be sweet to watch if I could see it, but I can see only the shine on slate roofs everywhere, slate roofs and red-brick houses and dazzling green, the nastiest discord that could be. But now and then a little lowly old house of grey thatch and black and white walls makes such a harmony that I wonder when I think what men lose and what they bear—for Maeterlinck is right, and men are restless without beauty.

Poor things, what bad shots they make trying to win it. If you only knew how sweet it is to live in a land of stone, as you do. And what shall I exactly say to exactly get the aspect of these slates and bricks? *Sour*,—that is the word. And all my teeth are on edge. So when you go forth into the villages, will you love and praise them for their holy greyness?"

About a book that he had taken with him he said: "I've started a new book to read and don't like to drop it having begun it, and yet I don't like going on with it." "Good morals," observed his listener. "Couldn't be better, I know —and yet, and yet, and yet, and yet, and yet, and yet! And yet, and yet, and yet!! It's the life of Jowett." And afterwards he said: "Would you believe me, there is not a single reference to Dickens or Thackeray in the whole life of Jowett —nothing but dismal theology all through. Not that theology ought to be dismal, and ought not to be the main subject of life—but there's so much of the inhuman side of it."

The name of Dean Stanley being brought forward in connexion with Jowett's, he said: "It is astonishing how little these chaps are remembered. He was very popular, he was a clever man and came at a very lucky time for himself, when people were beginning to weary of the vehement ardour of Newman. He brought a gentle kind of liberalism into religious questions that was very welcome to them, though he and those who had similar views were liable to be asked why then did they stay in the Church." He quoted Carlyle as having said that they ought to be shot as sentinels handing over their posts to the enemy, but maintained himself that there was something to be said on the other side too. "They wanted to keep up the Church. Its downfall would be the signal of much mischief, and they saw no good in handing it over to those who they thought would bring it to ruin by intolerance."

On the only day that it was warm enough for Edward really to enjoy going out, we drove to Little Malvern and saw there a very beautiful old church. He pointed out that, though shockingly devastated and knocked about, yet, as it

had never been restored, we could see clearly where the destruction ended and the ancient beauty began. This was the time he liked best in his whole stay. He had gone to Malvern with the intention of remaining a fortnight, but became so restless before the first week was over that he wrote to his doctor, asking if he might leave sooner and go to Rottingdean instead. The reply was anxiously awaited, and on its arrival with the word that set us free, we came away immediately. The morning was the finest he had seen there, but nothing could tempt him, and he started for Rottingdean in excellent spirits. The long railway journey remains in my memory as a happy experience, for each hour he revived and grew merrier. Arrived at Paddington we trundled across in a four-wheeled cab to Victoria, where in our recovered liberty we found lunch at the railway station delicious, and by the time we reached Rottingdean he had cast off all appearance of being an invalid. "What was it?" he said. "Influenza, I suppose—every one said so—but it has something of the nature of malaria in it, for I suddenly drop into the depths and feel as though I could not live, and come out of the fit in about a day or a night nearly well."

Just before the Malvern time I had paid a visit to Red House, which I believe none of us had seen since 1865. The immediate neighbourhood was little changed, "Hog's Hole" being quite recognizable and the fields round the garden untouched. The apple blossom was out, and the grass and flowers in as perfect condition as they used to be; but we were told that changes were at hand, and that soon it would be surrounded by fresh buildings.

Untaught by experience, I had imagined that Edward's absence from the Grange would be long enough for a trusty builder to put a band of workmen into it, and repaint and whitewash a great part of the house before his return; but in three days after we reached Rottingdean he wanted to be at work again. "By the turn of next week," he wrote, "I hope to be back [in London]—the painting will surely be over. How I hate Spring cleanings; artists ought never

to be cleaned—half their vitality goes out of them when they are clean." Another time, after a whitewashing of the house-studio, he complained: "The glory is too great for me, I don't feel as if I should ever be able to work in it: it will be like trying to paint in a drawing-room"; and when asked whether he would have the next room, the little studio, put in order now, he said: "No, I must leave that to take care of itself for a time. The fact is, I want a room of this size to paint in, and a rubbish-room seven times larger, and the tidiness of Tadema—then I should do."

Within a week he was in town. Not that the Grange was ready for him, nor that he was reckless of draughts, damp whitewash, and the smell of house-paint—but that in his usual way he overrode difficulties, and arranged to work in the garden-studio and sleep at a private hotel near by. "Well and eager for work," he reports himself the following morning. "I have gone down to the garden-studio and planned all the next days. It will take me some hours to pick my wits together in such a turmoil, but it can be done, and I am eager for work; but it was a dear, gentle time at Rottingdean, not soon to be forgotten." These words refer to the companionship of some young girls who lived there, and whose presence always made part of our happiness in the place. He got to work at "Avalon," and his only comment on the discomfort of the time is: "Coming out to my work in a morning is a new experience, and not agreeable for many days."

Quite suddenly things fell out so that, though Edward could not go, a chance was offered to me of visiting Normandy in most pleasant company, and on June 4th I started for a six days' pilgrimage to Abbeville, Beauvais, and Amiens. We were at Beauvais Cathedral on Whit Sunday morning, and all through the beautiful service the images of the young Edward and Morris of two and forty years ago were with me. "I am so glad you had the Sunday morning there, and know what I remember," wrote the Edward of 1897. Another letter told me about "Avalon." "I have had a nice morning's work, and done good to a

little corner of my picture, a very little corner, but it all helps. I get to love this picture, but after another three weeks I must put it by—or, as it is too big to move, I will put myself by, and go to work on something profitable." He was on the platform at Victoria when I returned, and seemed to be quite well.

The arrival of Rudyard Kipling and his family in England in 1896 had been a great pleasure to us. For our own sake we would have liked them to live in London, but that was not the scheme of their life, and they took a house in Devonshire. When, however, they found that climate unsuitable, Edward advised them to try Sussex, and urged their going down to our house at Rottingdean while seeking one for themselves. This was arranged, and at the beginning of June they arrived in the village where, as it proved, they were to remain for the next five years.

The certainty of their bright company always awaiting Edward when he ran down to Rottingdean gave one more charm to the little place. "O my beloved Ruddy," he writes, "I am so glad to be going back to you to-morrow. I am growing tame and like a curate—like an over-anxious curate. So to-morrow to little Rottingdean, to laugh and roar and throw care to the dogs—which is a beast I hate."

The excitement in London this year about the Queen's second Jubilee moved Edward more than that of the one ten years before, and instead of staying in his studio as he then did, painting quietly all the day, he accepted an invitation to see the procession. He went also with M. Legros to see the painted "relief" that he had done for the decoration of the Bank of England on Jubilee Day, and was much struck by it. "It is wonderfully done. It seems such a shame that it is to be knocked to pieces after all is over. He has painted and gilded it so as to give it an extraordinary look of relief. Of course it's only Britannia and Law and Prosperity, and they can't be otherwise than Britannia and Law and Prosperity, but they are so astonishingly projected. The technique of it is wonderful."

Edward was back again from seeing the procession on

Jubilee Day in time to save a few hours of the long summer daylight. "Everything was surprisingly successful," he said, "but all the boasting of the papers is so dreadful; it makes one wonder that a thunderbolt doesn't fall on London." As he talked of the crowd and the soldiers and incidents in the long procession an organ was suddenly heard outside the studio. "Ah," he exclaimed, "that feels as if life were beginning to take its old place, the organs beginning again in the street. Now we can go to work quietly once more."

One invitation that he received in connexion with the Jubilee he respectfully declined. It was a dinner given by a hundred "representative" women to the same number of "representative" men. A newspaper described it the following morning, as a gathering that "meant a fusion of widely different interests and tended towards better understanding of the sexes"; another regarded it as "an object lesson of the diverse vocations and interests which have opened out to women in the Queen's reign"; but nothing prevented Edward from seeing in it a collective hostess of one hundredfold strength, and his sense of humour found vent in a letter to an unrepresentative woman of his acquaintance. "I wish they hadn't thought of it! I don't mind them ruling and governing us or taking all the finances into their hands, or assaulting and beating us and blackening our eyes and our characters—but if they take to inviting us to dinner, old as I am I'll turn into the streets with a rifle."

After all the noise and display of the summer, many people drew freer breath when the voice of a poet was heard above the trumpets, and a few verses in a daily newspaper seemed to bring the nation to its knees. "Dear Ruddy," Edward wrote about the Recessional, that appeared in The Times of July 16th, "I love your Hymn—it is beautiful and solemn and says the word that had to be said." Short time, however, did the nation remain on its knees, and even the noble watchword of *Lest we forget!* became in the mouths of some a "frantic boast and foolish word."

Our friend Mr. Norton gave us great pleasure this summer by commissioning our son to paint a portrait of Edward, and in August it was begun. The view taken was of the artist at work in his own studio, and everything was done to make his standing for it as little irksome as possible. When finished, the likeness proved so satisfactory that we could not part with it, and Philip obtained Mr. Norton's consent to make a careful replica for him, whilst the original remained with us.

We did not go down to Rottingdean so early as usual, and Edward's birthday was kept in London. On that day he wrote to Miss Maxse, making use of his own peculiar system of calculation. "Ah yes, on this day 93 years ago was born, under sad circumstances and not too auspicious a star, me. And many pretty letters have come, even from far Finland, which touched me, and I am to be taken to the Beast Gardens if it is fine, as I pray it may be, though the morning has begun in an evil way."

The next day he tells Lady Lewis: "I had a really happy birthday—ready as I am to give up birthdays, I was glad of this one. And in the afternoon Georgie and I and Judith Blunt, who is staying here, drove to the Beast Garden, and I had a fine time with lions' faces, and elephants' legs, and bears' backs, and cobras' fiendishness—stopped there for hours. And in the evening came back Phil, from the Border country. I also had two books from you, and a blue necktie and a pewter pot, and from the Horner babes a big box of sweets. Now was that a birthday or was it not?"

While we were visiting the beasts I remember he bought a pair of Cambayan doves, whose colour and shape he admired beyond that of all others.

With the birthday letter "from far Finland" came some Finnish ballads and their music. We had seen the writer of the letter but once, at the Grange, and found her a cultivated woman, very grave and silent, but knowing a great deal about Edward's work, and seeming almost unable to tear herself away after long looking at it. Her curious silence was now apologized for and explained, by her telling

him that she had been unable to speak because she found herself on the verge of tears all the time. With proud humility she added: "Finnish barbarians are too untrained to look upon your pictures calmly. I have no other excuse. Oh so many things I should have liked to ask you and to say to you, but I could not. I hope these ballads will come to you on your birthday next Saturday and bring you thousands of well-wishings from Finland. You will understand them so well. English authors like to call you especially English, but you are also Finnish, are you not? You belong to us also?" Years ago, when reading the Kalevala, he had received the freedom of the country.

Work upon "Avalon" was now brought to a stop, because the garden-studio was too narrow for the whole picture ever to be seen at once from a proper distance; so in September the big picture was removed to No. 9, St. Paul's Studios, some half mile from the Grange. Here for the first time in his life Edward had a really good painting-room, very large and with an excellent North light—but he put nothing into it except "Avalon," nor was he able to work upon that for a long time.

An incident of this summer was that a picture by Walter Deverell came into our possession. He is said only to have painted two or three pictures, and when Edward heard that one of these had been sold at a sale, he was so disappointed to have missed it that the purchaser very kindly yielded it to him for the same modest price that he himself had paid. It is an oil painting, and its subject is the simple one of a lady standing in a garden, with her face uplifted towards a bird in a cage that hangs a little above her. The garden is very brightly coloured, the lady is a pretty one. It was a link with a time of which we had often thought, and we were glad to have the picture.

In the autumn Edward fell out of health again and suffered at intervals from the depression of spirits which had troubled him ever since his first attack of influenza. "I feel dull and flat these days, and cannot wake up at all; the melancholy I so dread, that had left me for a little,

has been pouring back on me, and it is hard to deal with. But it had left me quite—so it is only shifting about." He began to complain of drowsiness as well as fatigue, and often would come into the drawing-room in the course of the afternoon, and throwing himself down upon a sofa, would fall at once into profound and apparently peaceful sleep. I believe, on looking back, that he was more anxious about himself than he allowed those nearest to him to suspect. With others, friends close enough to be trusted, yet in whose faces he would not have to see the thought reflected every hour of the day, he was less guarded. See these words from a letter to such a one: "Promised I did to tell what the doctor said—and it 's all right about the heart-throbbings—they may bang themselves about as much as they like—the heart is all right. Only some mechanical difficulty that will go when more strength comes—so that affair is settled. I had some little fear there might be mischief. Why fear? it is an easy death, and a desirable one, but I love my life, and would do all I can to prolong it, till prolonging it would be misery, and then I would take no more care." When he was young he never seemed to dread death so much in itself as because it cut short the story of life. He used to say it was the only irremediable evil, for if people could but live everything would come right. He had always a passionate desire to die before those he loved. After Morris went, death was frequently mentioned between us, and the fear of it was gone.

In October came a welcome letter from Mr. Spencer Stanhope in Florence, saying how much he had liked the picture of "Love and the Pilgrim" when he was in England for the summer. "I write all this to ease my mind," he continued, "as I wanted to tell you what I felt about it *vivâ voce* if we had met again." He jested also, as was their custom when together, saying what a real enjoyment it would be to him to shew Edward round the sights of Florence—the electric trams, the new shops, and especially the bicycling in the streets. To which Edward answered by describing the charms of the November day on which

he was writing: "None of your intolerable blazing suns—a sweet soft drizzle over everything and that mist peculiar to England which throws a glamour over objects till they are scarcely discernible. It is an effect I have long wished to paint. After all, we ought to live in our own times—and may I add without offence, amongst our own people. It is not that I should not enjoy Florence enormously, but I feel my duty is here. Some men can reconcile it with their ideas of virtue to leave friends and country, and be off to some over-luxurious sunny clime, where in the pleasures of the senses they lose all remembrance of higher aspirations: it is not so with me."

This year's list of work says: "In the autumn I designed a window for Hawarden, of the Nativity." It was one with which the sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone intended to commemorate the long married life of their parents, and the subject had been much discussed before it was quite decided upon, for the four narrow lights made anything except single figures a great difficulty.

The fear of failing sight which haunts most painters did not spare Edward, and towards the end of this year he was made very anxious by some unusual symptoms in his eyes —so anxious that for a long time he could not bear to say anything about it. At last, however, he compelled himself to submit to an examination, and to our relief the trouble was pronounced to be entirely in the mucous membrane, the sight being in no way affected. A special reason for anxiety in Edward's case was that his eyes had always been so unequal in sight that practically he had only one to depend upon: I remember that for some time his spectacles had a plain glass in one frame and a lens in the other. Without the help of eye-glasses he was now utterly at a loss—scarcely able to read or write at all. He wore spectacles for painting, but out of doors it was different, as he saw things at a distance quite well.

A collection of pictures by Rossetti formed part of the Winter Exhibition at the New Gallery, and it gave Edward great joy to see them again. He also had the satisfaction

of helping to secure the loan of some, whose owner could not make up his mind to strip his walls unless substitutes were provided in their absence. So a week was spent by Edward before Christmas in finishing his water-colour of "Galahad at the Chapel of the San Graal" and other things, to lend in place of the desired Rossettis.

The studio talk was naturally much about these pictures, of which Edward held the small early ones to be the best. The water-colour of Love bringing Dante to the dead Beatrice he thought the finest thing Gabriel ever did, and "worth the big oil one of the same subject seven thousand times over." The exhibition held at the Burlington Club after Rossetti's death he considered the most representative collection of his pictures that had been shewn; the one now at the New Gallery he placed next, partly because of its containing the first design of the dead Beatrice.

Amongst other things Edward now busied himself in finishing and watching over the reproduction of his two Volsung designs, the Branstock and the Burning. A note of December 31st marks their completion. "I think I have done this morning the last touches to the Kelmscott work. Alas, and for ever alas—and what will amend it!"

A glimpse of his loneliness of spirit revealed itself another time in the exclamation: "A pity it is I was not born in the Middle Ages. People would then have known how to use me—now they don't know what on earth to do with me." And next thing was the outcry of Hamlet, "The time is out of joint, O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right. Rossetti could not set it right and Morris could not set it right—and who the devil am I, who the devil am I? Swinburne's saying 'When three men hold together the kingdoms are less by three' was splendid, but to say 'When one man holds himself together in a very shaky way, the kingdoms are less by one,' doesn't sound so well, does it?" But he ended: "What does that matter even then? I have learned to know Beauty when I see it, and that's the best thing." "And to shew it to us," answered a friend's quiet voice.

Notwithstanding the deep discontent with which the evil of their own time afflicts all sensitive natures, Edward was keenly alive also to its better side. To his friend of so many years, Mrs. Horner, he wrote: "I believe I shall go out of life blessing it and grateful for it. I have seen glories and wonders, have known the fulness of admiration and worship for splendid work, and splendid lives I have seen. I suppose I might have made the vision better still if I had washed my eyes seven times in Jordan—whatever that may mean." Gratitude for having been born in the nineteenth century rather than the one before is clearly expressed in his answer to a friend's mention of Walpole's Letters. "Well, I never read Walpole's Letters—are they clever and bright? Should I like them? He lived in a horrid set of years and people; all the century through is like a wet Saturday afternoon to me, and the word eighteenth century sinks me down into despair. When Blake comes I begin to revive, and when Coleridge comes I am wide awake, and have been happily staring and seeing ever since."

Short as the winter days were, Edward began in them to paint a portrait of his five-year-old grandson, but even love for the little sitter did not make this easy. The child has yet to be born who can sit still enough to help an artist in his efforts to paint it. I remember Edward's once keeping a tiny model in one position by putting upon its small naked knee a dab of blue paint, which it spent some fruitless but quiet moments in endeavouring to remove. For an older child reading was generally tried, and little Denis Mackail was made an excuse for Miss Edgeworth's Frank and Harry and Lucy (always welcome visitors), joining us in the studio.

I will take for a light on these days such words of Edward's as I have met with from any source, if they express what I believe to have been his persistent thought. He did not change greatly in the course of time, but grew perpetually, and growth sometimes bears the aspect of change. Mistakes he made, and of them he said it was a case of having up scaffolding during repairs, for his philo-

sophy of "pegging away" did not recognize defeat. "There is no saying what time may do. It does set things to rights. But it is no use lamenting over one's mistakes in life; nothing is to be done that way, and they are not all such pure loss as they seem at the time. The wisdom that comes of them is to be had in no other way, and very often they have roused one's best faculties." He was not speaking of himself when he said: "You might just as well expect to see a great tree without its darkness or a great mountain without its shadows, as a great man without faults"—but others may say it for him.

Speaking of his early days he declared that he could not really call himself hardly treated then. "People abused me when I was young, but I daresay it was very good for me. If they had praised me no doubt I should have been very mortal about it and believed every word they said and never tried to do any better." Sympathy was alert when in late days he wrote of a beginner: "It is a clever lad who brings me his work to-day, and nobody will help him at all. People wait till a man can do without help, and then they cover him all over with a varnish of praise, and stop up all his pores for life if he listen, if he does not wash off the varnish as fast as it is laid on. An unfair world." The place he gave to originality in work was a simple and attainable one: "I suppose there is no one but could find some small portion of originality in himself, and it's his business to do it. A pity they [some young artists] go on with their imitations." Of envy he said: "If once an artist gives himself over to thinking about his personal estimation there's no knowing where he may stop—it's the beginning of insanity. There is the possibility of getting to envy even God Almighty Himself."

He claimed for painting an honourable second place where the first was unattainable. "And painting, that has the fatal doom of fire always hanging over it, has some advantages over other arts. There is no need in music or in poetry to have the second best, for the first is always accessible; but in painting there are countless grades of

possible delight, from the little pictures that charm and the sketch that amuses and gives hope, to the mighty one that strengthens life and confirms and seals aspiration, and like Prometheus steals fire from heaven." But he also defended what are called minor poets. "If a man is really a poet, that is the word to remember, and not the word 'minor.' Even Tennyson was once a minor poet. Of course I don't speak of impostors and absurdities, but I have known some who always remained minor, and their spirit and their talk was yet a whole universe in space above the speech of the unpoetical and average man."

There was a kind of painting that disturbed him, though in an opposite way, almost as much as that of the impressionists. It was that practised by artists of considerable skill but little imagination, who more or less unconsciously help themselves to the ideas of others without knowing how to manage them. The detail in work of this kind was sometimes wonderful, he said, but a little way off you could not see the shape of anything; the colour too was often extremely beautiful when looked at closely, but the whole thing not beautiful at all. "If they would leave figure-painting alone and go about the world modestly and happily, painting pretty views, cities, flowers, and every beautiful thing they come across in nature with a cheerful mind, they would do admirable and useful work that would be a pleasure to everybody, but these pictures are a bore and an anomaly." He declared that the laborious realization of parts of a thing, which results in the whole being unrecognizable, must lead inevitably to reaction and impressionism. And the loss of time that this revolt would mean was clear to him. "For it must be remembered that when the purpose of the revolt is gained, the rebel, if he has no permanent object in his mind, will cease to exist after the occasion for him has passed away."

Together with his concern that the motive of a picture should be worth spending labour upon, there went minute care about materials and processes. Nothing would make him hurry a work, and in the English climate patience to

wait the drying of oil paints had need be inexhaustible. Many were the searches he made for special colours, brushes, canvas, or paper of which he had but heard. A letter to Mr. E. R. Hughes shews how eagerly he desired to find a certain red colour in chalk. His anxiety for it had been noticed by a model, and by her reported to Mr. Hughes, who kindly wrote to give him some information about it. "I should never have dreamed of asking how any effect was produced," Edward answered; "F. mistook a little. I only asked if your red chalk was the ordinary red chalk of commerce, for she said she thought it much more crimson than mine. Now the ancient red is a far more crimson and rosy tint than the dusty brown sticks they give us now, and I have understood always that the ancient red is exhausted and that we have fallen on evil days and can get no more of it, and as I am always asking about it of every colourman I meet, in vain, and as she—the aforesaid F.—was sure yours was a rosy colour compared with mine, I was fired with fresh desire for that ancient treasure. I never make careful red chalk drawings. I am waiting till I can find one stick of the tint Correggio used. But your method of using this poor substitute reads admirably, and since you have generously imparted it to me, I shall assuredly use it."

The words in which he embodied his experience for the help of younger painters were often characteristic enough. "This picture [one of his own] is very hard to get right. But when I've tingled it up with bright points of light, and buzzed about it and given it atmosphere I shall get it right at last." He said there were a hundred ways of painting, all difficult and all open to some objection or other; and it was a cruel thing to try to fetter an artist, and tell him there is only one way. A clear saying resulted from the question asked by a painter at whose work he was looking: "Shall I put another clump of bluebells in my picture?" "Get the subject right first," was the answer; "the bluebells are a quite unimportant matter that you can settle on any time afterwards." And about "Avalon" he said: "It

won't do to begin painting heads or much detail in this picture till it 's all settled. I do so believe in getting in the bones of a picture properly first, then putting on the flesh and afterwards the skin, and then another skin; last of all combing its hair and sending it forth to the world. If you begin with the flesh and the skin and trust to getting the bones right afterwards, it 's such a very slippery process."

He always reckoned on the neglect which a man's work may have to undergo at the end of his life as well as at the beginning, and looked forward to the possibility of it for himself. "I must prepare for public weariness about me. Everything has to go through its period of neglect; if it survives that and comes to the surface again it is pretty safe." Vanity he recognized as one of the failings most natural to artists, and owned that the air in the Valley of Humiliation was salutary for them as well as for other pilgrims. "Whether a man's success is one that he is sure of in himself, or whether it is only one of public acclamation, in either case it is a great peril to him; but to have succeeded in his own opinion is perhaps the more perilous of the two." Jealousy, he said, was, in a way, a more graceful fault in an artist than vanity, though it might not seem so at first sight: "It is at least a tribute to merit in another, but vanity is without any relief." I have heard him say that he thought one good side of going into the world was that it taught a man of how little importance he was. Yet the discipline of dining out was occasionally a benefit disguised too deeply for immediate recognition. "You cannot think what last night was. Lord, I wonder we all weren't little heaps of ashes half-way through the dinner. I was a heap of ashes, and thought I should never quicken again."

A romantic play called The Children of the King, given for a few times at the Court Theatre, beguiled Edward out one December afternoon and gave him lively pleasure. Also a curious piece purporting to be Chinese—The Cat and the Cherub—which he saw shortly afterwards impressed him very much. The Corsican Brothers was a thing that he liked unfeignedly and wished to see far

oftener than was possible. He thought Irving admirable in it and used to entreat him to give it. A letter to Lady Rayleigh dwells on this subject. "Irving hath behaved very treacherously—he has beguiled me with soft answers, and it is only too clear that the Corsican Brothers are in the dim future. It is cruel, for there is nothing that I want to see but that; nothing else would give us a masked ball, a duel in the snow, a ghost, another duel and vengeance completed. And there he is—Irving I mean—doing Charles I. night after night." But to the presentation of most plays he remained as ever, all but indifferent.

Some of his words about education sound paradoxical taken by themselves, but his views on it were easy enough to understand. He said he never quite knew what people meant when they said such and such a one was, or was not, well educated. "Nobody is very much educated—if they learn one thing they have to forget another, and the encyclopaedic people are quite horrible. The learning most useful should always be on the side of imagination."

He never forgot hearing an "encyclopaedic" person say that Christ would have been a more effectual teacher if he had been more cultivated. "As I live, these were his very words. And I wanted to smash him with the coal-scuttle and wipe my boots on his face. And in a figure of speech I did, and for days I railed at education and pined for the company of cabmen."

"Education," he said, "is a pretty enough word if it is taken literally and intended to mean an influence that 'leads forth' something already in one, but they seldom mean anything so nice as that. By the present way people's faculties are more often stuffed up than drawn out. Inducate is rather the word that represents it. People ought to get into the habit of saying quite in an ordinary tone of voice, 'My boys are being inducated at Eton.' A man who can make a door has been educated to some purpose. His faculties have been drawn out in the most efficient way. That dear Ruskin meant the same thing when he asked to be allowed to shake hands with the man who built a wall

properly and could not read or write. Children ought to be born labelled whether they should learn reading and writing or not."

In the course of this year he and George Meredith met again, having seldom seen each other since the Rossetti days, and their meeting was thus described by Edward: "I met Meredith the other day. 'What shall we talk of?' said he, 'politics or art?' 'Politics I never think of,' said I, 'and art I never talk of.' 'Let 's begin on Epps' cocoa,' said he, and so we started and had a fine time of it."

The subjects on which an eloquent man does not speak lie very near his heart, and any word he says concerning them is remembered by his friends. It was in his letters rather than in conversation that Edward touched upon what was sacred to him; yet in his talk one did not miss the mention of causes whose effects were felt. He wrote: "I never doubt for a moment the real presence of God, I should never debate about it any more than I should argue about Beauty, and the things I most love." In another letter, speaking of his mother's death, he said: "As time goes on I think of it more and more. If ever I see her, why she will be a young thing, as young as Margaret. But we won't say 'if'—*when* I see her: let us die in the faith."

We spent a gloriously sunny Christmas Day at Rottingdean, but Edward did not stay to see the New Year in, and left on the 29th. Next day I heard from him: "Now I do pray for a good long spell of work—much is it needed. Very quiet it is, but I like the peace. I sent my model away that I might the more enjoy the silence, and when I heard one of the maids shouting for another I went out and blamed her—not fiercely—and told her never to do such a thing. By and bye when light is over I shall go down to the New Gallery and dine with Hallé and Grueber and Lindsay at a pot-house. What with drawings and what with pictures nearly 70 Rossettis are got. Doesn't it sound nice? I am very busy, and quite well." On the 31st he says: "A fairly clear day, and much to do on it. I shall

dine in Young Street but doubt if I shall sit up for the New Year—so tired I get at 10. I dined last night with Hallé and Carr and Lindsay, and was home by 10 and in bed by 10.2. Most busy all night but I forget what about. You will love to see the Rossettis, a beautiful room full of them; so many old friends—heart-breaking little friends."

Then the year closed, and we did not meet again till January 3rd, 1898.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AVALON
1898

THIS year opened as it would not have done, had we known the future. For reasons of health I went in January to Bordighera, and stayed six weeks in the house of our friends the George MacDonalds, whose kindness made it seem as if Allingham must have been right, and I was really of their family. "Give my love to my brothers the MacDonalds and my sister the Sunlight and my mother the Blue," was a message in one of Edward's first letters. He rejoiced at having sent me to a sunny land, but nothing would have tempted him to come amongst its villas and hotels. "Shouldn't I feel Bordighera and the Riviera generally as a kind of celestial Malvern?" he asked. As to the English skies, he says: "A dark day again, but yesterday was soft and real blue—so it can be done, and it 's only the will that is wanting." Of himself he reports: "I am quite well. And often I sleep on the sofa at the end of the day, as I did yesterday, a deep sleep for two hours." We noticed a curious thing—explicable perhaps by the fact that a man always reproduces something of himself in his work—that when these times of weariness came upon him, he generally fell asleep in the same position that he had given to the figure of Arthur in "Avalon."

His letters now were many, both to me and others: they tell of a "whiff of influenza," which kept him to the house for a time, but did not stop his work or prevent his receiving daily visits from friends and entertaining them in the evening. "I haven't been out for a day or two because of a

slight cold—very slight—but as it blows and sometimes makes so bold as sleet I don't particularly want to go out." He charged me to find Mr. Doughty, whom he believed to be living at Bordighera, and to give his love to the writer of Arabia Deserta, "the book I love so much"; but Mr. Doughty had left the place and the commission remained unfulfilled. Memories of his first journey to Italy were quickened into words about this time by a letter from Mrs. Gaskell at Genoa; and from his answer one might think he had lived long in that city. "Outside Genoa, towards the East, is an ancient church that I used to love above everything else in Genoa. I think it is called S. Ambrogio but am not quite sure. Guide-books are such fools and know nothing—they tell one of bad pictures amply enough, but of God-invented architecture they say nothing: see it if you can. I think it was S. Ambrogio, it is very ancient and touching; how I loved it, and how surprised to find it; no one had ever mentioned it to me. I made drawings but have lost the note-book. There were porphyry monoliths in it brought from Syria, and capitals carved when they were wondering what they could carve. By and bye they could carve, and then they carved no more. Need I say I allude to the Renaissance, cursed be its memory from its first abortion to its last—which at its present rate will be about the time of the Day of Judgment, when the fire shall burn it up and its worthless memory. I wonder if it was S. Ambrogio—but it must have been near the sea-wall, for suddenly I came out into a little cloister, and saw the blue sea just below me. And I used to go often into an ancient cloister in the heart of the city. I think the house where Columbus was born was close to it. I wish some one would write new guide-books to Italy and France, and, as Mrs. Gamp says, 'be guided as I could desire.' If they want to take you to the Doria don't go, but rest in Yseult's (Isotta) Hotel. Fancy her poor name being used for an hotel. But if I could take you to that outlying eastern church in Genoa, I would tell you such things."

His own explanation of the vehemence with which he

spoke at times on different subjects shall follow this letter. "When I say these vehement things about politics and what not, don't think me so unjust as I sound; much is the result of many a day's thinking about the world, even from the earliest years, and I was a fanatic always—they are bound to be unfair. To be quite just is to take no side and no part, not to like one thing much more than another, and I can't be that now nor I daresay ever could have been. Must either love or hate, and both with all my might. And by this time I do know what is beautiful, to see, to hear, in art and the conduct of life; and what is not that I must hate, and do."

It was not so with him in regard to human beings, whose personality affected him most powerfully. "I used to dislike such-a-one so much till I knew him, and since that I cannot be fair. I have forgotten and forgiven all I used to say against him." But he did not make much effort to conquer a reasonable antipathy. "Yes, I met Mr. —— and really would have liked him if he had had a completely different nature—if it had been wholly different—for I am liberally minded and only wanted him to see things from my point of view. And when I talked about elephants and how nice they are to look at, he would say how nice they were to kill and sell their tusks; so of course there was thenceforth no common ground."

His feeling for some characters in fiction was almost as strong as if they had been alive. "I am reading the Antiquary and am absorbed in it. I have only read it 27 times before—if you have read it no oftener than that I beseech you to read it. In time I shall like Miss Wardour very much, but I think I never was such a time in liking anybody yet—still if Scott wants me to, I will and must." Commenting on the apparent roughness of Miss Betsy Trotwood when we first meet her in David Copperfield, he praised Dickens "for seeing her real virtues under an unpromising outside."

Before my return from Bordighera Edward went down to Rottingdean in search of strength; for the "whiff of

influenza" had left him very weak. "And if I do not soon get well, it will be the first time the little place has failed to set me up," he said. Mr. Rooke went with him. As they sat at lunch after their arrival, Edward drew a long breath and said: "Ah well, how nice it would be if I could get quickly well down here, in two or three days. But my demands grow so unconscionably. First I said, if only I could get away [from London], then if I could but get better, and now I'm here I want it all at once." In the afternoon he began work with great energy, painting until the light failed: at night he was tired, and said: "I shall go soon to bed," but gave orders thus about the next morning: "Let us have breakfast at eight. The doctor advised ten as a good time, so if we say eight that will be better still, by two hours."

Some talk with a friend who called during the evening was about an article that had just appeared in a magazine, describing the horrors of a haunted house. "Ah," said Edward, "I should take all that very lightly—people have the loosest ideas about evidence. Very few can give it, fewer know how to sift it, and the number of those who make the proper deductions from it is very few indeed. For instance, for unusual facts few are aware that you need unusually strong evidence. If a man tells me he saw a chestnut horse going down the road here, I believe him. But if he tells me he saw a blue horse going down the road, I should require his testimony to be supported by that of several people in whose capacity for giving evidence I had full confidence. And what's more than likely is that I should require to see the horse myself. Probably to find that it had been stained blue, or painted perhaps." Then they turned to the subject of mesmerism, and our friend, a scientific man, said that he believed there might be something in mesmerism beyond mere conjuring, to which Edward assented. "Quite possibly. No one would undertake to say we are at the end of discovery in Natural Force, but we must have the imposture of it cleared away before we can get any further. I have been to several *séances* myself

and sat for hours in the dark without anything ever happening, and I always thought that significant." His visitor held that that fact seemed rather to make the thing possibly true; but Edward answered that if a Professor were to see unsympathetic-looking people at a *séance*, he would not like to risk deception, and gave an illustration of this from his own experience. "Once I went with Mr. Morris to a *séance* at a house where we dined first with the medium, which I always thought was a mistake. Of course I knew it would not do for us to shew ourselves in our proper character, and I warned Morris before we went that we'd have to play the fool rather. But he couldn't, bless him —he never could act a part, he was always obliged to be his own straightforward self; so the medium could see, as every one could always, that he was a remarkable man. And —nothing happened; though I think I dodged her pretty completely."

One thing Edward worked on while at Rottingdean was the adaptation for tapestry of a design he had made in 1881 for a picture called "The Passing of Venus." The very latest entry in his list of work refers to this: "Began a design for Tapestry of the Passing of Venus, that the traditions of tapestry weaving at Merton Abbey might not be forgotten or cease." Looking at the cartoon one day he said that he was going to alter the figure of Venus, because it was rather smaller than that of the others; and when asked whether it was not right for her to be so, because she was somewhat further off than they, he answered: "I don't want her to be. Besides, figures diminished by distance are a bore in tapestry. That dear Morris who was so rightly minded, as he always was, had a very true saying about it. He was fond of insisting that heads in decoration ought to be of exactly the same size, and go one just behind the other like shillings in a row."

Even in painted pictures Edward shrank from the break in unity caused by any great difference of size in figures; and when, in the background of "Avalon," the laws of perspective obliged him to make one of the watching Maidens

a good deal less than the others, he was uneasy till he had taken her out again. "The little figure watching on the wall won't do," he said; "it would be suddenly diminished in size from the others and would turn into a landscape figure at once. We have lost one thing in the world which we need never expect to get back again, and that is the right to put a figure in the background of the same size as those in the front. The Greeks did it, and the old Italians, and it used to be quite right, but we can't any longer. We have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and can't have our garden of Eden any more—cannot paint with the same innocency that was once possible."

During the time that Edward was in Rottingdean my stay at Bordighera came to an end. His letters about himself were reassuring. One of them says: "I am writing in the Mermaid; a big fire blazing, the sunlight almost making it pale; and well content I feel." Another: "Certainly influenza is no trifle, and henceforth we shall dread it, for the weakness is so great. Never mind, I hope it 's over for this year, and the next year must take care for the things of itself—we can't be bothered any more." When I arrived in England the best message of all awaited me: "Oh so much better I am, and ready for life and work again." I went on to Rottingdean as soon as possible, and he walked along the Brighton road to meet me. He looked worn, but no thinner than when I saw him last. Three days later we returned to London.

When soon after this the day of Rossetti's departing came round once more, there is a note of Edward's about it, saying: "Seventeen years ago my glorious Gabriel died." It was a year less in reality.

Dr. Evans was now publishing his translation of the High History of the Holy Graal, all of which he had read aloud in the studio as he wrote it, to Edward's great delight; but his theory of the allegorical meaning of the story met with no sympathy or acceptance. "My father," said Rossetti once, alluding to the theory of the elder Gabriele as to the personality of Dante's worshipped mis-

tress, "thought Beatrice was the twopenny post;" and I do not believe Edward more seriously considered his friend's exposition of Galahad. To explain a story that to him was an explanation of life he felt intolerable. Time never touched his feeling for the Quest. "Lord!" he wrote, "how that San Graal story is ever in my mind and thoughts continually. Was ever anything in the world beautiful as that is beautiful? If I might clear away all the work that I have begun, if I might live and clear it all away, and dedicate the last days to that tale—if only I might."

In the same way that he speaks here, we have seen from the beginning many things called the greatest or most beautiful on earth, yet without excluding each other. Nor were they meant to do so. "Every one's work stands on its own merits without reference to any other's," he said, and his highest enthusiasm was roused by inherent qualities rather than by comparison.

The picture from Chaucer's Prioress' Tale which Edward completed this spring was the one designed in Red Lion Square forty years before, and the composition of the figures of the Virgin and the little Christian boy remains exactly as he drew them then—the vision had not changed. The background, however, is altered, a city replacing the landscape. As he was fitting in the poppies that grow up in front of and around the figures, some one remarked upon the importance of first lines in a composition. "Yes," he said, "they come straight from the heart." And then he added: "You see how the flowers come at intervals like those in a tune" (humming as he pointed to one after the other): "La la la la." When this and the other picture, a "St. George," that he meant for exhibition, were finished, he wrote: "And I wish they were the last I should ever exhibit, for I hate it all profoundly." Once when talk was going on in the studio about ingenious ways of getting a good light to paint by, he said: "All that is beyond me. I never could understand anything but a picture painted in the place it is intended to fill, never cared for a travelling

picture, though mine are all that, never really cared for anything but architecture and the arts that connect with it. But what difficulties the old painters must have had in the way of glaring cross-lights from the different church windows as the day went round, and all kinds of things." He quoted Michael Angelo as having said that it "crumpled him up" to paint the roof of the Sistine Chapel. Asked whether he ever tried to imagine he was painting on a wall whilst working at his pictures in the studio, he said: "That and all kinds of things I try and comfort my poor little old self with. But all the same I'm not painting on a wall, or if I am, Smith and Uppard [the frame-makers] will come and carry it away presently."

Well as he knew what he liked and wished for, and what he could not have, grumbling was neither a first nor a last resort with him. Of such matters he wrote: "How one can reconcile oneself to the thing that must be. Such an ugly coat is the thing that must be! but one wears it into fitting, and by and bye it is an old coat, and fits perfectly." He said that he was born without much of the quality of hopefulness: "Hope is a mere luxury, not a necessity; the fortunate may safely indulge in it."

A letter to Lady Lewis, who was travelling in Italy, follows the same thread of memory taken up in his words to Mrs. Gaskell about Genoa. "There is, I remember, just outside Florence, at the Porta Romana end, at a place called I think Ombrella (can it be possible?) a little chapel absolutely filled with Robbia design, most interesting to see; and you won't miss the Robbia babies outside the Foundling Hospital, will you? That was the first Foundling Hospital ever devised, and the mother of them all, and the story of its founding is one of the pretty tales of the world."

When Lady Lewis went on to Venice, he followed her with advice what to see there. "Of all things do go to the little chapel of S. Giorgio di Schiavoni, where the Carpaccios are. The tiniest church that ever was, like a very small London drawing-room—but with pictures!!! And

whenever you see Carpaccio give him my love, and whenever you see Bellini give him my adoration, for none is like him—John, that is, for his brother I only respect."

Though Edward was always ready to declare that he would make no more new friends—the old were better—yet on the appearance of what seemed the right person, he or she was accepted with all the confidence of youth. In these months began an acquaintance with Dr. Jessopp, Rector of Scarning in Norfolk, which contained the promise of friendship. Even before they met, the two men were attracted each by the other's work, and at last came a note from Dr. Jessopp, proposing to call at the Grange when he was in town. The effect of this letter may be read in Edward's answer:

"And I too have greatly desired to see you, and sent you my love last autumn, when Rudyard Kipling said he was to sit next to you at a dinner, and the pencilled card you sent by him has been duly delivered and I have it now. What a pity about your journey to Rottingdean. I was there only three weeks ago—such a welcome you should have had—but some plan of meeting shall be devised. I also am nearing the year of limit, and travel little, but to have reached Rottingdean you must have passed through London, and there was our chance, and I should love a time with you. So if by and bye you have to come to London let me know, and I will clear everything in the way of impediment aside, and we will have a good time. Yes, this is a day of good omen that brought your letter, and as I am struggling out of a six weeks' wrestle with influenza, with its accompaniments of despairs, remorses, and humiliations, think how cheering it was."

The meeting took place soon afterwards, and this is Edward's account of it: "Jessopp's was a dear visit yesterday, and he is a most loveable man; tall, very tall, a splendid-looking fellow; I gave him a good welcome." A second and last letter to Dr. Jessopp shews the beginning of intimacy. "I will forthwith send you the promised photograph, and also, if you will not impute it to forwardness, a photo-

graph of my son's portrait of me, most like the old man, busy at his work and out of mischief for the time."

Soon after this a part of his youth was brought back to him very clearly by a letter from Mrs. Howard Ratcliff, once Miss Charlotte Salt, of Birmingham. It contained an urgent request that he would go there and deliver a public lecture upon any subject he chose, for the benefit of some good cause which she had at heart. It was impossible to send her the kind of formal refusal that he would have sent to a stranger; so he put the letter into his pocket and brought it down to Rottingdean, where he was just going, and would have time to answer it carefully. We had neither of us kept up a regular correspondence with this dear friend, but, as will be seen, there was no estrangement between us. Edward's letter to her was written on the last day of his last visit to the little place he loved so well.

"My dear Charlotte,—for any other way of addressing you is just impossible—I know there is no need of assuring you that those old days are all remembered; at any moment I can recall them, sometimes hour by hour. You never fade from my remembrance in the least, nor from Georgie's, and many a time our talk is about you, and our love is unchanged.

"Now, as to what you asked me to do, I hate to refuse you what must seem such a little matter, but when I tell you that scarcely a week goes by without some request that I will preside at a meeting, deliver an address, lecture on Art, distribute prizes, do in short anything but paint, which is the one thing no one ever asks me or urges me to do—and that to one and all of these requests for years past I have made but one reply, you will see how needful it is I should not suddenly make an exception, and let in an overwhelming flood of such demands that I could no longer consistently decline: all this I am sure you see.

"One day, since you never come to London, I will travel to Birmingham and see you, but it shall be in peace and quiet, when we can talk long about that delightful past.

"I am here for a day or two, to see for myself why

Georgie doesn't get well and strong. All the year has gone ill with her and strength will not come. Doctors say there is nothing the matter, only that she breaks down easily, but I am troubled about her, often.

"Phil—whom you don't know, I think—has painted a portrait of me this year, which is very like this old man. When I go back to town I will send you a photograph of the picture, that you may see. He has figured me painting away, and I hope you will like it.

"See, at last I have written. If time enough is given to me I will pay all debts yet."

The words so often spoken in jest about his being an old man seemed now as if some time they might come true. There were signs that age had heard of him and was seeking for a way in which to touch him. From some men their youth dies out like a stick-fire, and those who first see them at a later time never think to ask what they were before that hour: with others the fire of their early days still lasts, and a word will bring it to their eyes. By this twice-lit flame of life they warm the souls of their friends, but at a great cost to themselves, for it is fed with their own strength. Our fear, however, of Edward's knowing the feebleness of age was a vain one, for on the verge of "the evil days" his feet stopped. He seemed now to live more and more within himself. Not in any moody or taciturn way; the sight of friends was always welcome, and talk never flagged in his company; but he knew how far this went. "A little cheer when we are together—poor mortals—and then one is alone with oneself." Hear, though, what he said about being alone with oneself. "I need nothing but my hands and my brain to fashion myself a world to live in that nothing can disturb. In my own land I am king of it." And he looked for others to build for themselves some such refuge at the point where human sympathy cannot follow; he thought God had made this possible for us all. When some one told him of a very sad life that seemed beyond help, he answered: "I am sorry that the earth is so sad for her, it sounds very, very miser-

able; because it is a wonderful and splendid earth with a marvel of a history, and whether we, in our little separate lives, are happy or not, it remains a miracle of a tale and a miracle of a sight. I wish we could take some of that medicine into our heart." And again, of some one who seemed to brood over and nurse her sorrow: "Do write a letter to her to make her feel that isn't all the world." Nay, he did not trust himself to keep up unfailing sympathy in such a case, "for the perpetual story of misery makes the gentlest hearer numb out of self-defence." With another kind of misery, that springing from poverty and want of a fair chance in the world, he never seemed impatient, and only marvelled how little the sufferers from these causes said about it. But—possibly because he realized their burden so clearly—he was never quite at ease with very poor people.

The increasing illness of Mr. Gladstone made his children anxious to have their window set up in Hawarden Church, whilst he could still care anything about it; and Edward went down to Merton Abbey more than once to look at it while it was being made. A letter to Mrs. Horner speaks of a special visit. "I heard on Friday from Mary Drew, so wanting the window, the Nativity window, which his children are giving as thank-offering for that long, splendid life. I go to Merton Abbey with a heavy heart, to see it and watch it. I think it looks well, and in a fortnight will be set up. Since they want it I hope it can be in time, yet I marvel that anything seems to matter. Such a pretty place is Merton Abbey, even now, but so ghost-ridden to me that my spirits sink at the thought of it. A clever little artist named New is making drawings for the Life [of Morris]. I once knew an artist named Old. I know another who, though not so named, is old—which is more to the point. I liked the 'New' one, and bonnily he was drawing. I wondered if mine were the only eyes looking over his shoulder as he worked, and if they were as pleased as mine were."

The knowledge that our lease of the Grange was nearing

an end had lately made us uneasy. We had already had one extension of it, and now Edward was anxious for some security that he would never be disturbed. "I am too old to be turned out at my time of life," he said; "I could not make a new start anywhere else. I couldn't bear having to go." And looking back over the thirty years of good and evil that we had known in the house, he forgot the griefs and remembered the joys, summing up the whole in these words: "I love all its associations, and Phil and Margaret being children in it." An offer that we made to buy the house was declined by its owner, but so courteously that we felt our long relation as tenants and landlady had made us almost friends. The disappointment of the refusal was softened also by an offer to grant another extension of the lease or to give a new one. Edward laid the matter before his unfailing friend Sir George Lewis, whose help made all things plain for us, and in May a fresh lease of twenty-one years was signed, to begin from the end of the existing one in 1902. "So glad we are to keep the house on—how could I turn out into the street at this time of life?" Edward repeated.

After about a month spent in clearing the way for it, there had now begun a peaceful time of painting upon "Avalon" regularly three days a week, such as Edward had never known before. The large, quiet room having nothing else in it saved him from distraction; very few people came to see him there, and Mr. Rooke was able to help him as of old with details of the picture, whilst they talked together in their usual free and friendly way. Edward met him on the first day with, "Isn't it a delightful studio? and so big that we only look the same size as the people in the picture." In one of their rambling conversations Mr. Rooke mentioned having seen a man who could remember his father, and who had been telling him about it, and Edward caught at the idea. "I wish there were some one to talk to me of my father. There 's absolutely no one, not a soul remembers him now. He was so gentle and quiet he has faded quite away out of memory."

The declaration of war between America and Spain made him very sad for the world at large. "As I drove along in a cab there were posters to say the war had begun, and I will say that my heart sank and my stomach fell as though it were going to melt away altogether; it is such a world of needless misery and bloodshed that is going to begin." Not that he held a quarrel between the two nations to be groundless. "There is no doubt the Spaniards have been nothing but a curse in that part of America, and the government is quite inefficient. They might have known from our Venezuelan difficulty that the Americans would not let this row go on at their back-doors for ever. They ought to have put an end to it long before. It is easy to understand the Americans making up their minds to have done with the old world on their continent, and some day when they are ready, it will be Jamaica and Canada. But that's not yet, and our poor little children will be in for it."

When he had worked for some weeks on "Avalon" he felt it really begin to move, and then he was refreshed at heart. "Nothing so happy as being at work," he said. "Rooke, do you know I think this picture is beginning to go a little. Just a little, little bit it's beginning to advance. A month ago, when I first came to look at it I must say it filled me with despair. It seemed as though nothing would ever move it, but now it is really going."

When I was at Rottingdean his daily letters were often written at St. Paul's Studios, but never dated from there. One begins, "I am *at* Avalon—not yet *in* Avalon"; and another time it is simply "Avalon." The last letter before my return to London tells of his having been out to dinner the evening before. "There was a great deal of Rhodes talked—to my sickness—but it wasn't the time for angriness, and I let it pass. I shall let most things pass me by. I must, if ever I want to reach Avalon."

On the 9th of May I was back at the Grange. It was the middle of the season, and many people came to the house, but our evenings were unusually quiet, and I began

in them to read a new book aloud, Miss Kingsley's Travels in West Africa. Our children were much with us.

The destruction of his water-colour "Love in the Ruins" had always lain heavy on Edward's heart, and though it was now more than four years since the misfortune happened, he had decided within the last few months to look at the picture again and to take the opinion of Mr. Fairfax Murray as to the possibility of doing anything to restore its surface. The subject was so sore a one that we hardly spoke of it after the first, but I remember seeing the panel in the studio this year—that is, I saw its back, with the vain label of warning still visible as it stood on an easel turned towards the wall, but Edward asked me not to look at the picture yet.

It was clouded all over with white of egg except where a wet sponge had wiped away that and the colour together, and by special ill-luck the head of the girl was the part thus damaged. After careful experiment on the foreground it was discovered that the film could be removed by means of ox-gall; and after that was done Edward repainted the girl's head in these last days. When he left the picture a small portion of the background still remained filmed over, but Mr. Fairfax Murray treated this in the same way that the other part had been done. It seemed something like a miracle when at last the whole picture shone out again.

On the 19th of May the death of Gladstone was announced, and the 28th was the day of his funeral in Westminster Abbey. "I went on Saturday to that famous burying," Edward wrote. "Touching and splendid, and yet touching it was; and I loved the trumpets that went up and the clang of bells when all was over that rang out a happy peal over the City." "But oh," he said, "for a quiet burial and a little corner of a country churchyard. Please God it may not be yet awhile—glorious and beautiful my life seems to me." To Mrs. Drew he wrote of her father's death: "The way the world has risen to it is wonderful; in the midst of all your sorrow your hearts must be elated: it is beautiful I think. One day, later on, let me see you, and meantime, God bless you and all of you."

On June 1st Mr. Arthur Severn and his wife (Ruskin's cousin Joanna), whom we had not seen for a long time, dined with us. "They were very nice, both of them—and unchanged, which is a lovely thing in friends," Edward said. He asked for news of Mr. Ruskin: "And she told us of that blessed one, and how he wanted to write to Mary Gladstone about her father, and sat an hour or more pen in hand, but could get no further than the words: 'Dear Mary, I am grieved at the death of your father—' and no more would come—to him who was a fountain of divine words once."

The double birthday of our daughter and grandson was kept at the Grange as usual, but the time did not go lightly. Threatening weather prevented the children being much in the garden, and marionettes, who would perhaps have made us laugh out of doors, seemed oppressive in a room. The next day little Denis, reviewing the entertainment, said thoughtfully: "When I have another birthday —if I ever have another birthday—I won't have marionettes, I'll have Punch and Judy again." The child's proviso of "if ever" startled the hearer.

A renewal of pleasure was granted in these days on Edward's hearing Miss Macpherson, now Mrs. Morton, sing some of the old Italian music that he loved so much; and she, seeing his delight, kindly came to the Grange two or three times and sang to us quietly, one thing after another. Deeply as this moved him, he confessed that finally the traditional tunes of his own country touched him in a way nothing else did. "It must be something inherited," he said. But he added that he thought we ought to try and give contemporary music a chance, and all contemporary artists. "One doesn't like to extinguish any present attempt at doing anything." He asked with interest about the promise in painting of a pupil of Mr. Rooke's, "How is that lad getting on with you? Do you see any turn in him?" The answer was that the youth seemed to be most taken with "effects." "Ah," exclaimed Edward, "that's the prevailing feeling, so that in the end designing will be

a lost art." And another day he said: "The world now very much wants to go back into barbarism. It is sick and tired of all the arts; it is tired of beauty, it is tired of taking care, it is tired of a great many things. If it were not that I am engaged in producing, I might be tired of them too. We have all been living a great deal too fast, that is the truth. There is no guessing what the future of art is going to be." Blake's words were greeted by him as true when we came to them in our reading:

> When nations grow old
> The arts grow cold
> And Commerce settles on every tree.

I do not recall his ever quarrelling with the different stages of individual life as they were reached; but whilst taking up the part prepared for him he seemed also to look on it from the outside. After listening to some reported delinquencies of a young friend, he commented: "But parents are very exasperating to omniscient youth. One's entirely just views at seventeen or eighteen are very much hampered by their conventional and out-of-date old ways of looking at things. Then their inferior mental gifts, their failing memories, naturally provoke a want of respect on our parts. Their looking an incredible age is much against them." And of grandparents he wrote once, after leaving his grandchildren at Rottingdean: "They didn't mind a bit about my coming away, those little beings. How we give and how little we get! and love is a river that descends and never flows back. Now and then a little refluent wave washes and refreshes us, but we must not count on it."

I cannot remember when the last picture, called "Day and Night," was made in the Flower-book, but it should be mentioned here. Night, in the form of a woman, bends over the sleeping figure of Day, and, whispering in his ear, calls him to arise and shine.

Some of the intensity of these days which is felt in recalling them was recognized as they passed, but just before the end it was much lessened. Edward seemed to be gaining strength and he was happy in his work. He had decided to

fill all the foreground of "Avalon" with summer flowers, so that the studio shone with the columbines and irises and forget-me-nots that he and Mr. Rooke were painting day after day. The blossoms in the long grass pleased him, and he confessed that he thought "a very pleasant effect was coming over parts of the picture." He was able to dine out once or twice a week without any difficulty, and on the 6th of June we fulfilled a long-standing plan of going to Hatfield for the whole day. We found on reaching King's Cross that I had looked out a Sunday train by mistake, and we must wait some little time; but he scarcely seemed to notice this, would not admit that it mattered at all, and as we walked up and down on the platform, was silent and preoccupied. He talked freely, however, on arriving at the house. In the afternoon a drive was proposed, during which irresistible drowsiness came upon him, and he fell asleep as he would have done at home; but he did not seem overtired on our return to the Grange at night.

On the 9th of the month, our wedding day, our children dined with us for the last time. A couple of days afterwards we went to the ceremony of Miss Amy Gaskell's marriage, though not to the crowd at the house, and her father and brother dined with Edward in town afterwards. Engagements began to thicken, and he planned a flight of a few days to Rottingdean and talks and laughs with Rudyard Kipling in the Mermaid. Some of his invitations were to the theatre, from which he shrank more and more: after one of these entertainments he said plainly to me that he did not think he would ever go to another. But it was not his way to withstand the reiterated wishes of his friends, and shortly afterwards we both agreed to go with a party to a play, as soon as a date that suited us all could be found.

On the 13th Miss Macpherson dined with us, and sang nearly all the evening. The next night was a dinner party at Lady Lewis', where Edward seemed in excellent spirits. At leaving he lingered a little downstairs, talking with his host; and Sir George returning to the drawing-room remarked that he thought he had never seen him look better.

The flowers in "Avalon" were finished now, but that did not mean rest to Edward. Nevertheless he left off work early on Wednesday the 15th, and returned to the Grange to receive some one he had asked there. Partly expected and partly not, quite a large number of people arrived that afternoon, amongst them two little children of Mrs. Wyndham's youngest daughter, who had brought them for a blessing from her old friend. Our own grandchildren came also. Mr. Hallé dined alone with us afterwards, and when I had left the room the two men remained talking together for a long time. More than once Mr. Hallé has referred to what passed between them then, saying that Edward spoke to him as he had never done before, "of all he had tried for." He spoke of the joy his art had given him, of how he had striven for beauty and good work in it, and had hoped to influence his fellow-creatures in both those directions, but that he had to recognize how small, if not absolutely nothing, his influence had been. "It was like a summing up of his whole life," Mr. Hallé writes, "and as we sat in the dusk, his white face and the solemnity of his voice gave me a feeling of awe. I tried once or twice to combat his views, but he would have none of it. Did I not see, he said, that the people who professed the greatest admiration for his work were equally enthusiastic about that whose principles he held in the greatest abomination; to this I had nothing to answer, as I knew it to be true." Such bitter draughts of seeming failure are poured out in all ages, for those to whom the work is appointed of carrying on the lasting traditions of the world.

The 16th brought with it full and glorious summer. When Edward came as usual to say good-bye before going to the "Avalon" studio, he stayed for a while talking about the picture. He said that it ought to be finished in a couple of months, but there was an anachronism in it which must be set right before he could go on with anything else. "I've put red apples in it together with spring flowers. I must take out the apples, and then I shall have to put in some other red thing instead." We talked with seriousness

of his work altogether, but I heard no particular note of sadness in his words. About a week before this he had said, looking at "Avalon" on a dull day, that in that light it really seemed finished; but with him that only meant the beginning of the end, such joy he had in gathering everything together and preparing a picture to stand alone.

In his diary of engagements the words written against the afternoon of this day are "Alice Wortley and Miss Freda Stanhope." The use of the Christian name for the first of these ladies implies a friend—one of Millais' daughters; the other visitor was a young girl she was to bring with her, a niece of Spencer Stanhope's, whom Edward had not seen before. She had often spent the winter in Florence, learning to paint with her uncle, from whom she had heard about Edward personally; his work had excited her sympathy and admiration and she wanted to know him. Such a visit might prove pleasant or be only fatiguing. The two ladies arrived about five o'clock, and as we were all chatting the doctor was announced: Edward left us for a very short time, and came back saying that he and the doctor were quite agreed as to how much better he was; then the subject was dismissed. Presently he proposed going down to the garden-studio, and led the way with Miss Stanhope; but, thinking that she should have this first visit quite to herself, Mrs. Wortley and I remained behind. They stayed away so long that I augured the best, knowing that if he had found it not worth while to shew her his pictures and talk to her, they would soon have been back again. When they did come it was evident that he was both pleased and interested, for he carried her almost straight through the drawing-room up to his working studio. As soon as possible after her return home, Miss Stanhope, for her own satisfaction, wrote down in her diary a full description of what was already to her a memorable visit; and thus it is that from one who saw him for the first time we learn what were almost his last words. As soon as Edward had shaken hands with her, she says, he asked her to come and sit by him and tell him about Stanhope, and then he took her across the room to look at

a water-colour sketch made by a young artist from one of the tapestries at Hampton Court, explaining to her that there was a contemporary piece of the same design at the South Kensington Museum, and in what ways the two differed. Afterwards their talk turned upon names, and he said his favourite name was Mary. In the garden-studio she was attracted by the great "Car of Love," with its ladder and stage of scaffolding before it, and he told her that the Car was going to be silver. Then he asked her about herself. "Tell me, what do you work at in Florence?" She said that she had been copying a little Carpaccio because it was mostly red, for she did not understand red, blue was what she loved: it was her favourite colour. And he answered: "I did not know there was a Carpaccio in Florence. So you like blue. Do you know I think our tastes are much the same, for I love blue, I think it the most pure and beautiful colour in all the world, and the most lovely. So you work hard at the Villa Nuti [her uncle's house]—how you must love being there."

They talked happily of processes, he saying "I love water-colour, it works so well," and she telling him her difficulty with oil paints. He said her process was a very slow one, and he would take her into his other studio and shew her a method that would help her.

"So we wandered back," says the diary, "and as we left the studio he said, 'It seems to me Florence is your most delightful time of the year, and the rest is nothing!'" Yes, she said, she was quite happy when working, and then she came back and did nothing.

"But couldn't you come back and work?" And he urged her not to let social duties paralyze her efforts.

Then they walked back to the house and he took her to his upstairs studio. She shewed astonishment at the number of pictures she saw there, and he did not spare her the moral. "Yes, I have done a great many, but that is because I work, you see; I am always working."

"But don't you get tired of working?"

"No, never. I only get tired when I am doing nothing."

Edward kept returning to talk about his old friend Stanhope and his work, but asked after him by a name unknown to his niece, because it had been invented for him long before she was born. The strange name stayed in the girl's mind, and presently she asked: "Why did you call him 'Gholes'?" "Well," said Edward, turning back to a happy memory, "I think it was because he used to say 'O by Gholes' when we were painting at Oxford. We all called him Gholes." This mention of the friends as young men roused the sense of contrast in his listener, who said: "How I wish people did not get old. How I wish they could live new lives." "Yes," said Edward, "I should like to paint and paint for seventeen thousand years." And then he added, aloud, but speaking slowly and as if to himself: "Why seventeen? Why not seventy thousand years?"

Some turn of thought in this dealing with vast spaces of time led him next to speak of the picture of "The Fall of Lucifer"—meant finally to be called "Paradise Lost"—which they had seen in the garden-studio; and he said: "I feel very sorry for the devil; that is why I painted him beautiful, as a fallen angel. He tried to make himself equal with God, and so he fell. I would not have him pushed out of Paradise. No, he found heaven was gone, and there was only blackness." Two definitions of heaven given by Edward at different times seem to include the types of ideal happiness between which most of us waver. This is one of them: "All of us mean by heaven, I suppose, the place in which we can have what we like and it will be both good for us and pleasing to God at the same time as it is to ourselves." This is the other: "It is heaven to be in some holy air, and to feel every good thing in one's heart grow apace."

Miss Stanhope told him of a heaven dreamed of by a friend of hers, which took the form of being allowed still to play on her piano, but Edward said one could hardly wish for a piano there; rather an organ or a violoncello, or trumpets. "How they ring out! Oh, I hope there will be trumpets in heaven!" And then he told her a Lucifer legend

which he loved; that every morning the trumpets ring out in heaven, and how when the devil was turned out they asked him what was the thing in heaven that he missed most, and he answered: "I miss most the trumpets that sounded in the morning."

Whilst they were in the studio, she asked him the innocent question: "How do you get your colours?" and he said: "Well, I try and try till they come."

Dusk was beginning now, and as they went downstairs into the hall he remembered one more thing he wanted her to see. "Oh, I must shew you this picture—I will light it up for you, it is too dark to see without:" and he fetched a candle. It was the large water-colour design of Christ hanging with outstretched arms in the Tree of Forgiveness. When she had looked at it, he said: "He is blessing Adam and Eve, and while His hands are stretched in blessing He is in the attitude of the Cross. There is the corn behind Adam, to shew that he must labour. On the left is Eve with her children, and behind her is the white lily, which means the Annunciation and the promise."

When they returned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Wortley asked her if she had enjoyed herself, and if she meant to work, to which the girl said only, "I mean to begin again." The extract from the diary ends with these words:

"As he said good-bye, he told me to write to him if I wanted any help about my painting, and he would tell me what to do."

By the kindness of God we were alone on this last evening: the theatre engagement that hung over our heads had been postponed. We played dominoes on the corner of the dinner table, and as we played he said he was tired and would write to tell Rudyard when he was coming to Rottingdean. I left him at his writing-table, and went into the drawing-room as usual. There a cloud descended upon me, of nameless fear: I had felt none of it while with Edward, but it covered me with darkness in my own familiar room. I turned to the piano and tried to play, but could only lean forward with folded arms upon the music desk and feel a terror around

me. Edward joined me before long, and his presence made things natural again, as he lay down on the sofa with his back to the light and I settled by a lamp to find the place we were at in Miss Kingsley's Travels. He listened with the keenest interest to her account of the rapids of the river Ogowé. "How good her descriptions are," he said; "some people can't describe a thing at all, but I can see all the places she writes about." We followed the story as far as her safe descent of the rapids, and I put the marker into the book and closed it at the place where she describes herself as having been in "the amphitheatre of King Death."

Alone in my room upstairs, fear came upon me again, still with no warning of the side from which trouble would come. I was not afraid especially for him, nor for myself, but of something, and my sorely-laden spirit found relief in the cry "O God, help us to bear it!"

A speaking-tube connected Edward's room with mine, and in the night he called me and I went to him. Full and round as ever was the voice in which he spoke, splendid was his strength and courage against mortal pain; but a stronger than he was there, and the first severe shock of *angina pectoris* took his life.

He lay there, a serene image of restored, unshaken power, when his children came; and amongst us all there was but one thought, of joy that now no other storm of pain could reach him. We threw open the shutters of his room, and let in the morning light. All things afterwards were done according to arrangements that had been long understood. Fire, not earth, received the body he had done with, and his ashes were laid in the quiet corner of a country churchyard. There was a memorial service in Westminster Abbey, and then the stream of life flowed on.

LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EI.

The House Studio, June 18th 1898

drawn by Ambrose Poynter.

INDEX

Abbeville, i. 112.
Account-book, E. B-J.'s, with "the Firm," i. 291; ii. 44, 105, 139, 172-173, 291.
Acland, Dr. (Sir Henry), i. 219.
Adams, Rev. W. F., i. 150.
Aeschylus, ii. 138, 263.
Aesop's Fables, i. 12, 17.
Agnew, Joanna R. *Vide* Mrs. A. Severn.
Agnew, Messrs., the purchasers of the "Briar Rose," ii. 204.
"Aileen and Basille," Story of, ii. 53.
Airlie, Countess of, ii. 60.
Alboni, Madame, i. 114.
Alexandria, Bombardment of, ii. 122.
Allingham, William, Rossetti writes to him of E. B-J. in 1856, i. 130, 145; letter from E. B-J., 287; —— i. 206, 250, 285, 303; ii. 7, 17, 46, 74.
Alma-Tadema, Sir Lawrence; letter to him from E. B-J. on resigning the A.R.A., ii. 234; writes to E. B-J. on the death of Morris, 290; ——ii. 114, 311.
Amiens, i. 112.
Anazarba, ii. 212.
Anderson, Miss Sara, ii. 228-229.
Angelico, Fra, i. 114; ii. 65.
"April Love," by A. Hughes, i. 131, 132.
Arabian Nights, the, i. 142, 300; ii. 43, 55.
Arezzo, ii. 25.
Armenian Massacres, ii. 304.
Arms and Motto chosen by Sir E. Burne-Jones, ii. 241.
Arnold, Matthew, ii. 42.
Arts and Crafts Society, ii. 190.
Assisi, ii. 25, 26, 66, 210.
Astronomy, E. B-J.'s love of, i. 58; ii. 303-304.
Athos, Mount, ii. 274.
Avallon, ii. 169.

Baldini, ii. 22.
Baldwin, Mrs. A. (Miss L. Macdonald), i. 134, 142 *sqq.*, 239, 294, 299; letters to her from E. B-J. about wood-engraving, 195, 254-255; other letters, ii. 15, 40, 49.
Bâle, i. 242.
Balfour, Right Hon. Arthur, ii. 60, 208, 225, 235.
Balfour, Eustace, ii. 81.
Balzac, H. de, ii. 190.
Barrie, J. M., ii. 229.
Beaconsfield, Lord, signs the memorial against the "restoration" of St. Mark's, ii. 96.
Beauvais, i. 113; ii. 301, 311.
Beddington, Mrs. (Miss Neustadt), i. 43.
Beethoven, ii. 80.
Bell, Miss, of Winnington, visit of E. B-J. to, in 1863, i. 263; a second visit, in 1864, 273.
Bellini, Gentile, i. 245; ii. 335.
Bellini, Giovanni, ii. 335.
Benson, Archbishop, i. 16.

Benson, Miss Margaret (Mrs. Drummond), ii. 80.
Benson, W. A. S., ii. 81, 112, 145, 195, 196.
Beresford Chapel, i. 40, 41, 131.
Bernhardt, Mme. Sarah, ii. 212.
Birket Foster, G., commissions E. B-J. to paint the story of St. George and the Dragon, i. 295-296.
Birmingham, E. B-J.'s birth and early days there, 1833-1852, Chapters I-IV; he visits it later, i. 115, 137, 155, 188, 201, 221; "it shall be a famous city," ii. 156; E. B-J. makes designs for windows in St. Philip's, 172, 209, 289. *Vide* J. H. Chamberlain, and W. Kenrick.
Bishops, E. B-J. on the selection of, i. 74; ii. 291.
Blackpool, i. 8, 11.
Blake, William, i. 231; ii. 75, 271, 289, 343.
Blunt, Miss Judith (Hon. Mrs. Neville Lytton), ii. 314.
Bodley, G. F., R.A., i. 224; ii. 218.
Boehm, Sir J. E., Bt., R.A., described by E. B-J., ii. 120; writes to E. B-J. on his election to the R.A., 153; —— ii. 205.
Bologna, ii. 38.
Bordighera, ii. 327.
Botticelli, Sandro, ii. 26, 64, 65; the Berlin reproductions of his designs to Dante, 147; —— ii. 260.
Bowen, Charles (afterwards Lord Bowen), i. 161.
Boyce, George P., i. 251, 295.
Brindley, Messrs., of Westminster, ii. 223.
British Museum, i. 44-47; ii. 47, 58, 279; E. B-J. bequeaths to it his "Secret book of designs," 118.
Broadbent, Sir W., ii. 281.
Brooke, Lady (H.H. the Ranee of Sarawak), ii. 180.
Brooke, Stopford, ii. 298.
"Brotherhood," The, i. 78, 109, 117, 123.
Brown, Ford Madox, his "Last of England," i. 110; characteristics, 180, 202, 203, 226, 290, 292-293; mentioned, 150, 168, 175, 176, 188, 191, 286, 302; ii. 29, 51; his death in 1893, 239-240.
Brown, Mrs. Madox, i. 179, 202.
Brown, Oliver Madox, i. 179, 180, 293; ii. 56.
Browne, Sir Thomas, his "Religio Medici," ii. 239.
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett; Ruskin writes of her death, i. 232.
Browning, Robert, his "Men and Women," i. 129; E. B-J. introduced to him by Rossetti, 139; E. B-J. on his poetry, 150; his funeral, ii. 202-203; —— i. 183, 252.
Bulgarian Massacres in 1876, ii. 73, 83-84.
"Burd Helen," by Windus, i. 131, 136.
Burden, Miss J. *Vide* Mrs. W. Morris.
Burden, Miss E., i. 293.
Bürger's Lenore, i. 19.
Burne, Thomas, i. 4, 32.
Burne-Jones, Edward.
Childhood, 1833-1844—his birth and mother's death, i. 1; parentage, 1-4; home, 2; his playmates, 4, 8; visits to the country and seaside, 5-13; his early bent for drawing, 6, 7, 10, 11; always a dreamer, 10, 97; ii. 6; his elementary instruction, i. 9, 11, 13, 18; earliest extant letters, 11, 12.
Schooldays, 1844-1852 — enters King Edward's School,

Burne-Jones, Edward—*continued.*
Birmingham, i. 14; the teaching and teachers, 14-16, 28-31, 35, 48-51, 57, 64; he becomes head boy of the English Department, 18; his out-of-school occupations, 16, 18, 36, 37, 42, 58; schoolboy letters, 20-27, 43, 45, 60, 63; visits to London, 31-34, 44-47, 59-62; he passes into the Classical Department, 31; school friends, 17, 37, 51; his love of History, 27-29, 36, 42, 45, 58; — of Poetry, 58; — of Drawing, 20, 28, 38, 48; — of Astronomy, 58; — of Logic and Metaphysics, 57, 95; distaste for Mathematics, 50; his clerical bias, 38, 39, 40, 51, 52; visits to Hereford, 39, 40, 63; characteristics, 17, 19, 35, 44, 49, 50, 62, 65, 66, 69; matriculates at Oxford, 68.

Oxford, 1853-1855—makes friends with William Morris, i. 71, 72; disillusions, 72; first letters from Oxford, 73, 74; Oxford of 1853 and 1893 contrasted, 75; fraternizes with old schoolfellows at Pembroke College, 75, 104, 106; the scheme of a clerical Brotherhood entertained, 77, 78, 102; a letter of Polemics, 81; attends the fencing school, and forms a friendship with MacLaren, its director, 80; visits Morris at home, 86; his views on independence of thought, 89; — on general knowledge, 91; — on his Oxford teaching, 93; his literary predilections, 76 *sqq.*, 85, 88; learns about the Pre-Raphaelites and Rossetti, 92, 99; a dream of mediaeval times, 97; "intends to cultivate Drawing," 99; religious perplexities, 99, 109; begins a series of designs for a volume of Ballads by MacLaren, 100, 120, 135; writes on the Royal Academy exhibition of 1853 and on the Crystal Palace, 100, 101; drifting from clerical ideals, 108; divergence of views in the Brotherhood, 109; he visits Cambridge, 111; a tour in North France with Morris and Fulford, 112 *sqq.*; he and Morris then resolve to pursue a life of art, 114; Morris visits Birmingham, 115; scheme of issuing a magazine matured, 115, 116, 121-126; influence of Rossetti's "Maids of Elfenmere," and the Morte d'Arthur at this time, 116, 117, 119; E. B-J.'s final term at Oxford, 117-126.

London, 1856 onwards—E. B-J. writes to and hears from Ruskin, i. 127; meets Rossetti and is invited to his studio, 128, 129; keeps part of the Easter term at Oxford, then quits the University for good, 131; a notable Royal Academy exhibition, 131; takes rooms in Sloane Terrace, 132; becomes engaged to Georgiana Macdonald, 134; introduced to Browning, C. E. Norton, Holman Hunt, and Madox Brown, 139, 150; attends Lee's Life Class, 139, 191; his habit of working in company, 140; takes rooms with Morris in Upper Gordon Street, and afterwards in Red Lion Square, 138, 146; his own testimony to Rossetti's influence at this time, 149, 150; week-end visits to Oxford, 150; his first commissions, 1857-1858, 152, 174; spends some time in Birmingham, 155; his home described, 155-156; is invited

Burne-Jones, Edward—*continued.*
by Rossetti to paint a panel in the Union Debating-room, Oxford, 158; is taken by Rossetti to Little Holland House, 159; the painting at the Union, 160-168, 173; life at Red Lion Square, 169-172, 176; signs of overwork, 174; break-down in health, 178; prolonged stay with the Prinseps, 178, 182-186; meets Tennyson, 182; removes to Russell Place, 188; the Hogarth Club, 190; teaches at the Working Men's College, 191-195; is at Morris' wedding, 194; travels in North Italy, 196-200; his marriage, June, 1860, 203-204; a long visit to Morris at Upton, 208 *sqq.*; his distaste for country life, 211; "the Firm" formed, 213; sees much of Swinburne, 215; joins the Volunteers, 227; removes to Great Russell Street, 228; birth of his eldest child, 230; its illness and recovery, 238; correspondence with Ruskin, 232-233; break-down in health, 233; Mrs. D. G. Rossetti's death, 237; ten weeks in North Italy with Ruskin, 239, 241-249; on his return designs much for the Firm, 249; visits Ruskin's home at Denmark Hill, 250, 252, 271; the canons of wood-engraving, 254-256; an evening with Carlyle, 257; visits to Miss Bell at Winnington Hall, 263 *sqq.*, 273; is anxious about Ruskin's scheme for settling in Savoy, 264; elaborates a counter-scheme, 267-269; is elected associate of the Old Water Colour Society, February, 1864, 273; correspondence with Ruskin on his father's death, 274, 275; a holiday at Littlehampton, 278-279; scheme to join households at Upton abandoned, 277, 284; scarlet fever makes havoc in the family, 282; he removes to Kensington Square, 285, 286 *sqq.*; the humours of his book of Accounts with the Firm, 291; ii. 44, 105, 139, 172-173; an evening party at Rossetti's and a dinner at Madox Brown's recorded, i. 291-293; farewell visit to Red House, 294; he gains a few enthusiastic patrons, 295; his suppression of the dramatic element in his pictures, 296; painting portraits distasteful to him, 299; birth of his daughter, 301; he removes to the Grange, North End, Fulham, 306; description of house and garden, 306-307; ii. 3; remarks of his on biography, ii. 1; his despondence of achievement, 2; illness in 1868, 3; his work in the evenings, 5, 6; Sunday mornings with Morris at the Grange begin, 5, 90, 193, 200; at times he takes pleasure in "society," 8; detailed scheme of the "Seasons" given in letters to Mr. Leyland, 9, 10; retires from the Old Water Colour Society in 1870, 11, 12; his distaste for art-exhibitions, 13, 149, 170, 171, 333; his desire to paint on a large scale and "in situ," i. 308; ii. 13, 333; is at variance with Ruskin on certain essentials of art, 17; pays another visit to Italy, 1871, 22-27; loss of friends by death, and Rossetti's illness, 28; once more in Italy, 1873, 35-38; gets a malarious fever at Ravenna, 37; his enthusiasm for Celtic literature, 40-43, 53; letters to

Burne-Jones, Edward—*continued.*
his son at Marlborough College, 47-49, 58-63, 89; visit to Naworth, 50; the Firm dissolved, 51; out of health in 1876, 68; spends a holiday on the Cotswold Hills, 68; takes an active part on the Eastern Question, 1876-1877, 73-74, 83; the Grosvenor Gallery established, 69-70; he sends eight pictures to its opening in 1877, 75; his views as to newspaper comments on art, 75; as to accessories in picture-hanging, 77-79; a trip to Paris and, later, to Chamouni, 82, 85; gives evidence in Whistler v. Ruskin, 87-89; his sympathy with young artists and readiness to help them, 90-91, 226-228, 292-293, 301; visits Hawarden, 91; how to explore Venice, 91-92; a day with George Eliot, 94; makes his single public speech against the "restoration" of St. Mark's, Venice, in 1879, 95; his view of the Socialist movement and of Morris' advocacy, 96-98; declines the Presidency of the Society of Artists, Birmingham, 98-99; but urges the founding there of a Museum of art, 99-101; an evening with Tennyson, 102; writes about himself, Morris, and Rossetti in 1880, 106-107; a short holiday at Wilbury and along the North Devon coast, 109-110; but renounces casual holiday resorts and buys a house at Rottingdean, 110; the retrocession of the Transvaal excites his enthusiasm, 113; is made honorary D.C.L., June, 1881, 113; designs mosaic for the American Church in Rome, 114; his sadness at Rossetti's death, April, 1882, 117; he begins his illustrations to the names of Flowers, 118; his dislike of winter and its concomitants, 126; he furnishes a list of his pictures for Ruskin's second Slade lecture, May, 1883, 130; is made an Hon. Fellow of his College, 134; writes about his mosaic, "Cophetua," and "Avalon," 134-135; is interested in Persian poetry, 135, 137; remarks on Humour in imaginative work, 137-138; Richard Doyle's death, December, 1883, 138-139; initial difficulties of the Roman mosaic, 141-144; is elected into the Royal Academy, 150-155; loss of friends by death, 155, 166; accepts the Presidency of the Society of Artists in Birmingham, 1885, 155; and gives advice as to the selection of casts, 157-158; forms a friendship with Sebastian Evans, 158; further schemes of mosaic for the American Church, 159-160; his excursions into Old London, 161-163; letters about "The Depths of the Sea," 165; attends the R.A. banquet in 1886, 165; writes about Glastonbury, 167-169; rejoins the Old Water Colour Society, 169-171; his ideal of a Society of Artists, 170; he sends a token of veneration to Father Damien, 175; writes about Iona, 178; withdraws from the Grosvenor Gallery, 178-179; exhibits at the New Gallery, 1888 and onwards, 180; engagement and marriage of his daughter, 181-183; is deeply interested in the Parnell Commission, 184-185, 220; welcomes Rudyard Kip-

Burne-Jones, Edward—*continued.*
ling's Plain Tales from the Hills, 185; is present at the annual musical afternoon at Leighton's, 187; his views of the Impressionist School, 187-189; the first "Arts and Crafts" exhibition, 190; exhibits at the "Exposition Universelle" in 1889, and is made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, 201; attends Browning's funeral, December 31st, 1889, 202; finishes "The Briar Rose," 1890, 204-206; his way of arranging his correspondence, 206; an imaginary journey in Asia Minor, 212-213; the Kelmscott Press begins, 216-217; the idea of designing mosaics for St. Paul's Cathedral considered and dismissed, 217; is depressed by influenza, 215, 221; exhibits at the Champ de Mars in 1891, 224; his esteem for John Morley, 228; renews his friendship with Du Maurier, 229, 230-232, 242; his last visit to Tennyson, August, 1892, 230; his collected works exhibited at the New Gallery, 230-231; his diffidence concerning his early work, i. 214; ii. 230; he resigns his Associateship of the Royal Academy, 232-234; a renewal of influenza, 234; his water-colour "Love in the Ruins" apparently destroyed, 237-238, 341; he repaints it in oils, 243; death of Madox Brown, 239; is offered and accepts a baronetcy, 240-241; letter on Gladstone, 244; a visit to Capt. Gaskell's and to Hawarden, 246; he designs scenes for Comyns Carr's play of King Arthur, 247-249; his friendship with Sebastian Evans, and their conversations, 250-257, 261-263, 270-272; the Kelmscott Chaucer, 259-260, 276-278; his views as to "Realism," 261; comments on Morris' talk, 265; shrinks from illustrating "Sigurd," 269-270; a visit to the Aquarium, 272; declines to lecture at the Royal Institution, 274-275; is alarmed about Morris' health, 277; the Kelmscott Chaucer finished, 277-279; his love of Illuminated MSS., i. 104; ii. 101, 279; exhibits Studies and Drawings at the Fine Art Society, April, 1896, 281; is troubled by the illness and loss of friends, 283, 288, 290; inveighs against London and London Society, 284-285; death of Morris, 288; is apprehensive of the decay of the sense of beauty, 292; protests against the destruction of Old Chelsea Hospital, 297; political reflections, 283-284, 299-300; exhibition of Watts' collected works at the New Gallery, 1897, 302; an evening at Holman Hunt's, 302; another break-down in health, and visit to Malvern, 308; Rudyard Kipling settles at Rottingdean, 312; the second Jubilee, 312-313; Kipling's Recessional, 313; a letter from Finland, 314; London *versus* Florence, 316; the Rossetti exhibition at the New Gallery, 1897, 317; E. B-J.'s sense of loneliness in art, 318; retrospect, 319; his view of "minor" poets and painters, 320-321; some reflections of his on art and artists, 321-323, 331-332, 333; on the stage and education, 323-324; and on higher matters, 323; he writes

Burne-Jones, Edward—*continued.*
about Genoa, Florence, and Venice, 328, 334; explains his own vehemence of likings and dislikes, 329; remarks on the rules of evidence and on the future of science, 330; Sebastian Evans' History of the Holy Graal, 332; makes the acquaintance of Dr. Jessopp, 335; declines a final appeal to deliver a public lecture, 336; some thoughts of his on life and on the art of living, 337-338, 343, 345; death of Gladstone, 341; E. B-J.'s love of old music, 302, 342; the peaceful vigour of his last days, 345; the end, 350.

Burne-Jones, Georgiana, i. 66, 87, 105, 111, 112, 134, 138, 136, 141, 142, 175, 176, 181, 185, 201, 202-204, 207, 217, 223, 237-239, 263, 277, 282, 285, 290; ii. 5, 6, 85, 110, 288, 311, 327, 337, 349-350.

Burne-Jones, Philip, i. 230, 231, 238, 277, 281; letters from his father, ii. 15, 47-49, 58, 59, 61, 62, 63; —— ii. 82, 113, 199, 219, 238, 288, 314, 337.

Burne-Jones, Christopher, i. 282.

Burne-Jones, Margaret. *Vide* Mrs. J. W. Mackail.

Burton, Sir Frederick, i. 276, 288; ii. 46; withdraws, with E. B-J., from the Old Water Colour Society in 1870, 12; re-enters it with E. B-J., in 1886, 171.

Butterfield, William, the architect, i. 75.

Byron, Lord, ii. 189.

Caldicott, Rev. J. W., Fellow of Jesus Coll., Oxford; his early influence on E. B-J., i. 56, 68.

Cambridge, i. 93; visit to, by E. B-J., 111.

Cameron, Mrs. Julia, i. 183.

Canterbury, i. 195.

Carissimi, ii. 302.

Carlisle, Earl of (Mr. George Howard), i. 303; visit to, by E. B.-J. in 1874, ii. 50; commissions E. B-J. for a panel of Flodden Field, 120; —— ii. 83, 116.

Carlisle, Countess of (Mrs. George Howard), i. 303; ii. 50.

Carlyle, Thomas, i. 116, 142; hon. member of the Hogarth Club, 190; an evening with, 257; on Edward FitzGerald, ii. 34; quoted, 137, 195, 252, 255; —— ii. 265.

Carpaccio, ii. 334, 347.

Carr, J. Comyns, ii. 71, 137, 178-179, 180; E. B-J. paints the portrait of his son, 128; his play of King Arthur, 247; —— ii. 301.

Castellani, Signor, director of the Venezia-Murano Co., corresponds with E. B-J. about mosaics, ii. 142-144.

Caswell, Mr. and Mrs., i. 6, 7, 156.

Catherwood, Mrs. (aunt and godmother of E. B-J.), i. 4, 31-33, 44, 59, 94, 100, 108, 110, 127, 131, 138; ii. 28, 186.

Catherwood, Frederick, the explorer, i. 53, 59.

Catherwood, James, i. 32-33, 77-78.

Catherwood, Miss A., i. 60, 281.

Catterson-Smith, R., ii. 260.

Celtic Literature, E. B-J.'s love of, ii. 40-43.

Chamberlain, J. H., Chairman of the Birmingham School of Art; E. B-J. writes to, urging the need of a Museum of Art, ii. 99-101.

Chamouni, ii. 85.

Charnwood Monastery, i. 53; ii. 285.
Charterhouse, the, ii. 162-163.
Chartist riots in 1839, i. 9.
Chartres, i. 114; ii. 280.
Chaucer, i. 104; ii. 217, 265; Kelmscott Press edition, 260.
Chavannes, Puvis de, ii. 224-225.
Chelsea Hospital, E. B-J. protests against its destruction, ii. 297.
Choyce, Mrs. (aunt of E. B-J.), i. 7, 12; ii. 243.
Choyce, Miss Maria ("Y"), i. 7, 8; letters from E. B-J. in 1848, i. 21-27; — in 1855, 120-124; contributes reminiscences, ii. 2.
Christian Socialists, i. 92.
Church, Dean, ii. 167.
Clifford, Edward, i. 302; visits Father Damien, ii. 175.
Climping Church, i. 280.
Clovelly, ii. 110.
Cockerell, Sydney C., ii. 217.
Coleridge, S. T., ii. 319.
Colvin, Sidney, ii. 22; with E. B-J. in Paris in 1878, 82.
Combe, Thos., manager of the Clarendon Press; his collection of Pre-Raphaelite pictures, i. 110, 156.
Compton family, the, i. 40.
Coronio, Mrs., ii. 196.
Cortona, ii. 25, 26.
"Cousins, The," i. 125.
Craven, Mr. Hawes, ii. 247.
Cretan insurrection of 1897, ii. 304.
Cruikshank, G., i. 44.

Dalrymple, Lady, i. 186.
Damascus, ii. 213.
Damien, Father, writes to E. B-J. on receiving from him a picture of St. Francis, ii. 175.
Dante, i. 143; ii. 22, 138, 332; Botticelli's designs to, 147.
Daudet, A., ii. 190.
Delacroix, F. V. E., i. 283.
Della Francesca, Piero, ii. 26.
Del Sarto, Andrea, ii. 26.
De Morgan, William, i. 260, 282, 288, 302; ii. 46.
Detmold, M. and E., ii. 301.
Deverell, Walter, i. 146; ii. 315.
Dickens, Charles, i. 58, 142; ii. 56, 160-161, 190, 195, 329.
Digby, Sir Kenelm, his Broadstone of Honour, ii. 56.
Dixon, Canon Richard Watson, schoolfellow of E. B-J., i. 26; his reminiscences of E. B-J.'s schooldays, 35, 48 *sqq.*, 58, 64; — of his college-days, 86, 125; —— i. 74, 75, 115, 117, 118, 123, 131, 150, 194; ii. 2, 50.
Dixon, Thos., of Sunderland, ii. 107-108.
Doré, Gustave, mention of, by Ruskin, i. 242; — by E. B-J., ii. 282.
Doughty, C. M., his Arabia Deserta, ii. 200, 328.
Doyle, Richard, his death, ii. 138; his illustrations to The Newcomes, 266.
Drew, Dorothy, E. B-J.'s portrait of, ii. 236.
Drew, Mrs. *Vide* Miss Gladstone.
Dudley Gallery, ii. 31.
Dumas, A. (père), ii. 194, 265, 266, 323.
Du Maurier, G., i. 218; letters between him and E. B-J., 1892-1894, ii. 229, 230-231, 242-243; his death, October, 1896, 290.
Du Maurier, Mrs. (Miss Wightwick), i. 218.
Dürer, A., i. 195, 287; ii. 49.

Earthly Paradise, the, i. 294, 297.
Eastern Question, the, ii. 73-74, 83-84.
Echos du temps passé, i. 177, 212.

Education, remarks on, by E. B-J., i. 91; ii. 324.
Egyptian War of 1885, ii. 148.
Eliot, George, first visit to, ii. 4; writes to E. B-J. about his work, 31; —— ii. 15, 79, 93, 94, 103, 104; her death, 113.
Ellis, F. S., ii. 40, 41; letter to him from E. B-J. about the Kelmscott Chaucer, 278.
Emslie, J. P., describes the teaching by Ruskin, Rossetti, and E. B-J. of the drawing-class at the Working Men's College, i. 191-193.
Eric's Hell-ride, ii. 220.
Evans, Sebastian, ii. 156; his friendship with E. B-J. begins, 1885, 158-159, 250; their conversations, 251-257, 271-272; his High History of the Holy Graal, 270, 332; —— ii. 272-274, 298.
Exeter Cathedral, visited by E. B-J., ii. 110.
Exeter College, Oxford, i. 39, 68, 72, 87, 103; ii. 134, 176.
Exhibitions of Art, E. B-J.'s thoughts on, ii. 13, 149, 153-154, 171-172, 333.
"Expression" in portrait-painting, E. B-J.'s view of, ii. 140-141.

Farren, Nellie, ii. 121.
Faulkner, Chas. J., i. 37, 75, 76, 93, 123, 125, 144, 161, 188, 193; in North Italy with E. B-J., 196-199; at Upton, 209-211; becomes partner in "the Firm," 223, 226; returns to tutorial work at Oxford, 276; —— i. 249, 254, 289, 293, 304; ii. 46, 48, 52, 58, 104-105.
Faulkner, Kate, i. 278; her artistic gift, 249; letter from E. B-J. on pianoforte decoration, ii. 110.
Faulkner, Lucy (Mrs. Orrinsmith), i. 249, 278, 280.
Fine Art Society, E. B-J. exhibits studies and drawings at, April, 1896, ii. 280.
Finiguerra, ii. 22.
Finland, ii. 314-315.
Firdousi, Shah Nameh, ii. 41.
"Firm," the. *Vide* Morris, Marshall, and Co.
FitzGerald, Edward, his Omar Khayyám, i. 234-235, 271; ii. 33-35, 135; his Letters, 199, 201.
Fitzgerald, Miss, portrait of, ii. 140.
Florence, i. 197; ii. 25, 27, 64, 334.
Flower John, of Leicester, ii. 271.
Flowers specially studied by E. B-J., i. 225.
Fouqué, H. de la Motte, E. B-J.'s early liking for his tales, i. 142; ii. 45, 49.
"Four Ancient Books," the, ii. 40.
Franco-German War, ii. 16.
Freeman, E. A., ii. 168.
Frith, W. P., R.A., ii. 88.
Froissart, ii. 199.
Froude, Hurrell, i. 78.
Fulford, William, schoolfellow of E. B-J., i. 37, 51, 67, 75, 83, 92, 106, 108; in North France with E. B-J. and Morris in 1855, 112 *sqq.*; —— i. 115, 118; becomes editor of the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, 127; —— i. 117, 132, 145, 189, 193, 194.
Furnivall, F. J., i. 128.

Gaboriau, ii. 266.
Garibaldi, i. 276.
Gaskell, Capt. H. M., ii. 344.
Gaskell, Mrs. H. M., E. B-J. writes to her on his San Graal tapestry designs, ii. 208-209; — on his

Gaskell, Mrs. H. M.—*continued.* "Fall of Lucifer," 258; — about Genoa, 328; —— ii. 246.
Gaskell, Miss A. (Mrs. Bonham), ii. 344.
Genoa, ii. 25, 328.
George, Henry, ii. 97.
"Germ," the, i. 110, 130, 141.
Ghirlandajo, ii. 21.
Gifford, Rev. Dr. E. H., i. 31, 48, 52, 57.
Gilbert, Alfred, R.A., ii. 147.
Gilbert and Sullivan's Operas, i. 70.
Gilchrist, Alex., i. 231; ii. 290.
Giorgione, a panel of Europa and the Bull by, ii. 19, 20.
Giotto, ii. 26, 65, 280.
Gladstone, W. E., i. 133; E. B-J's admiration for, ii. 91, 244-245; he signs the memorial against the "restoration" of St. Mark's, ii. 96; letter to E. B-J. offering a baronetcy, January, 1894, 240-241; his death and funeral, 341; —— ii. 148, 245.
Gladstone, Mrs., ii. 246.
Gladstone, Miss Mary (Mrs. Drew), E. B-J. writes to her about Venice, ii. 91-92; — about the "restoration" of St. Mark's, 95-96; — about "Sister Dora," 103; — on the retrocession of the Transvaal, 113; — on his daughter's engagement, 182; — on the persecution of the Jews in Russia, 122-123; — on her father's death and funeral, 341; —— ii. 236, 241, 338.
Glastonbury, ii. 167-168.
Gluck's Orfeo, ii. 17, 210.
Godstow, i. 97.
Gordon, General Charles G., ii. 148, 184.
Gordon, Rev. Osborne, i. 265, 270.
Gorham Controversy, the, i. 52.
Goss, Rev. J., Minor Canon of Hereford, i. 39.
Graham, William, M.P., his sympathy with E. B-J.'s work leads to friendship, i. 295-296; writes to E. B-J. on his election to the Royal Academy, ii. 154; his death in 1885, 155; —— ii. 204.
Graham, Miss Frances. *Vide* Mrs. Horner.
Graham, Miss Agnes (Lady Jekyll), letter from E. B-J. about Italy, ii. 64-65.
Grange, the, West Kensington, i. 306; ii. 3, 124, 177, 267, 338-339.
Greek Sculpture, E. B-J. on the selection of casts of, ii. 100.
Gresley, Rev. W., i. 74.
Grosvenor Gallery, ii. 69-72, 75; Ruskin writes of its inception, 76; —— ii. 149, 151-153, 165, 174, 178-181.
Grosvenor, Hon. Richard, ii. 20.

Haag, Carl, ii. 11, 12.
Hafiz, ii. 135, 137.
Hallam, Henry, i. 85.
Hallé, Charles E., Secretary of the Grosvenor Gallery, ii. 71, 77; resigns, 178-179; director of the New Gallery, 180, 282, 301; last reminiscence of E. B-J., 345.
Hallé, Miss E., ii. 302.
Hanson, Mrs. (Miss E. Price), i. 107, 127, 151.
Hapgood, Miss, her "Epic Songs of Russia," ii. 121.
Hardy, Thomas, ii. 164.
Harris Bridge, visited, i. 12, 16, 20, 21, 120; —— ii. 158.
Harrison, Miss Jane E., her lecture on "Troy Myths," ii. 157-158.
Hatch, Edwin, i. 118, 163.
Hatfield, ii. 344.
Havre, i. 114.
Hawarden, visited, ii. 91, 246; ——ii. 317, 338.
Heeley, Wilfred L., schoolfellow of E. B-J., i. 37, 51, 55, 84, 107,

Heeley, Wilfred L.—*continued.* 116; enters the Indian Civil Service in 1855, 118; a contributor to the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, 122, 125; —— i. 127, 144, 290; shares the Grange with E. B-J. in 1868, 306; ii. 7, 8; invalided from India, 62.
Heeley, Mrs. W. L., ii. 7.
"Heir of Redclyffe," i. 142.
Henderson, Sir Alexander, Bt., owner of the "Briar Rose" and other works of E. B-J., ii. 205.
Henley-in-Arden, i. 9.
Henschel, G., ii. 207.
Herbert, Miss, i. 187.
Hereford visited, i. 39, 63.
Hill, Birkbeck, i. 118, 163.
History, E. B-J.'s love of, i. 27-29, 36, 42, 45, 58, 143.
Hogarth Club, i. 190, 260.
Holiday, Henry, i. 302.
Homer, ii. 138.
Hood, Thomas, i. 118.
Horner, Mrs. J. F. (Miss F. Graham), ii. 130-131; letters from E. B-J. on the Botticelli designs to Dante, 147; — about Glastonbury, 167-168 — about Iona, 178; — about his Rottingdean house, 196-197; — about Edward FitzGerald, 201; — proposing an imaginary journey in Asia Minor, 212-213; — about gems and their omens, 223; — about young artists, 226; — on his designs for the Kelmscott Chaucer, 259; — on the Mt. Athos Monasteries, 274; — on the ways of Society, 285; — on Morris' death, 298; — on Malvern, 308; —— ii. 319.
Howard, George. *Vide* Earl of Carlisle.
Hughes, Arthur, i. 158, 175, 176, 292; ii. 303.
Hughes, E. R., ii. 322.
Humour in Art, ii. 137-138.
Hunt, Alfred, urges the re-entry of E. B-J. into the Old Water Colour Society, ii. 169-171; his death in 1896, 283.
Hunt, Holman, his pictures in the R. A. Exhibition, 1854, i. 100, 101; first meets E. B-J., 139; —— i. 110, 131, 173; ii. 302.

Illuminated MSS., E. B-J.'s enthusiasm for and comments upon, i. 104; ii. 101, 279-280.
Impressionist School, the, E. B-J.'s distrust of, ii. 87-88, 187-188.
Iona, ii. 178.
Ionides, Luke, ii. 43, 121, 237.
Ireland, E. B-J.'s love and sympathy for, i. 276; ii. 104, 123, 178, 184, 220-221.
Irving, Sir Henry, ii, 248, 324.
Italy, E. B-J.'s affection for, i. 200; ii. 23.

Jacobs, Joseph, ii. 258-259.
Jameson, Dr. L. S., ii. 283, 287.
Jessopp, Rev. Dr. A., ii. 335.
Jesus College, Cambridge, ii. 44.
Jeune, Bishop, i. 16, 67.
Jews, Persecution of, in Russia, ii. 122.
Joachim, Joseph, ii. 187, 302.
Johnson, Dr., i. 205; ii. 177.
Jones, E. R. (father of E. B-J.), i. 1-5, 10-12; described by E. B-J. himself, 16; letter from E. B-J. in London, 1850, 45; letters from E. B-J. at Oxford, 72, 94, 97; characteristics, 137, 156; —— i. 173, 178, 214, 229, 280; ii. 13, 115, 124, 156, 186, 339.
Jones, Mrs. E. R. (mother of E. B-J.), i. 1-3, 10; ii. 325.
Jowett, B., his Life, ii. 309.
Jubilee-day, 1897, ii. 312-313.
Jusserand, J. J., ii. 201-202.

Kalevala, the, ii. 314-315.
Keats, i. 112, 116, 145, 243.
Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, ii. 86.
Kelmscott Manor, i. 299.
Kelmscott Press, ii. 216-217.
Kenrick, Rt. Hon. William, of Birmingham; E. B-J. his guest while acting as President of the Society of Artists there, ii. 156; letters from E. B-J. — imagining an ideal Birmingham, 156; — urging a collection of casts for the students, 157-158; — on the framing of pictures, 214.
Kingsley, Chas., i. 92, 118, 142.
Kingsley, Miss Mary H., her Travels in West Africa, ii. 341, 350.
Kipling, J. Lockwood, i. 290.
Kipling, Mrs. Lockwood (Miss Alice Macdonald), i. 290.
Kipling, Rudyard, i. 299; ii. 46; congratulations from E. B-J. on Plain Tales from the Hills, 185; settles in Rottingdean, 312, 344; his Recessional, 313; —— ii. 202, 230, 335, 349.
Kruger, Mrs., ii. 287.

Landor, Walter Savage, i. 197.
Landseer, Sir Edwin, i. 100.
La Sizeranne, R. de, on "Cophetua," ii. 139.
Latimer, Rev. G. B. B., i. 82.
Le Brun, ii. 140.
Lee, Bishop Prince, i. 16, 28.
Lee's Life-School, i. 139, 191; ii. 294.
Le Fanu, J. Sheridan, his tales, ii. 266.
Legros, Alphonse, i. 288, 292, 293; his decorations for the Bank of England on Jubilee Day, 1897, ii. 312.
Leighton, Lord, P.R.A., i. 295; correspondence with E. B-J. on his election into the Royal Academy, ii. 150 *sqq.*; — on "The Depths of the Sea," 165; his death, 283; —— ii. 186, 206.
Leighton, Hon. Lady (Lady Leighton Warren), extracts from letters to her from E. B-J.; — about his Illustrations to the Names of Flowers, ii. 118-120; — about the "Wheel of Fortune" and the "Hours," 127-128; — about the "Briar Rose," 145; — about his daughter's engagement, 182; — about his Rottingdean house, 197; — about his correspondence, 206; — on the coats of arms of King Arthur's Knights, 211; — on his health, 235; — on his Chaucer designs, 259; — on his "Avalon," 276.
Leonardo da Vinci, ii. 20, 273.
Lewes, G. H., ii. 4, 15; his death, 93.
Lewis, Sir George, Bt., ii. 184, 339, 344.
Lewis, Lady, letters from E. B-J. — about Persian Poetry, ii. 135, 137; — about "Love's Wayfaring," 191-192; — on Florence and Venice, 334; —— ii. 196, 344.
Leyland, F. R., his early appreciation of E. B-J.'s work, i. 295; —— ii. 9, 10, 38, 67, 222.
Liddell, Miss G., ii. 302.
Lightfoot, Bishop, i. 16.
Lindsay, Sir Coutts, establishes the Grosvenor Gallery, 1877, ii. 69; —— ii. 77, 145, 179-180.
Little Holland House, i. 159, 178, 182-186; ii. 14.
London, E. B-J.'s first visit to, i. 31 *sqq.*; his aversion from Modern, ii. 23, 199, 284-285; but affection for Old London, 161 *sqq.*
Lucerne, i. 242.

Luini, i. 247, 248, 250; ii. 66.
Lushington, Vernon, i. 123, 125, 128, 144.
Lymington, i. 303.
Lyttleton, Hon. Mrs. A. (Miss Laura Tennant), ii. 149, 166; E. B-J. makes a memorial tablet to her, 166-167.
Lyttelton, Rt. Hon. Alfred, ii. 149.

MacDonald, George, i. 206; ii. 86, 327.
Macdonald, Rev. George Browne, father-in-law of E. B-J., i. 54, 55, 87, 138, 196, 289.
Macdonald, Mrs. George Browne, i. 56, 134, 185.
Macdonald, Henry J., schoolfellow of E. B-J., i. 37, 54, 84, 99, 104, 107; letter from E. B-J., 1853, 90-92; departure for New York, 189.
Macdonald, Rev. F. W., i. 290.
Mackail, J. W., ii. 113; his engagement and marriage to Margaret B-J. in 1888, 181-184; —— ii. 202.
Mackail, Mrs. J. W. (Margaret Burne-Jones), i. 301; letters from her father, ii. 82, 85, 176, 177; —— ii. 94, 102, 106, 113, 146, 160; a visit to the Charterhouse with E. B-J., 162-163; her engagement and marriage, 181-184, 199; —— ii. 202, 224, 232, 244.
Mackail, Angela M., ii. 206, 213, 299.
Mackail, Denis G., ii. 319, 342.
MacLaren, Archibald, of Summertown, Oxford, recognizes the artistic gifts of E. B-J., i. 80; and engages him to illustrate his book of Ballads, 100, 120; the scheme falls through, 135; —— i. 119, 130, 156, 181.
MacLaren, Mrs. A., i. 181.
Maclise, Daniel, i. 100.
Macpherson's Ossian, i. 18; ii. 42.
Macpherson, Miss (Mrs. Morton), ii. 342, 344.
Maeterlinck, M., ii. 291, 308.
Malvern, ii. 308, 309-310.
Manning, Cardinal, ii. 61.
Mantegna, i. 305; ii. 20, 26, 227.
Marconi, Signor, ii. 304.
Marlborough College, ii. 47, 59.
Marriott, Rev. Chas., i. 99.
Marshall, P. P., i. 224, 238; ii. 52.
Martineau, Robert, i. 306.
Matthews, Chas., i. 33.
Maurice, F. D., i. 92, 128-129.
Maxse, Miss O., ii. 243, 245, 314.
Mazzini, i. 303.
Memling's "St. Ursula," i. 289.
Meredith, George, ii. 325.
"Merry Mermaid," ii. 196-197, 332, 344.
Merton Abbey Works, ii. 331, 338.
Merton College, i. 75.
Michael Angelo, ii. 18, 20, 21, 26, 65, 175, 257, 260, 262, 263, 334.
Middlemarch, ii. 138.
Milan, i. 199, 243, 248.
Millais, Sir J. E., Bt., P.R.A., his "Return of the Dove to the Ark," i. 99; his "Sir Isumbras," 154; his "St. Agnes," 157; what Rossetti says of him, ii. 71; —— i. 110, 111; ii. 160, 244; his death, 283.
Millet, J. F., Rossetti's estimate of him in 1864, i. 283.
Milner, Sir A. (Viscount Milner), ii. 305.
Models and their ways, i. 262.
Molokai, ii. 176.
Morley, Right Hon. John, ii. 228.
Morris, William, makes friends with E. B-J. at College, 1853, i. 71, 72, 76; introduces him to his home, 86; is described by

Morris, William—*continued.*
E. B-J., 95, 123; —— i. 89, 92, 99, 103-105, 108-112; a tour with E. B-J. in France, 1855, 112-115; their decision on the way back to become artists, 114; visits E. B-J. at home, 115-116; is anxious to leave Oxford at once, 117; starts the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, 121; enters Mr. Street's Office, January, 1856, 126, 138, 145; —— i. 132-135, 144-150; painting at the Union, Oxford, 158-169 *passim*; —— i. 171, 176, 188; his marriage, 194; his house at Upton, 196, 209 *sqq.*; —— i. 226, 227, 278-279, 281-284, 286-288, 289; sells Red House and settles in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, 1865, 294, 298; ——i. 301, 303-304; ii. 5, 8; Sunday mornings at the Grange, 5, 56; journey to Iceland, 22, 24; his Love is Enough, 23, 24; takes Kelmscott Manor House, 24; illuminates the Rubáiyát, 33; second journey to Iceland, 42, 45; —— ii. 46, 47, 58, 59, 76, 83; dissolution of the Firm, 51-52; takes an active part in the Eastern Question Association, 73-74, 83-84; moves to Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, 1878, 86; gets up a memorial against the "restoration" of St. Mark's, Venice, 95-96; is President of the Society of Artists at Birmingham, 1880, 98; joins the Democratic Federation, 97-98; his street-preaching, 193; —— ii. 106, 112, 129, 154, 204, 216-217, 260; remarks on his poetry and conversation by E. B-J., 265; signs of failing strength, 268, 277; is sent on a sea-voyage, 288; his death, October 3rd, 1896, 288-290; —— ii. 268, 269, 278, 279, 331.
Morris, Mrs. W., i. 168, 187, 194, 196, 211 *sqq.*, 218, 292, 293; ii. 6, 46.
Morris, Jane A., i. 223; ii. 46.
Morris, May, ii. 46.
Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, and Co., i. 213, 223, 226, 227, 249, 276; ii. 51-52. *Vide also* Account-book with the Firm.
Morte d'Arthur, i. 116, 117, 133, 158, 181; ii. 168, 333.
Mosaics. *Vide under* Pictures and Designs.
Muir, Miss Eva (Mrs. Richmond), letter from E. B-J. to, ii. 206-207.
Munro, Alex., i. 159, 292.
Murano, i. 247.
Murray, C. Fairfax, i. 304, 305; ii. 5, 22, 25, 37, 45, 52, 57, 341.
Myvyrian Archaeology, ii. 40.

National Gallery, ii. 125, 189.
National Portrait Gallery, ii. 79.
Napoleon, ii. 295.
Naworth, ii. 50, 116, 120.
Neale, Rev. J. M., i. 82, 85.
Netherlands, Singers from the, ii. 292.
Neustadt and Barnett, Messrs. i. 4, 8, 42.
Nevin, Rev. Dr., ii. 142, 144, 159, 212.
New Gallery, first exhibition in 1888, ii. 180; in 1889, 186; in 1891, 215; in 1896, 282; exhibition of E. B-J.'s works in the winter of, 1892-1893, 230; i. 214; —— ii. 301.
New, E. H., ii. 338.
New College Cloisters, i. 75.
Newman, Cardinal, i. 39, 58, 71; his death, ii. 211.

Niobe, the colossal figure of, ii. 213, 274.
Norton, Chas. Eliot, i. 139; ii. 28, 30, 34; extracts from letters to him from E. B-J., 1869-1889, 4, 17-21, 23, 37, 52, 106-107, 133, 134, 199-200; he commissions Philip B-J. to paint a portrait of his father, 314.
Norton, Mrs. Chas. Eliot, ii. 28.

Oakley, Dean, i. 118, 131.
Old Water Colour Society, i. 273, 276, 295; ii. 11, 169-171.
Omar Khayyám. *Vide* FitzGerald.
Orcagna, ii. 26.
Orvieto, ii. 25, 26.
Oxford, E. B-J. at Oxford as undergraduate, i. 70, chap. v-vii; the University and City in 1853, 71, 75; painting at the Union, 158-168; —— i. 304; ii. 58, 130, 227.
Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, i. 115, 116, 121 *sqq.*, 130.

Paderewski, ii. 207, 237.
Padua, i. 244.
Paris, visited in 1855, 1862, and 1878, i. 114, 241; ii. 82.
Parma, i. 243.
Parnell, Charles Stewart, ii. 184, 220.
Pembroke College, Oxford, "the Birmingham set" there, 1850-1858, i. 67, 75 *sqq.*, 93, 104, 106.
Perfection in Art, E. B-J.'s views on, ii. 263.
Perry, S., i. 12, 307.
Persian Literature, i. 234; ii. 41, 43, 135, 137.
Perspective, E. B-J. on, ii. 331.
Perugia, ii. 25, 26.
Perugino, Pietro, ii. 141.
Phidias, ii. 262.
Phoenix Park murders, the, ii. 123.
Photography, ii. 261.
Pictures and Designs mentioned:
Annunciation, i. 261; ii. 68, 79.
Astrologia, i. 302.
Aurora, i. 304; ii. 258, 277, 282, 283.
Avalon, i. 308; ii. 116, 125, 135, 215, 222, 259, 276, 288, 311, 315, 331, 340, 344, 345.
Beguiling of Merlin, ii. 11, 67, 75, 77, 85.
Blessed Damozel, i. 153, 157.
Briar Rose, ii. 29, 141, 145, 204-205.
Buondelmonte's Wedding, i. 140, 201.
Chant d'Amour, i. 207; ii. 30.
Chaucer illustrations, ii. 259-260, 276-278.
Childe Roland, i. 225.
Circe, ii. 9, 230.
Clara von Bork, i. 215.
Clerk Saunders, i. 224.
Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, i. 253; ii. 85, 134, 139, 146, 201.
Cupid and Psyche, i. 297; ii. 30.
Danaë and the Brazen Tower, ii. 30, 75.
Day, ii. 9.
Days of Creation, ii. 30, 67, 75.
Delphic Sibyl, ii. 165.
Depths of the Sea, ii. 165, 166.
Dies Domini, ii. 112.
Discord, ii. 30.
Earthly Paradise illustrations, i. 304.
Fall of Lucifer, ii. 257-258, 348.
Fame, ii. 30.
Fatima, i. 256.

Pictures and Designs mentioned—*continued.*
Feast of Peleus, i. 308; ii. 30.
Fides, i. 297; ii. 30, 40, 75.
Flamma Vestalis, ii. 165.
Flodden Battle, ii. 120.
Flower Book, ii. 118-120, 177, 343.
Fortune. *Vide* Wheel of Fortune.
Fountain of Youth, i. 308.
Garden of Pan, ii. 174.
Girls with Lanterns, ii. 30.
Going to the Battle, i. 140.
Golden Stairs, i. 297; ii. 30, 68, 103.
Green Summer, i. 280.
Guardian Angel, ii. 66.
Hesperides, ii. 30, 31.
Hope. *Vide* Spes.
Hours, ii. 127.
Jewel-work, ii. 131.
Kelmscott Press, designs for, ii. 216-217, 259, 269-270, 318.
King Arthur, designs for stage, ii. 247-249.
Kings' Daughters, i. 140.
Launcelot's Dream, ii, 258, 277, 282, 283.
Laus Veneris, i. 225.
Love, i. 257; ii. 30.
Love among the Ruins, ii. 30, 31, 237-238, 243, 341.
Love and the Pilgrim, ii. 268, 283, 296, 305.
Love is Enough, designs for, ii. 24.
Love's Wayfaring (Chariot of Love), i. 308; ii. 191-192, 214-215, 260, 266, 268, 296, 347.
Luna, ii. 30.
MacLaren's Fairy Family, illustrations to, i. 100, 120, 135.
Man playing an Organ, ii. 30.
Masque of Cupid, ii. 30, 306.
Memorial Tablet in gesso, ii. 166-167.
Merciful Knight, i. 261, 276; ii. 231.
Merlin and Nimuë, ii. 30, 38, 39, 238.
Mirror of Venus, ii. 38, 61, 75, 77.
Morning of the Resurrection, ii. 165, 166.
Mosaics in American Church at Rome, ii. 13, 114, 134, 141-144, 211.
Night, ii. 9.
Nimuë luring Merlin (Oxford Union), i. 163.
Oblivion, ii. 30.
Orpheus, ii. 30.
Pan and Psyche, ii. 30.
Perseus series, the, ii. 60, 68, 80, 145, 180, 208.
Phyllis and Demophoön, ii. 11, 12, 75, 76.
Piano decorations, i. 207.
Portraits:
Georgiana Burne-Jones, ii. 134.
Margaret Burne-Jones, ii. 160.
Denis Mackail, ii. 319.
Philip Comyns Carr, ii. 128.
Dorothy Drew, ii. 236.
Miss Fitzgerald, ii. 140.
Paderewski, ii. 207.
Prioress' Tale, 1858, i. 175; 1898, ii. 333.
Proserpine, ii. 129-130.
Pygmalion and the Image, ii. 81.
Pyramus and Thisbe, ii. 30.
Red House decorations, i. 209, 213.
Ring given to Venus, ii. 30.
Rosamund's Bower, i. 215, 261.
Rubáiyát illustrations, ii. 34.
St. Francis, ii. 175.
St. George, ii. 75, 296, 333.
St. George and the Dragon, i. 295, 296, 304.

Pictures and Designs mentioned—*continued.*
St. Nicholas, ii. 30.
St. Theophilus and the Angel, i. 295.
St. Valentine's Day, i. 256.
San Graal illustrations, ii. 332.
Seal for University of Wales, ii. 247.
Seasons, the, ii. 9.
Secret Book of Designs, the, ii. 118.
Sibyl, ii. 75.
Sidonia, i. 215.
Sigurd illustrations, ii. 269-270, 318.
Sir Galahad, i. 140, 181.
Sirens, i. 308; ii. 222.
Sleeping Girls, ii. 30.
Spes, ii. 30, 75, 296, 306.
Spirit of the Downs, ii. 124.
Sponsa de Libano, ii. 215.
Stained Glass Cartoons:
Hawarden Church, ii. 317, 338.
King Mark and La Belle Iseult, i. 249.
Rottingdean Church, ii. 239, 295.
St. Frideswide's Chapel, Oxford, i. 196.
St. Philip's, Birmingham, ii. 172, 209, 289.
David, ii. 289.
Jesus College Chapel, Cambridge, ii. 44.
Star of Bethlehem, ii. 209, 214.
Tapestries:
Adoration of the Kings, ii. 176.
Good Women, i. 276.
Morte d'Arthur, figures from the, i. 266.
The Passing of Venus, ii. 331.
The San Graal, ii. 208-209, 211.
Temperantia, ii. 30, 40, 75.
Theseus and Ariadne, i. 257.
Tiles:
Beauty and the Beast, i. 249.
Cinderella, i. 249.
Tree of Forgiveness, ii. 349.
Triptychs, i. 223, 262.
Tristram and Yseult, ii. 30.
Venus, ii. 30.
Venus Concordia, ii. 268-269.
Vesper, ii. 29.
Virgil designs, ii. 56.
Waxen Image, i. 140.
Wheel of Fortune, i. 308; ii. 127, 225.
Wise and Foolish Virgins, i. 140.
Pilgrim's Progress, the, i. 17.
Pisa, i. 197; ii. 25, 26.
Plint, T. E., gives E. B-J. his first commissions, i. 153, 174, 190, 204; his death in 1861, 224; —— i. 175.
Pliny, Holland's translation of, ii. 55.
Plutarch's Lives, ii. 55, 199.
Poe, Edgar Allan, i. 88; ii. 266.
Political opinions, E. B-J.'s, as to the Franco-German War, ii. 16; as to the persecution of the Jews in Russia, 122; as to the Egyptian War, 148; as to Empire-building, 283-284; as to the Spanish-American War, 340; *vide also* Ireland and Transvaal; his distaste for politics, ii. 17, 73, 125, 148, 329.
Pollajuolo, ii. 21.
Pollen, J. Hungerford, i. 75, 158, 166.
Portrait-painting, remarks of E. B-J. on, ii. 140-141.
Poynter, Sir E. J., Bt., P.R.A., i. 282, 288, 289, 294; ii. 46, 150.
Poynter, Lady (Miss Agnes Macdonald), i. 140, 142, 152, 165, 239, 288, 294; ii. 46.

Poynter, Ambrose, ii. 46.
"Praeterita," i. 41, 261, 278.
Pre-Raphaelites, i. 92, 99, 101, 110, 114, 131; exhibition of P.R.B. pictures in Russell Place, 1857, i. 157.
Price, Cormell, schoolfellow of E. B-J., i. 17 *sqq.*, 27, 36, 42, 57, 69; letters from E. B-J. in 1852, 63; — in 1853, 76, 78, 81 *sqq.*, 88 *sqq.*; — in 1854, 95, 98, 102, 103; —— i. 127, 131, 150, 170, 174, 178, 181, 187, 189, 216, 227, 229, 259, 282, 285; ii. 2, 32, 50, 68, 82, 109, 110, 123, 186, 196, 238, 298.
Price, Miss Frances, i. 193.
Price, Miss Margaret, i. 108, 145, 201.
Prinsep, Thoby, i. 160, 172, 186.
Prinsep, Mrs., i. 160, 178 *sqq.*; her death in 1888, ii. 181.
Prinsep, Valentine C., R.A., his reminiscences of the painting at the Union, Oxford, i. 161-167, *passim*; at Little Holland House, 184; in North Italy with E. B-J. in 1859, 196-200; —— i. 159, 189; ii. 17.
"Progress and Poverty," ii. 97.
"Punch and Judy," ii. 279.
Pusey, Dr., i. 90.

Radcliffe, Dr. C. B., i. 233, 238; ii. 38, 52, 108, 126.
Raphael, ii, 21, 26, 65, 140, 263.
Ravenna, ii. 37, 66.
Ravogli, Signorina Giulia, ii. 210.
Rayleigh, Lady, ii. 324.
"Realism" in Painting, E. B-J.'s comments on, ii. 261.
"Records of the Past," ii. 53.
Red House. *Vide* Upton.
"Red Lion Mary," i. 151, 169-172, 187, 189, 237.
Red Lion Square, E. B-J.'s residence in, 1856-1858, i. 146-148, 169-172, 176, 177, 187-189.
Renaissance, the, anathematized by E. B-J., ii. 328.
"Restoration," at Notre Dame, i. 114; at St. Cross, Winchester, 303; at St. Mark's, Venice, 245; ii. 95-96; at Murano, i. 247.
Rethel, Alfred, i. 254.
Rhodes, Cecil, ii. 340.
Richardson, Samuel, ii. 4.
Richmond, Sir William, K.C.B., R.A., ii. 146, 157.
Richter, Ludwig, his wood-engravings, i. 254-255.
Rio, A. F., his "Poetry of Christian Art," i. 141; ii. 141.
Riviere, Briton, R.A., proposes E. B-J. for election into the Royal Academy, 150-152.
Rome, ii. 25, 26.
Romney, ii. 292.
Rooke, T. M., R.W.S., ii. 24, 36, 75-76, 102, 123, 142, 144, 160; records some of E. B-J.'s studio talk, 1887-1898; 174, 194, 265, 266, 296, 330, 339, 342.
Rooke, Mrs., ii. 46.
Rossetti, D. G., his name first known to E. B-J. in 1854, i. 99; and his work in 1855, 110, 119; makes friends with E. B-J., 128 *sqq.*; his great immediate influence, 133, 136, 145, 149, 167; his remarks on the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, 130; on the chief use of books, 130; his generosity to other artists, 137, 154; his designs for the Illustrated Tennyson, 157; his charm of voice and manner, 164, 172, 293; enlists E. B-J. and others to paint at the Union, Oxford, 158-169 *passim*; —— i. 172, 184, 187; his teaching at the Working Men's College,

Rossetti, D. G.—*continued.*
192; his marriage, in 1860, 204-207; his nonsense rhymes on friends, 216, 217, 229; —— i. 219, 222, 223, 227, 228; hears of FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám, 234; death of his wife, 237, 249; the story of his MS. volume of poems, 250; removes to 16, Cheyne Walk, 1862, 251; letter from Paris to E. B-J. about contemporary French artists, 283; an evening party at his house recorded, 1865, 291; his sonnet on E. B-J.'s "Circe," ii. 9; E. B-J. writes to C. E. Norton about him, 1871, 23; his grave illness, 28; his "Proserpine," 50; his letters declining to exhibit at the Grosvenor Gallery, 70-72; his condition described by E. B-J. to Norton in 1880, 106; his volume of poems, 1881, 116; death, April 9th, 1882, 117; notes on his memory by E.B-J., 117, 258, 264; —— ii. 5, 39, 52, 76, 88, 190, 200, 229, 307, 318, 325-326, 332.

Rossetti, Mrs. D. G. (Miss Siddal), i. 164, 168, 178, 204; described, 207, 216, 220; birth and death of her child, 222; her own death, 237; her portrait, 281; her paintings, 292.

Rossetti, William M., i. 292.

Rossetti, Christina, i. 293.

Rossetti, Mrs., sen., i. 236, 238.

Rottingdean, ii. 81, 110, 112, 123, 124, 126, 133, 177, 183, 195-199, 206, 213, 215, 235, 245, 276, 310-311, 325, 329, 332.

Rouen, i. 114.

Royal Academy, E. B-J.'s election into the, 1885, ii. 150-155, 165; his resignation, 1893, 232-234; —— ii. 181, 187.

Ruskin, John, E. B-J.'s early admiration for his works, i. 79, 85, 92, 99, 153; their first correspondence, 1856, 127; they meet, 147; his opinion about the Union paintings, 168; —— i. 175, 182; his class at the Working Men's College, 192; letters from him, 1861, 231-233; in North Italy with E. B-J. and G. B-J., 1862, 241-249; remarks of his on Gustave Doré, 242; his home at Denmark Hill, 252; introduces E. B-J. to Carlyle, 257; visits Winnington Hall with E. B-J. and G. B-J., 263; is bent on a plan of settling in Savoy, 264; a counter-scheme arranged by E. B-J., 266-269; proposes to E. B-J. an illustrated edition of his Political Economy, 271; invites him to another tour in Italy, 273; writes about his father's death, 274-275; —— i. 282, 287, 299, 300, 303; at variance with E. B-J. on some essentials of art, ii. 18, 19, 21; visit to Brantwood of G. B-J. and daughter, 1873, 32-33; reply to letter from E. B-J. concerning the Bulgarian Massacres, 1876, 73; his views on the Grosvenor Gallery, 76; on the hanging of pictures, 78; falls dangerously ill, 1878, 84; Whistler v. Ruskin, 86-89; writes to E. B-J. about some designs for stained glass and jewelry, 129, 131; his second Slade Lecture, 130, 132; a second visit of G. B-J. and daughter to Brantwood in 1884, 146; his reminiscences of Beresford Chapel, i. 41; —— ii. 22, 59, 102, 176, 257, 342.

Ruskin, J. J., described, i. 252, 271; letters on E. B-J.'s "Rosa-

Ruskin, J. J.—*continued.*
mund," 260-261;—on his son's Savoy scheme, 264, 270; his death, 273.
Ruskin, Mrs. J. J., i. 252, 271, 277, 300; ii. 32.

Saffi, Count A., i. 129.
St. Paul's, London, E. B-J.'s impressions of, ii. 161, 217-219.
Sala, G. A., his "Colonel Quagg," i. 142.
Salt, Miss Charlotte (Mrs. Ratcliff), letters from E. B-J., i. 146, 152; ii. 336; —— i. 168.
Sampson, Miss, i. 2 *sqq.*, 103, 155; letters from E. B-J., 184, 185, 193; —— i. 231; ii. 13, 115, 156, 186.
San Gemignano, ii. 25.
Sanderson, T. J. Cobden-, ii. 103.
Scott, Sir Walter, i. 58; ii. 164, 194, 213, 329.
Scott, W. Bell, i. 292.
Seddon, Miss, i. 179.
Sellar, Mrs. W. Y., ii. 246.
Severn, Arthur, ii. 342.
Severn, Mrs. Arthur (Miss Joanna R. Agnew), i. 278; ii. 32, 342.
Sewell, Dr. W., i. 74.
Shuldham, Dr. E. B., schoolfellow of E. B-J., ii. 301.
Siddal, Miss. *Vide* Mrs. D. G. Rossetti.
Siena, i. 197; ii. 25, 36, 37.
Signorelli, Luca, ii. 20, 21, 26.
Simon, Sir John, K.C.B., and Lady, i. 257; ii. 84-85.
Sister Dora, ii. 103.
Skipsey, Joseph, ii. 107-108.
Sloane, Professor W. M., his Life of Napoleon, ii. 295.
Smith, Alexander, i. 77.
Smith, George (of Exeter Coll.), i. 109.
Smith, Townsend, i. 40.
Socialism, ii. 97.
Solomon, Simeon, E. B-J.'s high estimate of his early work, i. 260.
Somers, Countess, i. 185.
Sophocles, ii. 263.
Spanish-American War, ii. 340.
Spartali, Miss M. (Mrs. Stillman), i. 303; ii. 221.
Spenser, ii. 306.
Spozzi, Mr. and Mrs., of Hereford, i. 39, 63.
Stained glass designs. *Vide* Pictures.
Stanhope, J. R. Spencer, enlisted by Rossetti to paint a panel in the Union Debating-room, i. 158, 164; his "Beauty and the Beast," 295; is visited by E. B-J. and Morris at Florence, ii. 35; E. B-J.'s high estimate of some of his artistic qualities, 75-76; —— i. 284; ii. 316, 348.
Stanhope, Miss F., ii. 346-349.
Stanley, Dean, ii. 309.
Stephens, F. G., ii. 76.
Stevenson, R. L., ii. 239.
Stillman, W. J., ii. 39.
Stillman, Mrs. *Vide* Miss Spartali.
"Story of the North," i. 125.
Street, G. E., R.A., i. 126, 138; ii. 114.
Swan, Mr., i. 189.
Swinburne, Algernon Charles, joins the Rossetti "set" at Oxford in 1857, i. 163; described in 1860, 215; writes on the "discovery" of FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám, 234; his prodigious memory, 250; writes to E. B-J. after Ruskin's second Slade lecture at Oxford, ii. 132; E. B-J. on his Atalanta, 190; —— i. 217, 224, 237, 282; ii. 206, 207, 278, 318.
Sydenham (Crystal Palace), i. 101.

Table-turning, i. 92-94.
Talboys, Mrs., i. 195.

Talboys, Miss Peggy, i. 181, 195.
Tapestries. *Vide* Pictures.
Tayler, F., President of the Old Water Colour Society, ii. 11.
Taylor, Wm., his translation of Bürger's Lenore, i. 19.
Taylor, G. Warrington, manager of "the Firm," i. 290, 292, 301.
Taylor, Tom, ii. 88.
Tennant, Miss Laura. *Vide* Hon. Mrs. A. Lyttelton.
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, E. B-J.'s early estimate of him, i. 76-80, 111, 116; he and E. B-J. staying at Little Holland House together, 182; E. B-J. and Allingham go to see him at Farringford, 1866, 303; E. B-J. comments on Moxon's Illustrated Tennyson, 157; E. B-J. spends an evening with him in 1880, ii. 102; and pays a last visit to him at Aldworth in August, 1892, 230; E. B-J. comments on his burial, 230.
Thackeray, W. M., i. 124; ii. 160, 163, 190, 195, 244, 265.
Thompson, Rev. A. Kerr, i. 29-31.
Thompson, Francis, his Hound of Heaven, ii. 240.
Tissot, J. J., his designs from the Life of Christ, ii. 281; letter from, 282.
Titian, ii. 26.
Tolstoi, L., ii. 163, 178.
Tom, the pet cat, i. 44, 156, 184, 225.
Tooley Street fire in 1861, i. 227.
Torcello, i. 246; ii. 92.
Tourgenief, I. S., ii. 17, 164.
Transvaal, retrocession of the, in 1881, ii. 113; the Raid, 283, 287-288, 299-300.
Trevelyan, Sir W. and Lady, i. 258.
Uccello, Paolo, ii. 26.
Union pictures, the, at Oxford, i. 158 *sqq.*
Upton, Morris' house at, i. 196, 208-209, 212-213, 226; given up in 1865, 295; revisited, 1897, ii. 310.

Valentine, J. C., i. 64, 107.
Van Eyck, J., ii. 189, 306.
Vaughan, Kate, ii. 121.
Venice, visit of E. B-J. in 1859, i. 198; visit in 1862, 244; "restoration" at St. Mark's, 245; ii. 95-96; —— ii. 334.
Verona, i. 244.
Viardot-Garcia, Madame, ii. 17.
Villemarqué, T. de la, ii. 42.

Wagner, Richard, his "Parsifal," ii. 43, 79.
Wagner, Madame, sends E. B-J. a cast of Beethoven's face, ii. 79-80.
Wallis, Henry, i. 131, 228.
Walpole, Horace, his Letters, ii. 319.
Warwick, i. 9.
Watts, G. F., R.A., at Little Holland House, i. 159, 170, 186, 187; —— i. 297; a letter of despondency from E. B-J., ii. 2; paints portrait of E. B-J., 1870, 14; Rossetti's estimate of him, 71; letters from E. B-J. — on withdrawing from the Grosvenor Gallery, 179; — concerning the Royal Academy, 181; — about his daughter's engagement, 181; the exhibition of his pictures at the New Gallery, 1896-1897, 302; —— ii. 205.
Webb, Philip, i. 138, 188; builds Red House for Morris, 196; the house described, 208-209, 212-213; —— i. 277; ii. 52.

Wells Cathedral, ii. 280.
Wells, Henry, R.A., i. 295.
Westcott, Bishop, i. 16.
Westward Ho! ii. 109.
Whistler, J. McNeill, i. 293; ii. 188; Whistler v. Ruskin, ii. 86-89.
Whitby, ii. 15.
Whitehouse, R. J., i. 67.
Wilberforce, Archdeacon, his polemical works, i. 89.
Winchester, i. 303.
Windus, T., his collection of Pre-Raphaelite pictures, i. 110.
Wiseman, Cardinal, i. 84.
Wood-engraving, E. B-J.'s notes on, i. 254-256.
Woodward, Benjamin, i. 158.
Wooldridge, H. Ellis, ii. 302.
Wootton, Warwickshire, i. 7, 9, 12.
Working Men's College, i. 128, 237; E. B-J. takes a class there, 191.
Workmanship in pictures, ii. 275.
Wortley, Mrs. C. Stuart (Miss Alice Millais), ii. 346.
Wyndham, Hon. Percy, ii. 109.
Wyndham, Hon. Mrs. Percy, E. B-J. writes about Exeter Cathedral, ii. 110; — about his "Cophetua," 139; — about "The Briar Rose," 164-165; —— ii. 115, 345.

Young, Robert, i. 32.
Yule, Col. Henry, ii. 121.

Zola, Emile, ii. 190.

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